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MANIN AND THE VENETIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848

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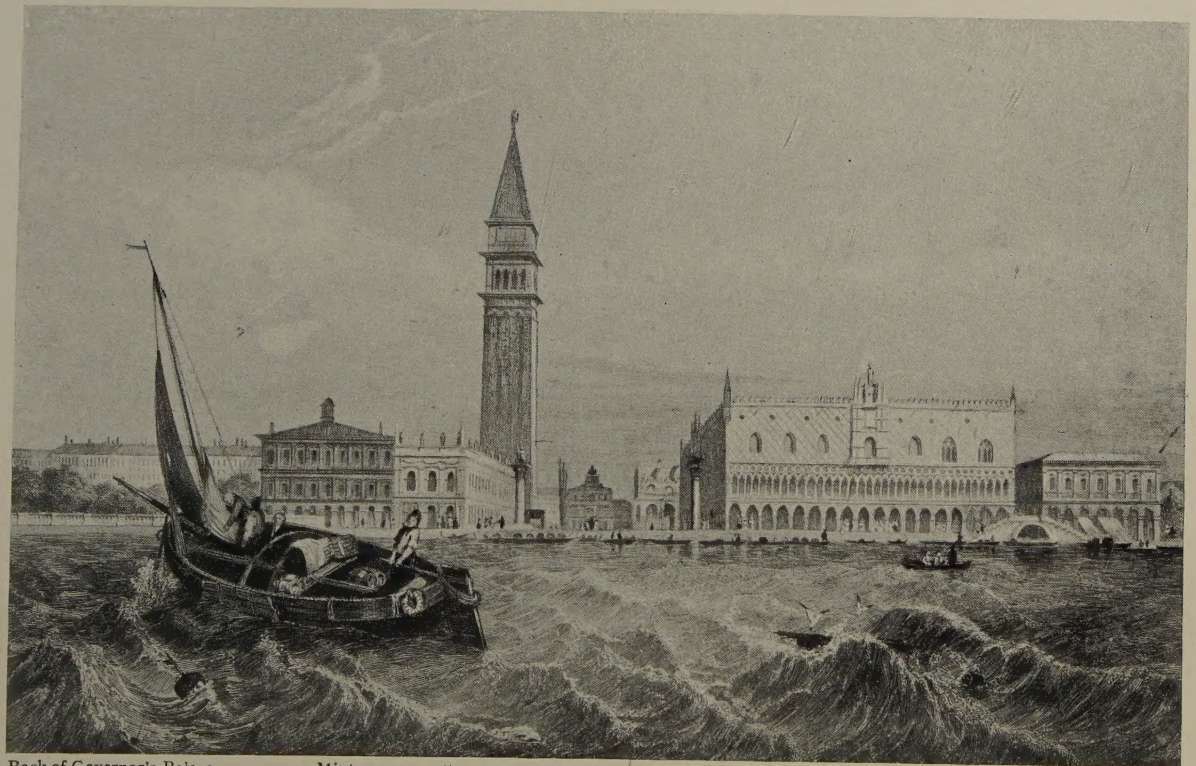

Back of Governor's Palace, Nuove Procuratie. The front is on the Piazza.

Mint.

Campanile. Clock Tower. St. Mark's. Piazzetta.

Doges' Palace.

Ponte della Paglia.

State Prison. Manin was in the top floor room over the bridge.

VENICE, TIME OF MANIN

MANIN

AND THE

VENETIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848

BY

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

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AUTHOR OF

'GARIBALDI, ETC.,' 'BRITISH HISTORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'

'ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS,' 'RECREATIONS OF AN HISTORIAN,' ETC., ETC.

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TO

J. H. CLAPHAM

PREFACE

I PRESENT to a public, hitherto indulgent, the fourth volume in a series that deals with the central period of the Italian *risorgimento*. Properly speaking, this volume should come first in order. The other three moved round the figure of Garibaldi, at Rome, Sicily and Naples, in the years 1849 and 1860; this, constructed on the same principles, moves round Daniele Manin and Venice, in the year 1848.

That year, as we can now see, was an ill year for the future of mankind. The failure of the Continental Liberals to establish some measure of free government and national self-expression at a time when Europe was ripe for such a change was a disaster on the grand scale. It lies at the root of many of the evils of the present day, and the year 1848 is, negatively, one of the governing dates in modern history. An opportunity was lost which did not recur. It was a moment when Parliamentary institutions and free political life might have been established on the Continent in time to become acclimatized before the social questions and class divisions of modern industrialism became unfavourably acute. If Germany had then been liberalized, it can scarcely be doubted that Russia would have been reformed in time. And the new nations, as Mazzini prophetically saw them, might have then begun their racial life on a basis not of militarism and mutual hatred, but of complete opposition to the militarist attitude of mind. The very feebleness of the military preparations of the patriots as described in this

volume, illustrates the point. Conscription and government by bayonets, being at that time associated with the denial of nationalism, were unpopular with the men of '48. But owing to the failure of their efforts, national aspirations took another mould and were re-expressed in terms of military power.

But if the failure of the Liberal hopes that year has proved a disaster to Europe in general, and more particularly to the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary, defeat was in some important respects a blessing in disguise for Italy, so far as her fortunes can be dissociated from those of the rest of the Continent. For she had only to wait a dozen years before she obtained her liberation, still associated with liberal ideas and in a form of complete national unity. In 1860 union of the whole Peninsula under the House of Savoy provided a more durable settlement, more serviceable under modern conditions than any that could have been obtained by a Federation of Italian States under the Pope as President, such as would have resulted from an Italian victory over Austria in 1848. To Austria, however, her triumph as a reactionary Empire proved disastrous. Radetzky's fatal gift of military victory that year has lured her down the paths of violence to her total destruction in our own day.

How far was the failure of Italy in 1848 inevitable and due to general causes? Or how far, on the other hand, was it the outcome of chance, of 'a series of contingent events'? Only a detailed study of the facts can help us to understand the elements of this fascinating, and perhaps insoluble, problem. The story of all Italy in the year of revolution is so complicated and large that it cannot be told in one volume in the detail sufficient for this purpose. It is best, therefore, to take a single region and follow out the drama of cause and effect in a limited field, viewing the rest of Italian affairs from that point of vantage.

In this spirit I have chosen the history of the revolution in Venetia, partly because it has not received

much attention from British and American historians, partly because it moves round the figure of Daniele Manin, the greatest and the noblest of the Italian statesmen who were brought to the front by the events of that year. My scheme involves a brief survey of the war and politics of the whole Peninsula, and the great affairs connected with the names of Radetzky, Charles Albert and Pio Nono. But there is a peculiar character in the principal theme of the book, the local history of Venice—her moral revival in the half-century after Campo-Formio; the strange events of the revolution initiated by Manin in the lagoon; its spread to all the cities of the Venetian *terra firma* between the Isonzo and the Adige; the campaign of the Piave and the battles of Vicenza in May and June, 1848, forming the right wing of the main struggle between Italy and Austria; and finally the resistance of Venice against blockade and siege, protracted for more than a year after the reconquest of Lombardy.

The story here retold for readers of English has been the subject of deep research in the Venetian archives for half a century past by such able and patient scholars as Errera, Fulin, Signor Vincenzo Marchesi and many more. No one can say that Venetia has neglected the documents where her great epic lies hid. But I feel that there is a place for this book, at any rate among my own countrymen, since the great work which Mr. Horatio Brown has done for Venice stops short on the threshold of the nineteenth century.

I have been helped and encouraged in my researches by the Mayor and other municipal authorities and by the librarians and archivists of Venice, Vicenza and Treviso. I am deeply indebted to all of them for their hospitality and kindness to a stranger who had no claim on them but his love for Italy. Above all I wish to thank my friends Signora Pezzè Pascolato and Conte Pietro Orsi for their indefatigable kindness, and Professor Ongaro, the Director of the Museo Civico, Vicenza, for kindly enabling me

to obtain half the illustrations in the book from the Fantoni collection under his charge.

There is one other Italian to whom I am deeply indebted, for enabling me to find in my own country most of the printed material that I required. Antonio Panizzi, exiled from Modena as a young Carbonaro a hundred years ago, not only took the principal part in supplying me and all my fellow-countrymen with the British Museum Library as we now have it, but assembled there for my future benefit a collection of books and pamphlets about the *risorgimento*, acquiring them as they came out during the thirty middle years of the last century. It is a finer collection than can be found in any public library in Italy, where, at that period, the public acquisition of patriotic literature was attended with difficulties. I wish to express to Sir Anthony Panizzi and to his successors the sense of indebtedness under which all British students of the *risorgimento* must always labour in the largest and most hospitable of all the halls of learning.

BERKHAMSTED, *June*, 1923.

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CHAPTER I

VENICE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE ADVENT OF BUONAPARTE

Venice spent what Venice earned.
BROWNING, *A Toccata of Galuppi's.*

AGES long ago, the torrents that fell in thunder from the Dolomite Alps met in elemental strife the tidal pulse of the great Atlantic in the tip of his Adriatic finger. For ages the yet unpeopled mountains looked down on that battle of the waters. At length, in some forgotten epoch, by some process that can only now be guessed, the contest between the rapid rivers and the stormy waves created at their meeting-point a neutral zone of calm. The sand-dunes of the Lido, a frail barrier many miles long and a few hundred yards wide, learnt to keep at bay the fiercer incursions of the ocean, and to provide shelter for the quiet of a vast lagoon. There the bridled tide could daily advance and retreat through the *porti* or gateways of the Lido, and mingle at peace with the Alpine waters.[1]

Here and there above the glimmering surface of the lagoon, emerged low islands of mud, guarded by a network of shoals, tides, and secret currents. Who but the seabird would ever visit them? What could ever flourish there save the seeds borne by the land-wind? Yet to those naked strands primitive man drifted over in his coracles, seeking food and shunning dangerous animals—

[1] In historic times the Alpine torrents, notably the Sile, the Piave and part of the Brenta, have been diverted from the lagoon, which is now essentially tidal.

above all, his fellow man. There he reared his huts and spread his nets. There at length the ubiquitous Romans found him and noted his habits, as he trafficked in salt and fish in flat-bottomed boats suited to the shallow lagoon, forerunners of the perfect gondola.

A.D. 452. When Attila and his Huns rode down off the passes of the Julian Alps to waste the plains of Venetia, many of the inhabitants of its doomed cities, such as Padua and the great port of Aquileia, abandoned their forums, amphitheatres and basilicas and fled for safety to the lagoon. The refugees grafted on to the hardihood and watercraft of the original lagoon-dwellers the traditions of great commerce and the arts of Romano-Christian administration and architecture. This combination of qualities was destined, in the slow security of a thousand years which the place afforded, to grow to a rare perfection between earth and sky and sea, till the desolate mudbank had become a fairy city, drawing to itself on every tide argosies freighted with the riches of Asia, to be distributed thence to the utmost corners of Europe.

Just as the Spanish wars and barbarities under Alva caused the lead in commerce and civilization to pass from the great cities of Flanders to the Dutchmen secure amid their dykes and water channels, so the barbarian invasions and the anarchy that became chronic on the fall of the Roman Empire caused the decline of the cities of the mainland which had been the pride of the Roman province of Venetia, and the rise in their place of a great trading civilization in the heart of the despised lagoon. But the rise of the new Venetia was spread over a longer period than the rise of Protestant Holland. Centuries elapsed before the refugees had adjusted their differences with the original lagoon-dwellers and with each other, for they carried to their new homes the ancient feuds of the cities from which they came. It was more than three hundred and fifty years after the time of Attila before the Venetian Republic emerged as a strong federation of lagoon communities, governed by an elective Doge and centred round

a capital city, free from the suzerainty of any power on the mainland of Italy, an independent sea-link between Eastern and Western Christendom.

The event that did most to hasten its growth was the invasion by Pepin, son of Charles the Great. His Frankish chivalry thought to strike at the heart of the Venetian confederation by advancing along the sandy Lido barrier on which, at that time, the principal cities lay. Chioggia fell and Pellestrina, but the advance on Malamocco was held in check by the amphibious warfare of the citizens of the lagoon, and by the *porti* or gateways of the tide that cut the Lido at various points. The Frankish advance went far enough, however, to demonstrate once for all that safety lay for the Venetian Republic not on the Lido but on the islands. Of these the most important and prosperous was the Rialto, whither in this emergency the other cities sent their women and children. Authentic military details are lacking, but it may be presumed that the Venetians removed the *pali* or stakes marking the practicable water courses, and that attempts by the Franks to push their fleet over the lagoon were rendered impossible. A political compromise put an end to the six months' campaign, but the essential victory lay with Venice. The Rialto island remained uncontaminated by the hand of war until, more than a thousand years later, in 1849, the range of modern cannon was just able to throw shells from the mainland into the nearer part of the city.[1] A.D. 809-810.

So the Rialto became the capital of the new Venetian Republic and was called *par excellence* the city of Venezia —Venice. Her supremacy in the lagoon was ere long so well established that her ancient rivals—Grado, Heraclea, Chioggia, Malamocco—forgot to be jealous. The city was identified with the lagoon, and the lagoon with the city of Venice. The new capital, by virtue of its site, was not only safe from invasion but was well adapted for

[1] See p. 232 below.

commerce and marine adventure: a deep channel, traversing the Lido barrier by the Porto di Lido, floated the largest merchantmen into the harbour over against St. Mark's Piazzetta and the Doges' Palace, and bore the galleys and battleships of the Republic to the famous Arsenal. The best natural port in Italy was situated at the point of disembarkation nearest to the markets of Central Europe.

For hundreds of years Venice retained a practical monopoly as sea-carrier, between Europe and those ports of the Levant where lay piled for shipment the trading wealth of the Near East, of Persia, of India and even of remote and fabulous Cathay.[1] The sea was the wealth and strength of mediæval Venice. Her coastwise and island Empire scattered about in Dalmatia and Greece, was the symbol and security of her greatness at sea. Only in the fifteenth century, when her power was at its height but when the first stages of her decline were close at hand, did she turn to annex the *terra firma*, the ancient Roman province of Venetia.

That change was the beginning of her modern connection with Italian affairs, on which she had resolutely turned her back during long centuries of glory. Between 1400 and 1800 she laid the stamp of her own peculiar civilization, symbolized by the Lion of St. Mark, on Padua, Verona, Treviso, Vicenza, Udine, Belluno, and every market town between the Mincio and the Julian Alps, and filled the rural districts of the great plain with the renaissance palaces of her merchant nobility.[2]

Her new landward Empire made Venice one among the great States of Italy—Lombardy, Naples, Tuscany

[1] Cathay ceased to be 'fabulous' when at the close of the thirteenth century the great Venetian traveller Marco Polo dictated in a Genoese prison his extraordinarily accurate account of the Chinese Empire as he had seen it under Kubla Khan.

[2] Actually Venetian territory stretched so far west as to touch on the Adda. But Bergamo and Brescia, though subject to Venice for more than three centuries, were always Lombard in character, and their *risorgimento* history is entirely Lombard.

and the Papal Dominions—then in process of formation out of the smaller city republics and feudal jurisdictions. She was thereby exposed for the first time to the political jealousy and military attack of the other powers of the Peninsula and of Europe. But these dangers alone would not have caused her decline, had not the true source of her greatness been drained off at the wellhead by the double event of the Turkish conquests and the discovery of the Cape route and America.

All through the Middle Ages, the luxuries which Europe enjoyed had been brought to the Levant for shipment to Venice, after traversing thousands of miles of mountain and desert on the backs of mules and camels, by caravan routes older than recorded history, through lands unknown to Europeans even by name. As the sixteenth century advanced, this the most ancient overland traffic in the world was replaced by the great ocean voyages undertaken by Portuguese and Spaniards, Dutch and English, in which the Venetians never attempted to compete. The Indian and China seas were visited direct by the merchants of Western Europe. At the same time the caravan routes were being blocked or overtaxed by the caprices of Turkish barbarism.

Venice had other dangers nearer home. Spain, her occasional ally against the Turk, was an ever-present menace on her mainland frontier. During the counter-reformation, Spain was the dominant power in Italy and dictated the secular and religious policy of most Italian States. But the tolerance of the great commercial community towards foreign traders of every creed set certain limits to the counter-reformation spirit in Venetian territory. Under the leadership of her great publicist, Paolo Sarpi, Venice resisted with partial success the spirit of Spanish religion and of the post-Tridentine Papacy. The University of Padua, still at the height of its fame, taught law and medicine to English and other heretics, and protected Galileo as long as he had the wisdom to stay within the borders of the Venetian State.

When the other schools of Italian art had withered under the blighting influences of the Jesuit reaction, Paul Veronese and Tintoret decorated the walls of the Doges' Palace with a final magnificent efflorescence of Venetian pride of life.

But the double effort of warfare with the Turk and resistance to Spanish encroachment in Italy gradually exhausted the material and moral resources of the Republic. Paolo Sarpi lived long enough (1623) to deplore the decline of the spirit, which he had sought to foster, of resistance to Papalism and to all other infringements of Venetian independence. The loyalty of the mainland provinces to the Lion of St. Mark was passive rather than active. There was not enough patriotism to furnish an army equal to the defence of these territories. Venice perfected instead the arts of modern diplomacy. A famous school of ambassadors learnt to propitiate or to play off against one another the great Powers whom the Republic could not hope to oppose in the field.

At home, the principle of Venetian polity had long been an absolutism, impersonal and undying, lodged in a corporate oligarchy. This traditional power was now passing out of the hands of the Maggior Consiglio of the whole patriciate to the Council of Ten and the Three Inquisitors of State. These representatives of Venice in her decline upheld their authority by sensational mysteries surrounding their action, by the employment of Government poisoners, by inviting secret denunciations dropped into the *bocca del leone*, by midnight trials and executions. It was hoped that terrorism would ensure civic loyalty, no longer taken for granted in a community that had lost its nerve.

The number of victims actually made away with by Government was not large, even at the time of the famous 'Spanish conspiracy,' of 1618.[1] But these methods,

[1] One form of political execution at that time was to strangle a man in prison and hang the corpse by one foot from a rope stretched between the columns of Theodore and Mark in the Piazzetta.

though not so expensive of life as the English political justice of that century, were more fatally corrupting to good citizenship. When no man knew whether his servant, his friend or his mistress was paid by Government to watch and betray him, life could scarcely be noble or even honest. A people that submitted to such a state of things was on the downward grade. Yet the Government was paternal in spirit and, not unpopular as master of the revels to which the beautiful city devoted her long decline. Fynes Moryson, the Elizabethan traveller, admired the 'pleasure the city yieldeth,' 'the free conversation,' 'the freedom which the citizens and very strangers have to enjoy their goods and dispose of them.' It was a freedom that covered many sides of life, but not politics.

In the seventeenth century the English began to displace the Venetians as traders even in the Levant. While the Republic was bearing gallantly, and almost alone, the weight of naval and military conflict with the Turk in the Grecian seas, these distant islanders, newcomers in the Mediterranean, enemies of Spain and rivals of Venice, found it easy to obtain preferential terms from the Sublime Porte. Since the Armada, the trident had passed from the Mediterranean seamen. By the time of Cromwell and the later Stuarts, Spain, after killing Italy, was dying of her own vice and violence, and Venice was bleeding away her last energies in unrewarded but not wholly unsuccessful warfare to stay the westward movement of the Turk against Christendom.

During the eighteenth century the material decline of Venice was complete, accompanied by a degeneracy in public spirit that made her a by-word even in the Europe of the *ancien régime*. Atrophy was not, however, followed by dissolution. The corpse lived on.

The trade of the city had almost disappeared. The bulk of Mediterranean commerce was now carried in British or other foreign bottoms, and the protectionist

laws of Venice drove it away to Ancona or Trieste, Marseilles, or the new Tuscan port of Leghorn.[1] Meanwhile St. Mark had lost his Levantine possessions to the Turk: Othello's occupation was gone. But the flag of the Lion and the Book still flew over Dalmatia and the Ionian Islands, and over the north-eastern portion of the plain of the Po. It was no longer the 'gorgeous East,' but Veneto and Friuli, the fruitful lands of the Adige, the Piave and the Tagliamento, that supplied food and tribute to the deposed Queen of the Adriatic. Venice had become Italian. She belonged now in every sense to Italy of the decline.

Her noblemen, originally 'merchant princes,' had taken their money out of trade and invested it in real estate on the *terra firma*. While the family budgets and alliances of the English feudal gentry were gradually becoming half mercantile, the merchant nobles of Venice had become wholly territorial. But while they lost the virtues and talents of their seafaring ancestry, they acquired none of the active public spirit of the English squires. They did nothing for their estates but extort their dues and spend in their country villas a portion of lives devoted to gambling, scandal-mongering and connoisseurship of the arts. From these private paradises, decorated by the frescoes of Tiepolo and surrounded by cypresses and nightingales, they at once oppressed and neglected the countryside, which they would neither govern nor defend. Clergy and nobles were in constant feud with the people. The Alpine torrents burst their banks and wasted the fields. Roads decayed, robbers abounded, peasants starved. Small wonder that in the

[1] *Brown, Studies*, i. pp. 356-366. *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, pp. 11-13. *Kovalevsky*, pp. 44-49. In the first year of the century Addison wrote: 'There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought great revenues to the Republic. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of the cloth in Venice itself, few of the nobility wearing any other sort,' though the English cloth had all to be brought in by smuggling or corruption of officials, against the prohibition laws.

following century Manin's appeal to the memory of the flag of St. Mark was impotent outside the lagoon.[1]

As early as 1701 the domestic policy of the Venetian State could be thus described by Addison, who visited the lagoon that year: 'To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at viciousness and debauchery in the convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the *terra firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy, in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.'

The little Venetian army in the last century of its existence might have been suitably commanded by the Duke of Plazo Toro. 'Without honour, without discipline, without clothes,' wrote one observer, 'the Venetian soldiers are the most beggarly in Italy, not excepting the Pope's own. It is impossible to name one honourable action they have performed.' The most effective part of it consisted of Slav mercenaries. The Venetian strongholds, from Verona to the beautiful fortress-town of Palmanova, built to protect the Isonzo frontier, were incapable of standing a siege; when the Marlborough wars began, there was not powder enough in them all to defend a single one.[2]

Venice relied for her safety not upon armaments but on the good faith of her neighbours, whom she did less than nothing to provoke. When they went to war, her neutrality took the extreme form of allowing the armies of Austria and France to march and fight at will in her territory. This curious arrangement, though in the end it provided the means of the Republic's fall, perhaps postponed that inevitable event.

[1] Friuli suffered most from these evils. There was also a feudal nobility of Friuli who were there before the coming of the Venetian nobles, with whom they gradually became amalgamated as a squirearchy. *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, pp. 31-33. *Molmenti*, pp. 455-456.

[2] *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, pp. 10, 30-31.

In consequence of the victories of Marlborough and Eugene, Austria replaced Spain as the strongest power in Italy. Mistress of Lombardy, she surrounded the decadent Republic on three sides. But she did not yield to the temptations of that position until Frederic the Great had taught her that there were other ways of increasing territory besides fortunate marriages, and Buonaparte had suggested that the proper place for a valuable corpse was the dissecting room.

The last fifty years of the *ancien régime* in all Italy, and particularly in the Venetian lands, were full of a mild, melancholy happiness, but a happiness that held in it little honour and not much seed of further progress. There were no wars and practically no armaments. In spite of the dire poverty of the peasants, there was no recognized social problem and no class conflict. Strangers spoke of the Venetians as 'a family,' and of the Doge as their 'grandpapa.' An unoccupied clergy, who had won the struggle against heretics and had not yet begun the struggle with unbelievers, and a nobility who neither fought, governed, nor cared greatly for sport, were, for lack of anything else, interested in letters and art, above all in music, were it only as the accompaniment of social intrigue. It was the reign of Galuppi, Piranesi, Goldoni, the *virtuosi* and the Arcadian Academy. People have been worse employed both before and since. The Italy of that day was in many respects like China, except that it was not made to last, which some may think was its worst fault. But those who still believe in the ideals of restless Europe are not likely to waste tears over the Italy of Horace Walpole and the Venice of Canaletto. At any rate it was a sunset scene.

The hard tyranny of the Spaniard had vanished from this latter-day Italy, and Spain's successor, Austria, was confined to Lombardy. The influence of Vienna south of the Alps was not what it became in the nineteenth century, after the annexation of Venetia. The greater part of the peninsula lay under native rulers, most of

whom had paternal and some of whom had reforming instincts. It was the age of Beccaria and 'benevolent despots.' But to make a few reforms in administration and justice could not serve to revive the national spirit, or to breathe fresh energies into any class of the community. It was more important that in Lombardy the presence of rulers from beyond the Alps and the memory of lost liberties and virtues had begun to disturb the conscience of readers of Alfieri, Parini, and the French philosophers. In Piedmont and Lombardy the national spirit stirred in its sleep.

But in Venice there was neither reforming activity on the part of the Government, nor ferment of a wholesome kind among the educated class. The survival of the paraphernalia of former sovereignty, the gorgeous State ceremonies by land and water, the concourse of mankind to admire the city of gondolas, deluded many Venetians into the belief that the time-honoured symbol of Venice robed on her throne had still reality and meaning. Only the humiliations of Austrian rule in the following century dispelled these mists and aroused the ancient virtues.[1]

There was indeed a party of discontent in Venice. The ideas of the French Encyclopædists disturbed the minds of some among the many nobles whom the Oligarchy excluded from all power in the State. In 1761 the leader of the reformers, Angelo Querini,

'to please a lady friend of his, procured an order of expulsion against a modiste, whose caps had not suited the lady in question. The modiste appealed to the Inquisitors of State, and they cancelled the order as unjust. Thereupon Querini began to complain of intolerable tyranny of the Three.'[2]

No wonder the noblest political figure in Venice in the eighteenth century, Marco Foscarini, who almost alone inherited the virtues of the old patriciate, was convinced

[1] 'Venezia giace sul declivio della sua passata grandezza, perchè libera. . . . Milano risorse collo spirito, perchè schiava nelle membre.' *Rota*, p. 170.

[2] *Brown, Venice*, p. 414. *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, pp. 14-16, takes a rather more favourable view of Querini. See also *Kovalevsky*, chap. iii.

that nothing but the arbitrary power of the Inquisitors preserved society from disruption at the hands of the corrupt nobles and murderous bravoes of the Venice described by Casanova. Foscarini may have been wrong, but until the public spirit of some section of the community revived, there was something to be said for his counsel of despair.

The contrast of the Venice of the eighteenth century with the Venice of 1848 gives us courage to hope always for the repeated resurrection of Man, however often he may fall. But the moral revival of Venice in the days of Daniele Manin would have been a miracle outside the course of nature, if the whole city had ever been as corrupt and idle as the nobles with their male, female and clerical satellites. The many-coloured, butterfly existence of those people alone caught the eye of strangers and alone occupies the imagination of posterity. But although conjugal virtue and maternal duty were no longer standards for the Venetian lady of rank,[1] though on the Piazza and the Grand Canal the attendant *cicisbeo* took the place of the husband without causing surprise or scandal, though refined idleness and conventional intrigue filled the round of the gentleman's day, there were other classes leading very different lives in the cliff-like houses that overhung the narrow alleys and canals of work-a-day Venice. If there were no more merchant princes, there were still the shopkeepers of the *merceria*, small traders and master manufacturers innumerable, skilful and self-respecting artisans, hardy fishermen who sailed the Adriatic, gondoliers who looked down in silent contempt on the freight of titled folly they propelled through the water. There was indeed a sediment—corrupt, lazy and criminal—at the bottom of Venetian society, as well as the glittering scum on the top. But there were classes who were thrifty and industrious, and almost puritanical

[1] In the earlier and better days of the city they had been treated with half-Oriental suspicion and seclusion. (*Brown, Studies*, i. pp. 256-260.) This probably increased the subsequent moral débacle of Venetian society.

in the discipline of their family life. All, indeed, had tempers easily aroused to shrill speech, and all had the gift of Italian humour which took them to see Goldoni's comedies hold the mirror up to Venetian nature. Goldoni showed a significant preference for the middle classes of his native city as against the nobles, unlike Molière for whom the *bourgeois* had been a butt and the artisan a nonentity.[1]

In the public life of Venice, it is true, the middle orders as yet were nothing, and did not even ask to be anything. But fifty years later, in the time of Daniele Manin, they were already everything. Early in the nineteenth century they usurped the Piazza from the titled and silk-clad crowd who dominated there in the eighteenth. The Venetian aristocracy vanished in the Napoleonic storm almost unnoticed; its better elements melted into the bourgeoisie, among whom it became a matter of indifference whether a man had a title or not. No one could drive a carriage or ride a horse in the narrow streets of Venice; all must walk and rub shoulders. A city famous for a thousand years of aristocratic rule, became perhaps the most democratic in spirit of the cities of the new Italy.[2]

The shock which dissipated an effete aristocracy, put the middle classes in a position to work out their country's destiny, and inspired them to the undertaking, was produced by violent contact with outside forces, French and Austrian. For the Venetia of the *ancien régime*, though it contained sound elements, had failed when left to itself to bring those elements out of their traditional obscurity.

[1] *Lee*, pp. 263-268. *Molmenti*, p. 408. *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, pp. 23-27.

[2] Even before the advent of Buonaparte a tendency had been noticed for some of the younger nobles in Venice to dress like the *bourgeois* and to consort with them. *Kovalevsky*, pp. 136-137.

CHAPTER II

FRENCH AND AUSTRIANS IN VENETIA. THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN ITALY. PIO NONO'S ACCESSION

Sun-girt City, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state.

* * * * *

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aerial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourished worms
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering:
But if Freedom should awake—

SHELLEY, 1818.

FIFTY years of foreign domination intervened between the last stages of decay in the old Republic of St. Mark and the young life of Italian nationhood that sprang up so greenly all over Venetia in the spring of 1848. However much we may sympathize both with the old Venice and the new Italy, it is to misread history to suppose that a single generation of men could under any circumstances have stepped straight from one to the other. Nations and societies that have been dying for hundreds

of years can indeed be born again, but not at a few weeks' notice. Shelley mistook when he expected those whom he called at one moment 'pollution-nourished worms' to break out at the next with Republican 'virtues more sublime' than those of antique Cato. Progressive French 'bandits' and reactionary Austrian 'barbarians' both had their allotted parts to play in the making of the new Italian nation.

Less than a year after the opening of his campaign in April, 1796, Buonaparte had conquered the plain of the Po, and overthrown four successive armies of Austria. Half of those famous victories had been won in Venetian territory. But the time-honoured expedient of allowing Venetian land to be used as a cockpit for the battles of foreign powers would no longer, as in the days of Eugene and Catinat, serve to maintain its independence. The pleasant day-dream of eighteenth century Italy was over :—

> Power, the hard man knit for action,
> Reads each nation on the brow.
> Cripple, fool and petrifaction
> Fall to him—are falling now!

The young general of the French Republic on his first campaign had an Italian policy of his own, as though he were already Emperor. He was able to force it on the Directors in France, because their government was so unpopular that it could only be prolonged through his goodwill. The principle in which Buonaparte's policy differed from the original intention of the Directors was this, that instead of regarding Lombardy as a place to be sacked and then bartered back to Austria at the peace, he regarded Lombardy, and ultimately the whole peninsula, as a place to be first sacked, then revolutionized and finally kept as a protected State. The 'Cisalpine Republic,' as he called his new Lombardy, was the first Napoleonic State in Europe, the model of a new political system. But it was also the starting point of something

more long-lived than the Napoleonic Empire—the Italian *risorgimento*. It was the training ground of the enlightened nobles and *bourgeois* who began the slow revival of their nation.

But Buonaparte's policy differed from that of his nominal masters at home on a second point, which was one of time and method rather than of principle. Being determined to keep and ultimately to expand his Cisalpine Republic, he realized that to obtain the Austrians' recognition of a thing they so greatly disliked, and to negotiate a peace with the Rhine frontier for France, it was necessary to buy off Austria with the city of Venice and Venetian territory east of the Adige.[1] The young realist's barbarous and cynical methods in carrying through this transaction out-Fredericked Frederick, and introduced the morals of the partitioners of Poland into the politics of the Latin peoples. Yet all the while he had no intention of leaving Austria in permanent possession. He saw, indeed, more clearly than the Directors that he must purchase a breathing space for France and for French power in Italy, but Campoformio was only a 'stage' in his advance towards that empire in Italy and the Adriatic, at which he arrived after Austerlitz. It was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*.[2]

The destruction of the independent existence of Venice by its sale to the Austrians at Campoformio, was an event to which Italian, and particularly Venetian, patriots in the nineteenth century were taught to look back with the utmost indignation. To abhor Buonaparte, the betrayer of Venice, was the first lesson which Daniele Manin learnt from his father. Yet the apologist of St. Helena might have pleaded that without the halfway house of Campoformio he would not have been able a few years later to drive the Austrians out of the whole Peninsula, and that the subjects of Venice made at the

[1] Brescia and Bergamo went to the Cisalpine Republic. Thenceforth they pass from Venetian to Lombard history.

[2] *Sorel*, v. pp. 229-230; *Cessi*, pp. 227-237.

time singularly little resistance to the extinction of her life as a State. Venetian independence had no hero and no martyr. No Wallace raised the banner of resistance in the Alps; no Hereward took to the lagoon; no Kosciusko fell. When several millions of people set a high value on their country's threatened independence, some of them can always be found to die for her by way of protest. But it was only in Dalmatia and Istria, beyond the Adriatic, that any popular resistance was made to the extinction of the Republic of St. Mark.[1]

The subjects of Venice in 1797 were divided into three groups, all unwilling or unable to put up any resistance to the transfer of their country to Austria.

The first and largest party in the State,—if we may give the name of party to a mass that had no political organization,—consisted of the peasants, priests, artisans and smaller *bourgeois*, all of whom were hot against the French, partly for religious reasons, partly from natural resentment at being systematically plundered and bullied by a foreign soldiery. At Easter, 1797, some of them had risen on the army of French occupation in Verona and elsewhere, thereby giving Buonaparte an excellent excuse for destroying the Venetian Republic.

The second party in the Venetian State, the oligarchy in the capital, was incapable of giving voice or leadership to the popular fury against the French invader. Accustomed for a hundred years to meet every crisis by timid inaction till the clouds of war rolled by, the patriciate was struck with panic when the clouds, instead of dispersing themselves, ever more threateningly encompassed the sacred city. Taught by a still older tradition never to take the people into confidence, least of all the subject populations of the mainland, Doge and Senators could

[1] *Kovalevsky*, pp. 275-277. Daniele Manin in 1847 was very angry with Cesare Cantù for saying that Venice had perished by 'conquest.' Manin declared it was not conquered by Austria but betrayed by Buonaparte. (*P. de la F.*, i. pp. 5-6.) This was true in a sense, but the active betrayal by the French was aided by the passive betrayal of Venetia's indifference to her own fate.

only tremble, weep and finally lay down, with a sigh of mingled thankfulness and melancholy, the heritage of a thousand years.

Thirdly, there was the democratic or French party. It consisted of that section of the *noblesse* and of the educated *bourgeoisie* which had long been discontented with the oligarchic government, and had imbibed a vague conception of the equalitarian principles of the French Revolution. This small but important section of the upper classes proved, from one end of the Peninsula to the other, the instrument of 'democracy,' of Buonaparte and of France. In the Cisalpine Republic of Lombardy it formed, under French guidance, the personnel of a real government, in which lay the best hopes for the future of Italy. But in Venetia it was only fit to pull down for its French masters the venerable edifice of Doge, Senate and Inquisitors, thereby making it easy for Buonaparte a few months later to hand over the broken fragments to the Austrian. During their brief interim government in 1797, the Venetian democrats, by their policy of arrests and sequestrations, made themselves so much hated that not only the majority of the nobles but the populace of the city looked forward to the arrival of the Austrians in January, 1798, as to a promised liberation. Men wrote up *Viva l'Austria* on the walls, and sported the yellow and black cockade even before the departure of the French.[1]

May, 1797.

The first period of Austrian rule in Venice was too short to leave any deep impression. At the beginning it was not unpopular, as bringing relief from the crude innovations and brutalities of the democratic régime, and from the robber French who carried off all they had a fancy to in Venice, including the bronze horses of St. Mark. But Austria so wrought that her enforced departure after Austerlitz was welcomed by the Venetians. As fickle as a mob in Shakespeare, they flung themselves in adoration at Napoleon's feet, forgetting how the *eroe*

1798-1805.

[1] *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, p. 32. *Kovalevsky*, pp. 329-332.

dei secoli had pillaged, outraged and sold their city only eight years before.[1]

The French rule in Venetia from 1806 to 1814 left deeper traces. It did much to train the abler among the educated class in war, administration and public spirit. Napoleon's Italian regiments were commanded by Italian officers. Native lawyers and administrators filled the highest places on the bench and in the bureaucracy. And under the French régime, they were taught their business. The repression of these newly awakened faculties and instincts by the restored Austrian régime after Waterloo, was resented by the professional and shopkeeping class in a way that it would never have been resented by the decadent nobility of the old Republic. It is difficult to say whether French progress or its supersession by Austrian reaction did most to stimulate the national energies, both in the lagoon and on the mainland of Italy.

But Napoleon's rule while it lasted was not popular. If he trained to arms the most unwarlike community in Europe, it was only retrospective gratitude that he won for this service. A peasantry that had lived for centuries without handling pike or gun resented the conscription that sent their sons to perish in Russia and in Spain, even though they fought there honourably and under Italian officers. The war taxation became more and more severe. The commercial conflict with England ruined every chance of the revival of Venetian trade. Money indeed was spent profusely on internal improvements, on the roads of the mainland, on the conservation of the lagoon and the *porti* of the Lido, and on the completion of the arcades round the Piazza of St. Mark. Academies and literary societies were founded; education was encouraged; monasteries were suppressed. But poverty and war made Napoleon's government increasingly odious. In the campaign of 1809,—when the

[1] *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, pp. 49-53.

Austrians for a short time forced their way into the Veneto,—Udine, Verona and Padua attempted revolts against the French. Venice was not actively hostile, but four years later the Venetians paraded their entire want of concern in the defence of the city against the Austrian blockade, which ended in the surrender of 1814. The next time the Austrians besieged Venice the inhabitants were interested in a very different way. But when Napoleon fell, the fathers of Manin's *popolani* rejoiced at the return of the white-coats, though some of the professional classes by no means welcomed the change.[1]

In Italy at least Napoleon was 'one whom men love not and yet regret.'[2] After his second fall, the Austrians proceeded to break all their promises of a constitution and a national government for the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. They swarmed down from the Alps to take insolent possession of the rich plain which they called their 'Lombard milch-cow.' The natives were increasingly excluded from the higher grades of the civil service and from commissions in the army. The Italian conscripts were regimented under barbarian officers and sent to the distant frontiers of Galicia and Hungary. Whereas under Napoleon Italy had been the Italian part of a cosmopolitan Empire, under Austria her children were treated by their German masters as a subject race.[3]

The Emperor Francis I of Austria was strong in will and narrow in mind, narrower even than his servant Metternich, who became in regard to Lombardy and Venetia the instrument of a policy more reactionary than

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. ix-x. *Marchesi* (*Storia Documentata*), pp. 33-37. *Cusani*, pp. 11-12.

[2] In the Liberal cartoons of the Italian press prior to 1850, the figure of Napoleon is often seen in apotheosis in the sky, as the Sun-God of Freedom, in days before there was a native Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel to answer the requirements of patriotic artists.

[3] *Pepe*, i. pp. 84-89. *La Forge*, i. pp. 15-16. *Venice under the Yoke*, p. 83. *E. and F.*, p. xi. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 36-37.

that which he himself recommended in vain to his master.[1] The Emperor insisted on the rigid application of two principles: first, that the government of the different provinces of his many-tongued empire should be all on one model, and should be carried on from the bureaux of Vienna; secondly, that the intellectual growth of every one over whom he ruled should be the affair of the police, who were to exclude all literature, ideas and information of a modern or 'dangerous' tendency from the books and periodicals that circulated in his wide domains. He wanted obedient subjects, not enlightened citizens. Politics and race-feeling apart, it would have been intellectual and moral death for any country to submit willingly to such a system.

When these principles were applied to Austria's Italian possessions, in spite of promises made in 1815 to the contrary,[2] a great opportunity was missed. A moderately liberal government and a recognition of provincial rights for Lombardy and Venetia might have gone far to reconcile the north Italians to the Austrian connection, in comparison with the mean and miserable native rulers of Southern and Central Italy, to whom as yet the restored Piedmontese monarchy scarcely afforded a contrast.

For Austrian rule had its good points. Except in political cases justice was better in Lombardy and Venetia than under the other Italian Governments of the restoration. Public business was indeed cramped and retarded by the constant reference of everything to Vienna, but there was a certain clumsy honesty in some of the departments. Though inquiry was stifled, education was better provided than in the rest of Italy, or in the England of that day. It was only in the higher branches of teaching that the jealousy of the Austrian Government was aroused.[3] But the schools supplied the Universities so

[1] *Hübner*, pp. 15-21, and *Metternich, Mémoires*, iii. pp. 91-93, for his rejected proposals of 1817.

[2] See pp. 64-65 below.

[3] *Flagg*, i. pp. 311-312. *Bolton King*, i. pp. 55-56.

well with students that the congregated youth of Padua and Pavia kept the police and the censors in a state of constant alarm.

At the same time the autonomous life of town and village in North Italy was an example of real local self-government during an epoch when English towns were governed by corrupt oligarchies, and English country districts were destined to remain for another two generations under the paternal rule of Justices of the Peace.[1] The great inheritance that Italy derived from the undying life of her *communes* and her ancient city municipalities was tolerated by the Austrian police as being 'non-political.' They failed to suspect the truth that Italy's national life, which it was their business to suppress, drew its sustenance from the survival of her municipal life, which connected her past with her future and was the destined means of her revival. In every city of Venetia and Lombardy the elected municipality was the one organ of native Italian opinion, inside which the Austrian officials had no footing, though they harassed and restricted its action from outside.

So the primary and secondary schools and the municipal freedom allowed by Austria helped to undermine the rest of the Emperor's elaborate system of repression, and silently prepared the ground for 'forty-eight.'

Most things that the Government did were calculated to irritate and estrange every self-respecting man, particularly in the educated classes. Higher administrative and military careers were closed to Italians. The lawyer might not plead aloud in court, but only in written statements laid before the judges in private. No man could start on a journey for any purpose without begging permission from a foreign official of manners odious to the Italian temperament. No daily newspapers might ap-

[1] Before 1835 there was self-government in only a very few of the English cities. Before 1888 there was no self-government in the English country districts. For local government in the Austrian provinces of Italy see *Bolton King*, i. pp. 56, 109.

pear except the official gazette.[1] Journalism proper could not exist as a profession. Learned and literary magazines indeed abounded, but the Censorship examined every book and periodical before it could be printed in Austrian territory, or introduced from over the frontier.[2]

A Scottish lady, who knew the Italians well, wrote in 1829 :—

'Count Musconi of Verona told us that he had a great desire to go to England and France, but in the Austrian States the difficulty is very great, and there as in the Neapolitan States, we were told, if they go without leave they forfeit their whole property and their family is immediately put under the eye of the police. When an Italian in the Austrian States wishes to travel, he applies to the Minister at Vienna for permission. The usual form is for the Minister to write to the head of the police of the Town where the applicant lives, and to enquire what are his opinions and habits and what is the real object of his wishing to leave the country. If all these questions are answered satisfactorily by the police (and they may have private dislike or pique to gratify), then he may in course of a year obtain leave, but it is more frequently refused. A passport to England, to France still more, but most of all to Switzerland, is always granted with great reluctance. When we were at Venice we asked at the bookseller's shop at the sign of the Apollo, the first in Venice, if they had Botta's *Italy*.[3] The bookseller said no, but when no one was in the shop but ourselves he said he would send it to our house, seeing we were English and he was sure we would not betray him. He said there was not a philosophical work published in the Austrian States that was worth reading, there were such great parts of them left out. . . . Independent of the political oppression, the Italians suffer from the Austrian Government a thousand petty vexations and insults, all of which they feel deeply and dare not resent.'[4]

[1] Viz., the *Gazzetta privilegiata di Venezia* and the *Foglio di Verona* based on it. *R. S. del R.*, 1897, ii. pp. 695-697.

[2] *Malamani Risorg.* for details of the Censorship in Venetia. *Venice under the Yoke*, pp. 80-85. *Santalena, Treviso*, p. xv.

[3] *Botta's Storia d'Italia dal* 1789 *al* 1814 is anti-Napoleonic, and very mild in its criticism of the *ancien régime* Governments. But modern history of any kind was enough to frighten the Censor.

[4] *Power MSS.*

Nevertheless, during the thirty years that followed Waterloo, Italian intellectual life, especially in the Austrian provinces, rose to a high level, swamping all official obstacles. Politics being debarred as a subject of writing or debate, the energies of the educated class ran to science, philosophy and history, and bore remarkable fruit in Padua University, in engineering works and in the Literary Societies and Reading Rooms. These *Gabinetti di lettura* had been sanctioned by Government as safety valves to draw attention off present discontents, but not with entirely satisfactory results. In 1832 a spy, who concealed his name under the curious pseudonym of 'Onore e fede,' writes to the Austrian authorities that he is a member of all the reading rooms of the Veneto, that they are all centres of discontent, where the foreign newspapers are discussed most improperly. The worst of all is that of Vicenza, which poisons the minds of the young artisans and their friends, the students of the High School.[1] In the University town of Padua and in other cities the young men met secretly to read prohibited books. Modern history was forbidden in the schools, but classical history and literature were read by the Italian youth as the testament of their own ancestors, inculcating Republican virtue and patriotism.[2]

Meanwhile the ancient nobility was ceasing to be the most important class among the citizens of Venice. Their economic position, undermined in the eighteenth century by loans from the Jews to pay for

> Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to midday,

had collapsed with the fall of the Republican oligarchy. When Byron was in the city in 1817, they were fast selling off or letting their palaces on the Grand Canal. Many retired more completely than ever to their country estates, where in the course of the nineteenth century

[1] *R. S. del R.*, 1897, ii. pp. 695-696.

[2] *Santalena, Treviso*, p. xvii. *Bolton King*, i. pp. 55-56. *Tivaroni*, i. p. 507. *Lampertico*, i. pp. 90-105.

they took up farming in earnest, and applied to agriculture the qualities their ancestors had long ago devoted to commerce.[1] Of those who still resided mainly in Venice, some were not ashamed to accept the pittance which Austria, the more to degrade and enslave them, allowed to poor nobles in lieu of the offices they had once held under the Republic. Those who took an independent interest in municipal or public affairs were marked men in the eyes of the police, but were making a new position for themselves and their descendants in the more democratic world of professional and business men who were destined to revive the honour of their city. While in Milan the nobility whose idle lives had been satirized by Parini two generations before, began as a class to take the lead in the new national life, it was otherwise in the lagoon. Members of the old patrician houses in many cases took an active part in the patriotic movement, but in Venice they no longer stood upon their nobility, or claimed any class leadership.[2]

Until 1848, ardent patriots bitterly observed that Venice and the Veneto were the part of the peninsula most slow to move. But this rule was proved by a tragic exception in the years immediately following Waterloo. The district of Polesine,[3] with its provincial capital Rovigo, lies amid dykes and marshes on the northern bank of the Po where it approaches the sea ; this part of Venetian territory touched on the Papal province of Romagna, where political disturbance was chronic. At Ravenna in Romagna, Byron, after moving from his ignoble sojourn in Venice to a more invigorating atmosphere, was even then awaiting as chief of the local Carbonari the signal for a revolt which he ardently expected, but which failed to break out during his lifetime. From

[1] There is a delightful description of the latter-day agriculturalist noble of Venetia in Horatio Brown's *In and Around Venice*, Bk. IV., chap. ii.

[2] *La Forge*, i. p. 6. *Bolton King*, i. pp. 59, 102. *Flagg*, i. pp. 315-316.

[3] See Map IV.

Romagna the Carbonari had spread their organization across the Po into the Polesine, largely through the agency of old officers of Napoleon and King Murat. A local sect of Republicans was for several years in full activity there, hatching plots against Austria and all the Governments of Italy.

They were arrested in 1819 and, in December, 1821, all Venice witnessed a terrible spectacle. More than thirty of the Carbonari of Polesine were led out between lines of white-coated soldiers on to a scaffold erected in front of the Ducal Palace, from the balcony of which their sentence was pronounced. The Imperial clemency commuted the death penalty for long years of imprisonment in chains in various fortresses beyond the Alps,—the leaders being consigned to the noisome cells of the Spielberg fortress in Moravia, whence several of them never emerged alive. The populace of the city listened in silent horror to the doom of these unhappy men, whose principles they barely understood, but whose punishment, thus proclaimed to the world by the foreigner from the spot whence Venice had once issued her decrees, they felt to be the last and bitterest insult to her fallen state.[1]

After this appalling and significant interlude, a long quiet settled down on the Venetian province. For many years no more secret societies were discovered there by the police, and apparently none existed.[2] The very gradual revival of political agitation in Venetia will be described in the next chapter in connection with Daniele Manin. But to understand that revival it is

[1] A few weeks later a similar scene was enacted on the same spot for the benefit of the Lombard man of letters, the saintly Silvio Pellico, who was sent to join the men of Polesine in the Spielberg. He has described the scene in a famous passage in *Le Mie Prigioni*, chap. liii. Exactly a hundred years later, a deputation of Italians went to Spielberg to honour the memory of its victims; the deputation was made welcome by the authorities and population of liberated Czecho-Slovakia, in whose territory the fortress now stands. For the Carbonari of Polesine see *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 494-502. *Marchesi*, p. 45, note 51. *Sentenza*.

[2] *MSS. M.C.V., Pol. Aust., passim. Carte Segrete*, e.g., iii. 117. For the Bandieras' *Esperia* see pp. 48-50 below.

necessary first to survey the national movement towards Italian union or federation which was growing up all over the peninsula, and in which the politics of Venice and the Venetian cities became involved.

The Italian *risorgimento* aimed at and achieved three distinct objects: to unite the peninsula in one State; to establish free political institutions; and to expel the Austrian, whose influence after 1815 was dominant even in those provinces which he did not rule. The anti-foreign movement and the liberal movement, strongest among the town population and the educated classes, gave the first and strongest impulse to the *risorgimento*. Unity was chiefly desired as a means to those ends.

The idea of a unified Italian State would have had few attractions for the citizens of Milan and Venice, and a hundred other towns of ancient fame, had it not been for the passionate desire to expel the Austrian from the North Italian cities, the priest ruler from those of Central Italy, the Neapolitan from Sicily, and to obtain everywhere the modicum of personal rights and freedom of speech and of culture which the Italian Governments of that day persisted in denying to their subjects. If the citizens of the Central and North Italian towns had still, as in the Middle Ages, been masters within the walls each of his own city, they would not have invited a House of Savoy or a Parliament of Monte Citorio to come and bear rule over them.

But this policy of unification, though originally adopted to meet temporary evils that have passed away, is proving a permanent benefit to Italy in the modern world of great economic and political units. For the modern world, linked up by steam and electric communication, is very different from the mediæval world in which the independent Italian cities had been each a self-contained and self-sufficing unit of political life.

And, indeed, before the Middle Ages had come to an end, the sovereign independence of the individual cities

was already a thing of the past. Milan had conquered the other towns of Lombardy; Venice had annexed those of Veneto and Friuli; Florence had swallowed up her rivals in Tuscany; and finally Papal Rome, in the days of the Borgias, had given reality to her overlordship in the cities of Umbria and even of the distant Romagna beyond the Apennine range. It is true that this movement towards unity in the Renaissance period was not the result of any national idea, but solely of the ambitions of princes, the acquisitive tendencies of republics, and the centripetal movement that we usually observe in European life when civilization advances and locomotion becomes more easy or more safe.

Italy, then, before the Napoleonic invasions, was already much further along the path of unification, with her round dozen of States, than was Germany with its two hundred and fifty, although the unifying process had, like many other processes in Italy, been at a standstill for two centuries and a half prior to the French Revolution. The work of Napoleon in preparing the peninsula for complete union has been thus described:—[1]

'Under his rule, for the first time since the Lombard invasions, the whole Italian Peninsula was governed on a single plan. From the Alps to the Straits of Messina, lawyers were administering the French Codes, engineers were building roads and bridges, financial agents were making cadastral surveys, administrators were applying the wealth of the monasteries to secular uses, lighting towns, and enforcing the conscription. The three great obstacles to Italian unity—the foreign dynasties, the Papacy, the spirit of locality—were for the moment broken in the great movement of the French Empire. . . . Here, then, in the army, in the Codes, in the common system of administration, the foundations of a modern Italy were laid.'

All this, or almost all of it, was destroyed at the Restoration, but its memory lived on. The Italians, in working out their own destiny, first in the realm of thought and then in the realm of action, looked back

[1] *H. A. L. Fisher, Bonapartism*, pp. 90-91.

much to Napoleon, but relatively little to the French Revolution. In so far as they accepted the French Revolution it was the Revolution as Napoleon had brought it to them, not the Revolution of Mirabeau or of Robespierre. Intellectually the reaction against Voltaire and Rousseau was almost as strong in Liberal as in Reactionary circles. The new school of Italian history from 1820-1848 was anti-Voltairean, fearful of French Revolutionary influence, and very much alive to the weak side of the Encyclopædist generalizations. This historical school gradually formed for itself and for the Italian public the conception of a Federation of Italian States, on a Liberal-Catholic basis, to revive the glories of mediæval Italy. This movement, connected with such names as Manzoni, Balbo, Gioberti, was known as the 'Neo-Guelf' movement, because it looked back to the Italy of the Middle Ages, when it was believed that the Church and the Cities had stood together for freedom against the foreign Emperor from beyond the Alps. The rallying cry of the Neo-Guelfs was the battle of Legnano, the victory of Milan and the Cities over Frederic Barbarossa in 1176. These new historical and antiquarian studies, which were pursued with ardour by the learned societies in the Veneto no less than in Milan and Florence[1] revived Italian patriotism, and wedded the Municipal traditions of Italy with the idea of racial pride and national unity.

It was the voluntary union of the cities of Italy that made the movement of the *risorgimento*. They slowly dragged the rural population in their wake. It is no paradox to say that 'Municipalism,' in the sense of the Italian's feeling of pride in his town or city, was the great instrument of Italian unification. The more the history of the *risorgimento* is studied in detail, the more that fact stands out.

Italy, from the days of the Etruscan civilization

[1] *Lampertico*, i. pp. 40-105.

onwards, has always been a land of cities. Their mutual relations have been the dominant factor of her politics in all ages. Once, long ago, the Peninsula was united by the conquest of the other cities by Rome. The Latin and Etruscan federations of free cities fell before the greatest city of all. In the nineteenth century, Italy was again united by the free action of her municipalities, each abjuring a portion of its ancient powers of self-government, and wholly abandoning its claim to mediæval isolation, in order to get free from a degrading servitude which each was by itself too weak to cast off. The history of 1848, the year when doctrine ripened into action, is the story of a number of municipal revolts uniting to form a national revolution.

The French Revolution had proceeded from the centre outwards, from Paris to the provinces, and had in its course destroyed all local liberties and punished 'Federalism' as treason. The Italian Revolution proceeded from the outside in search of a centre. The Italian provinces and cities began to seek for themselves a point round which they could rally. To reverse Agrippa's fable, the limbs began to ask each other anxiously, where was the stomach, that he might be chosen king or president over them. What was the centre of the new Italian life to be, and what was to be its relation to the local parts?

The moment the first question was asked, there was but one possible answer—Rome. But what sort of Rome—Rome of the Popes, or the Rome of the People? And Rome as the head of a Federation of Italian States, or Rome as the Capital of a United Italy? Such was the problem, on which in 1848 patriots were divided into several different parties—a division that was the principal cause of their failure that year.

The patriotic propaganda in the 'thirties and 'forties was conducted by the Mazzinians and the Neo-Guelfs in rivalry. Both parties aimed at expelling the Austrian from Italy. But while Mazzini preached unity in one State, the Neo-Guelfs aimed at a Federation of existing

States under the presidency of the Pope. Mazzini was a conspirator, his hand against all the Governments of Italy; the Neo-Guelfs were historians and literary men, half concealing their political under their academic purpose, and hoping to reform rather than to overthrow the existing native rulers. Mazzini, though religious in sentiment, was unorthodox in belief, and his camp gave shelter to the anti-clericals; the Neo-Guelfs were the Italian branch of Liberal Catholicism, then a powerful movement throughout Europe. Mazzini's call for self-sacrifice inspired the more active and generous spirits among the younger men; the strength of the Neo-Guelfs lay in their appeal to the moderates, the respectable, the men not over-anxious to risk their own and every one else's life and property in an immediate revolution. One party enlisted zeal, the other enlisted numbers. To overthrow the Austrian in earnest, they would have to combine.

At that time the Italian national movement could hope for little success unless it could obtain the support of the Pope. His spiritual influence was immense in a country inhabited mainly by peasants of an antique piety, and led by an educated class which was at that period much more religious than it subsequently became. The Temporal Power was the key to Italian unity, because the Pope's Kingdom cut off the Southern from the Northern part of the Peninsula. Without the Papal territories there could be no geographic contact of North and South.

That was the fundamental difficulty in the way of the Neo-Guelf or Liberal-Catholic programme. It could only be a Federal programme, for the Pope would not voluntarily relinquish his rule over Central Italy. And even the Federal programme would only succeed if the Pope was a Liberal and a 'good Italian.' Gregory XVI who occupied the Papal Chair from 1831 to 1846, had been the opposite of a Liberal and the opposite of a 'good Italian.' Yet so strong was religious sentiment in the Italian educated class of the 'thirties and 'forties that

the Neo-Guelf programme had grown up and occupied the field even in Gregory's day. It was an act of Faith, and in 1846 this Faith seemed miraculously justified by the election to the Papacy of a man who was a good Italian, and within limits a Liberal—Mastai Ferretti,—Pope *Pio Nono* (Pius IX).

But the reactionary policy of Gregory XVI had already created a very strong Radical and anti-clerical party in the cities of Central Italy. Anti-clericalism was particularly strong in the Romagna—that district which, lying in the plain to the north of the Apennines was by nature a part of North Italy and only by the accident of history a part of the backward and priest-governed Papal States. Gregory's reign had rendered it much more difficult for Pio Nono to reconcile his Central Italian subjects to any form of priest-rule. There were also other and even greater difficulties of an international character to obstruct the progress of the new Pope as an Italian Liberal—difficulties which the first real crisis would reveal.[1] But in the early months of his Pontificate, Pio Nono's avowed sympathy with the national feeling against Austria sufficed to put him at the head of the movement, in the eyes of all Italians except himself.

His anti-Austrian feeling was in part derived from his belief in his own position as Temporal Ruler of the Papal States. Austria, at the time of Napoleon's fall, had asked for the Romagna as a natural adjunct to her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and had coveted it ever since. She was actually keeping a garrison of white-coats in the citadel of Ferrara, under treaty rights, which were a constant source of bitterness.

The qualified adhesion of the new Pope to the national movement rallied to it many peasants and many pious and respectable people who would not otherwise have joined. The Neo-Guelf Federal party seemed to have won the leadership of Italy for good and all. Even Mazzini thought fit to write a letter to Pio Nono. The

[1] See pp. 164-165 below.

Church, which had thrown in its lot with the reaction of 1815, seemed veering round. Many of the poorer priests had always been good Italians, and a few were Liberals. In 1847 the influence of the parish priests as a body was thrown on to the national side. The cry *Viva Pio Nono*, forbidden by the Austrian authorities, united all classes and parties.

In Venetian territory this temporary change in the political position of the Church was calculated to have very important effects. Neither Jesuitism nor anti-clericalism had ever been very strong among the countrymen of Paolo Sarpi. The banner of Liberal-Catholicism was well calculated to satisfy both the gentle scepticism and the mild religiosity of Venice.[1]

On the *terra firma* the peasant had not hitherto been deeply stirred against the alien rule. He had never, in the long course of centuries, regarded the Central Government, whether native or foreign, otherwise than as an external force imposed on him by the city folk, for reasons that he only partly understood. Its latest manifestation from across the Alps he was prepared to judge on its merits towards himself. He looked on the Austrian authorities sometimes as potential allies against his immediate foe, the landlord. But at other times he was outraged in his contact with 'unsympathetic' German officials and soldiers, whom every Italian with one-half of his mind regarded as an inferior and 'Bœotian' race. Most deeply of all, the peasant resented the Austrian conscription, which took away so many young *contadini* for eight years of harsh slavery beyond the mountains.[2]

[1] The following story is highly characteristic of old Venice. The scene is St. Mark's in the eighteenth century. All ranks and classes are on their knees to the host. An Englishman is standing.

Venetian Senator. 'Will you be so good as to kneel down?'

Englishman. 'I don't believe in transubstantiation.'

Venetian Senator. 'Neither do I. But go down on your knees or walk out of the Church.' *Venice under the Yoke*, p. 99.

[2] *Biadego*, pp. 146-154. *Ulloa*, i. p. 27. *La Forge*, i. pp. 15-16. *Bolton King*, i. pp. 60-61.

Hitherto the national movement, at least in the Veneto, had been confined to the towns and to the larger villages where town influences were felt, where the leading spirits met at the chemist's to hear and discuss news from the outer world. With the accession of a liberal Pope some of the peasantry in remoter districts and smaller hamlets began dimly to apprehend the national aspirations.

CHAPTER III

DANIELE MANIN. HIS EARLY LIFE. THE RAILWAY QUESTION. THE VENETIAN NAVY AND THE BANDIERAS. THE CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATION OF 1847. ARREST OF MANIN AND TOMMASEO, JAN., 1848

His aspect was not striking, either by the beauty or dignity of his features, and at first engaged your attention only by the impression of strength which was given by his head—with its wide and regular expanse of thoughtful brow—majestically poised and firmly set on the robust neck and broad shoulders of the man of action. His glance, when animated, transfigured his countenance, and you were instantly subdued by the mixture of an authority at once brusque and attractive, and of a tender grace, coming from the heart, which appeared to yield everything to those whom he subdued.

Henri Martin, ii. p. 253, on Manin.

THE Italian *risorgimento* still draws the attention of posterity for many reasons. Not least among these is the presence in that story of three men who, each in his own very peculiar way, stood high above the ordinary run of mankind. No other national movement in history has three such contemporaries to show as Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. But the revolution in Italy was rendered admirable not by these three alone. In every province men of ability and virtue controlled and guided the patriotic passions by which they and their fellow-countrymen were impelled. At the head of these men, in a class by himself below those three greatest, stands Daniele Manin.

His influence hardly extended beyond the Venetian islands, and his activities as a statesman did not outlast two years. He did not live to act as Cavour's lieutenant on the stage of all Italy, in the spacious days of her redemption, after the lessons of the failure of 1848 had been learnt by the patriots, himself included. How

great a man such wider opportunities would have shown him to be, no one can ever tell. As compared to the lives of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi—Shakespearian themes—Manin's career preserves the unities of place and time: the stage is the mountain-watched lagoon and the city that floats on it; the time is the tragic years 1848-1849.

It was there and then that he displayed a number of qualities rarely found in combination: the craft and courage to conduct a legal agitation against despotic authority; the nerve to carry through the first act of revolutionary violence when the hour to strike had come, acting without the aid or approval of the other leading men of Venice; the strong good sense to control the revolutionary forces he had evoked, to maintain order and justice in time of effervescence; the magic to keep alive the enthusiasm of a whole population nurtured in servitude and unaccustomed for many centuries to take part in the conduct of public affairs; the personal ascendancy to maintain their faith in himself in spite of defeat and failure, in spite of his constant refusal to flatter their baser passions or to yield to their less wise demands. He found the power to inspire others with his own courage and endurance for twelve months after Italy's best hopes had been shattered in the August of 1848. Yet all the while he himself was wracked by bodily pain and weakness. Like Elizabeth and William III, he bore the double weight of fleshly ills and public cares. He had two passions—the domestic and the patriotic. He divided between his wife and daughter, and to a less degree his son, all the depth of affection that he did not exhaust on Italy and Venice.

Manin's feeling for Venice, at once abstract and concrete, intellectual and sensual, recalls the feeling of an ancient Athenian for another city between hills and sea, or the jealous devotion of Dante to Florence. Manin's love of one spot on earth was no less intense than theirs, although in the case of the modern it was absorbed in a

larger movement, the new feeling for Italy a nation. Some, indeed, may think that his passion for Venice warped his judgment in the question of 'fusion' with Piedmont.[1] Certainly it sustained him through the long martyrdom of his dictatorship. And, together with the deaths of his wife and daughter, it broke his exile's heart in Paris.

This man, devoted soul and body to Italy and to one Italian city, was by birth, though not by education, partly Hebrew. His mother, Anna Maria Bellotto was an Italian of Padua. His father came of the Venetian Jewish family of Fonsecca, which turned Christian in the eighteenth century; he had been given the names of Pietro Manin, after his sponsor at the font, the brother of the unfortunate man who lives in history as the last Doge of Venice. It appears that Pietro Manin and Anna Bellotto were never married. But on May 13, 1804, Daniele Manin was born to them in Venice, in the parish of the Frari, in the Campo S. Agostino, and was baptized on June 3 in the Church of the same name.[2]

In the same year, in London, another Jew of Venetian origin was presented with a son. It is true that young Benjamin D'Israeli's mother was a Jewess, that his father Isaac was never a baptized Christian, and that he himself was only baptized at twelve years of age. But the likeness, such as it was, between his own origin and that of his coeval, the defender of the Venetian Republic of 1848, appealed so strongly to his romantic mind that he commemorated Manin in that strange sermon on the Jews that appears so incongruously in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*.[3] But whereas D'Israeli was always

[1] See pp. 160-161 below.

[2] *Flagg*, i. p. 325. *E. and F.*, pp. xix-xxi. *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 5. *La Forge*, i. p. 26. The name of Daniele seems to have been that of his mother's father, Daniele Bellotto.

[3] P. 498 (ed. 1852). 'Even the insurrection and defence and administration of Venice, which, from the resource and statesmanlike moderation displayed, commanded almost the respect and sympathy of Europe, were accomplished by a Jew,

thought of as a Jew by his friends, by his enemies, and by himself, and looked with something of a foreigner's eyes on the country that he admired and served, Manin never had a thought that was not Venetian or Italian, and was hardly ever spoken of as a Jew, in jest or in earnest. I have turned over many pages of praise and abuse of Manin, of analysis of his character and motives, and have never to my recollection, unless it be in the sentence here quoted from D'Israeli, seen any evidence that he was ever taunted with being a Jew, or even any sober discussion of the Jewish element in his character; so entirely Italian did he seem. Yet it is not impossible that he derived from the stock of Abraham some of the precocious intellectual activity of his boyhood, and the qualities of persistence in the man.

Be that as it may, all his father's influence was directed to making him a Venetian patriot. Pietro Manin burned with zeal for the murdered Venetian Republic. He could not bear to think that he was saddled with the surname of the last Doge, that miserable dotard who had surrendered without one blow the heritage of a thousand years. He bequeathed to his son the task of wiping that stain off the name of Manin. He cursed Napoleon for the great betrayal. French rule and Austrian were alike hateful to the fierce old Republican, as the yoke of foreigners.

During Daniele's boyhood Venice was subject to the Napoleonic régime. Under that system, as not under the Austrian, justice was administered publicly and barristers pleaded in court. The boy used to slip in to hear his father's eloquent orations. With the restoration of Austrian rule in 1814, the voice of every advocate was

Manini, who, by the bye, is a Jew who professes the whole of the Jewish religion, and believes in Calvary as well as Sinai, "a converted Jew," as the Lombards styled him, quite forgetting, in the confusion of their ideas, that it is the Lombards who are the converts, not Manini.' If Manin ever read this he must have thought it sad nonsense. The fact is that in Italy the Jews had been more completely absorbed into the national life and into ordinary society than in any other country of Europe, more even than in England.

silenced, all pleadings being made in writing to the Judges. But the lad had heard something which he never forgot, and which he hoped some day to imitate, a freeman addressing his fellow-citizens.

In the domestic forum old Manin's voice was still loud enough. Doors and shutters closed, a circle of like-minded friends, all republicans of the old rock, held forth on the woes of Venice and Italy, Poland and Europe, and 'Metternich, our friend,' filling the mind of the listening boy with historical and legal knowledge, with ideas and aspirations, his birthright. But he passed all he heard through the sieve of his own brain. He would often play the part of moderator, youth pleading against age in the cause of practical good sense, in that extraordinary household.[1]

From the cradle to the grave, Daniele Manin, in spite of his sturdy frame, suffered from physical infirmity. He was often a prey to melancholy, but the melancholy seemed due to the weakness of his body, and always yielded to any demands made by the zeal of his spirit and the kindness of his heart. He himself wrote near the end of his life: 'I have often been overcome by a feeling of lassitude which made me desire rest, above all the lasting rest of the grave. My detachment from life was perhaps partly laziness. The act of living, in a healthy body, ought to be in itself a pleasure. In me, since infancy, it has always been an effort and a penance. I have always felt tired.' Yet, whenever the call for action came, he flamed up like a volcano. There was nothing 'tired' about the man who took the Arsenal and who inspired the people to the long defence. 'My activity,' he wrote, 'under the stimulus of an almost feverish agitation, has something prodigious in it; without this stimulant, it is almost nothing; when exaltation is lacking I feel myself below the average; I feel incapable of doing what ordinary men do with ease.'[2] The

[1] *La Forge*, i. pp. 33-35. *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 6.
[2] *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 418-419.

intervals of prostration, though hid from the eyes of his followers, were frequent and terrible. Yet he was never betrayed into an ill-tempered or desperate act. That such a body and such a nervous system should always have been the disciplined servants of a peculiarly sane and kindly mind, is one of those triumphs of spirit over matter which dignify the history of man.

Manin's precocious intellectual development as a boy was no less astonishing than that of the younger Pitt, another sickly lad brought up at home under the close attention of a remarkable father. Indeed, the young Venetian was subject to conditions as different as possible from the influences of an English public school. They were conditions which, to a certain mode of thought common in our island, may well seem ill adapted to produce a leader of men; but they produced Manin. The absence of opportunity for games or even for country rambles, the limits set by narrow domestic means, the desire for mental distraction from recurrent bodily pain, the ever-present example of his father's devotion to the things of the mind, above all to political speculation and to legal study—all combined to force the boy down the avenue of premature intellectual effort. And that effort did not unfit him in later life to command his fellows. At the age of twelve he was writing, with his father's help, a philosophic legal treatise on Wills, to decide 'whether Wills belong to civil or natural law, and whether their use is as old and as common as many assert.' Published in 1816, it passed into a second edition. Four years later, with the help of his father and the learned priest Fontanella, he brought out a volume consisting of a translation from the Greek text of the Book of Enoch, under the title of *Degli Egregori*, with notes which were long afterwards praised by no less an authority than Renan. It is to be presumed that interest in the relations of Judaism and early Christianity inspired this remarkable venture. At the age of twenty

he published a translation from the French of the Pandects of Justinian. A few years later, in editing a Dictionary of the Venetian Dialect, he printed a learned disquisition on the language of the lagoons. He was a master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and German.

Much of his education, both in letters and in law, was obtained direct from his father at home, some at schools in Venice, some at a school in neighbouring Padua. To that pleasant city he went back again at the age of thirteen as a student in the University of Portia and Galileo. Residence at Padua gave to Manin, as it has given to so many Venetian youths in many centuries, the first chance to see the life and landscape of *terra firma*. There, in 1825, he took his Doctor's Degree in Law. He was just twenty-one, and two months later he married Teresa Perissinotti, daughter of a Venetian advocate. His trained intellect was their only fortune. They had fallen in love while she read to him, during one of his periodic disablements due to an affection of the eyes brought on by overwork.[1]

He was absolutely devoted to a wife and children whose tenure of life seemed as precarious as his own. The daughter Emilia, born in April, 1827, and the son Giorgio, born in May, 1831, were in mind and character worthy of their parents. Of Emilia, her father said: 'Since she was five years old, I perceived that we understood each other.' But she was the victim of a nervous disorder, painful and incurable. The whole family was of one heart and mind in face of the stern problems of their private and public life.[2]

In 1829 the Daniele Manins moved to a new lodging. It was the upper part of a house that looks out, across the passing gondolas of a canal spanned by the old stone bridge of San Paternian, down into a quiet 'Campo' or

[1] They were married in the church of S. Maria del Giglio (or Zobenigo), Venice, on September 8, 1825. For the details in the foregoing paragraphs see *E. and F.*, pp. xx-xxvii. *Flagg*, i. pp. 325-326, and cf. *Perrens*, p. 269, and *Malamani*.

[2] *E. and F.*, pp. xxi, xcvi. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. x-xi. *Martin*, ii. p. 262.

flagged square, a scene typical of that central region of Venice. Here they remained until driven into exile twenty years later.[1] Many times must neighbours have idly watched the advocate's broad shoulders and big spectacled head, as he hurried over the little bridge and across the 'Campo,' revolving some fresh project for the public weal. No one dreamt that the place would some day be famous as the Piazza Manin, with his statue in the midst in attitude of symbolic defiance to the vanished tyranny of Austria.

The Manins had not been settled in their new home for two years, and Giorgio's birth was still only expected, when in February, 1831, the news came to Venice that the Romagna and Umbria had risen and overset the Government of Pope Gregory XVI. As usual, Metternich hurried the Austrian troops south to put out the fire in his neighbour's house. It would have been the moment for North Italy to rise, if as in 1848 she had been prepared in opinion. But she was not so prepared, least of all in slumbering Venice. Manin, however, felt a patriot's shame at seeing such a chance slip by. In spite of the growing responsibilities of family life, he took counsel with four or five other young men, and these amateur revolutionists drew up a proclamation calling on the Venetians to rise. They printed it secretly in the joiner's shop, which Manin then kept for his diversion in a garret of his lodging. The future dictator scorched his hands while clumsily assisting at some queer improvised printing process, but the sheet was pulled off and distributed to a greater or less extent in the town. The rash appeal met no response, and the police failed to discover its origin.[2]

It was not by such ill-prepared and spasmodic efforts that Manin was destined to serve his country. He had an instinctive dislike for conspiracy and for secret

[1] Except in a brief interval from September, 1831, to August, 1833, when he practised law at Mestre, just across the lagoon.

[2] *La Forge*, i. pp. 26-30. *Marchesi*, p. 83. *Pascolato*, p. 112.

societies. Indeed the incident stands by itself, typical of little in his later career beyond his readiness to sacrifice himself and all that he loved.

The failure of the movements of 1831 was followed by a period of uneventful growth, while the Italian cause struck wide roots underground in the rich soil of a revived intellectual activity. The Moderates, with their study of history and literature, their Liberal-Catholic and Federalist programme and their readiness to wait indefinitely for its fulfilment, converted to the national cause great numbers of easy folk among the educated classes, who had been alarmed by Mazzini's call for immediate revolution. Their strength was to sit still, obeying the law but pushing the propaganda of Italian letters and history, with which the police could not always find excuse to interfere. Science was patronized in connection with agricultural and industrial improvement, while the construction of railways was expected to 'stitch the boot' of the peninsula, preparing the way for united action and a Federation of Italian States at some distant date.

This atmosphere was not without influence even on the destined leaders of the party of action. After one rash attempt in Genoa, young Garibaldi, with his surprising instinct for times and seasons, vanished into the South American spaces. There, in the happy hunting ground of a romantic world far from ours, he trained himself as the incomparable master of guerilla tactics and revolutionary war. Cavour in these same years made no effort to force his way into public life, but, patiently awaiting the end of the rule of reaction in Piedmont, acquired personal knowledge of all classes of the community in his capacity as improving agriculturist and business man. He took charge of the paternal estate of Leri, and lived as though his only plot were to multiply rice and asparagus. Meanwhile, Daniele Manin ceased to burn his fingers over manifestos, and settled down as a hardworking lawyer.

No one of the three could have done better, as things

then stood. They would only have wasted their time and health in prison, or warped their minds in the hothouse atmosphere of professional conspiracy. It is true that Cavour, the cadet of a noble family, could escape from his beeves and manures on occasional visits of observation to the best society of France and England, and on periodical holidays by the shores of that mid-European Lake whence the grave statesmen and publicists of Geneva watched the politics of their own and the surrounding lands. But Manin in his poverty saw nothing, year after year, but the streets of a city held in thrall by a foreign police, and the waters of a lagoon whence the great commerce of the world had departed. Perhaps this difference of opportunity had some effect on the respective outlook of the two men whose political conceptions were at bottom similar.

During the first fifteen years of restored Austrian rule, Venice and the lagoon had declined in wealth and population, being decimated by the plague, neglected by Government and little aided by private enterprise. But from 1829 onwards a gradual recovery had been observed, stimulated in part by considerable sums spent by Government on the neglected Arsenal, on the *murazzi* or sea-walls of the Lido, as also on the great roads of the *terra-firma*. The rebound of economic well-being and optimism came too late to make the Austrians popular, and the spirit of reviving hope only served to foster Liberal and nationalist aspirations. In 1835 the strong, narrow tyranny of the Emperor Francis I had been ended by his death. His successor, Ferdinand I, who was to all appearances well received on his visit to Venice three years after his accession, was a fool and a weakling. Metternich was growing older and less active, though not less powerful in the counsels of the Crown; his views were, if anything, becoming more illiberal. A feeling began to spread that his hey-day was over.[1]

[1] *Cusani*, pp. 12-13. *Flagg*, i. pp. 316-317. *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 506, 511-512. *Marchesi*, pp. 38-43.

For nine years after that first abortive attempt at patriotic action, Manin was a practising lawyer and nothing else. But between 1840 and 1845 he engaged himself in a business question to which he succeeded in giving political significance. It was now that he first emerged as a leader, and in a field suited to his talents.

The question was the construction of the railway between Venice and Milan. Should it run by the direct route through Treviglio, or go round a little in order to touch the important town of Bergamo, and link up with the only existing railway in North Italy between Milan and Monza? The latter route was favoured by the Bergamasques, by the shareholders of the Monza railway, and by the bankers of Vienna and Trieste. These classes, more especially the foreign capitalists, had the controlling influence among the shareholders of the Venice-Milan Company, on account of the initial failure of the Milanese and Venetians to capitalize the building of their own trunk line. It was to remedy this defect and to get Italian railways into Italian hands that certain Lombard nobles and other political celebrities of Milan now stepped forward, and found to their astonishment a potent ally in an obscure Venetian advocate. Could any good thing come out of Venice?

Manin was consumed by the desire to wipe off three blots on his 'scutcheon: the contempt with which other nations regarded Italians; the contempt with which Italian patriots regarded Venice; and the contempt with which Venetian patriots regarded the name borne by their last Doge—Manin. He determined that a new Manin should put Venice in a line with Milan in the patriotic movement. That movement in 1840 was working through the medium not of conspiracy and war, but of intellectual and commercial enterprise. The railway question offered a means of publicity to rouse the national spirit in the North, to unite Milan with Venice, and Lombardy with the cities of the Veneto.

Jacopo Castelli, a patriotic Venetian as he afterwards

gave good proof, favoured the Bergamo-Monza route for purely business reasons. He was justly incensed at being treated as an Austrophil on that account. But he was less in his rights when he made it a grievance that Manin should introduce politics at all into a business question. It was a real national interest that the railway journey from Venice to Milan should be as short as possible. And so long as the Austrian police allowed the national spirit no outlet in public questions proper, it must wither away or else find exercise itself on railway routes, scientific congresses or anything else that came handy. By the spirit which he infused into the railway question Manin in the early forties established mutual confidence between Lombardy and the Veneto, and personal friendships between the leaders in the different cities, hitherto ignorant of one another. This proved of high importance in 1848.

Manin made his first appearance at Milan at a meeting of the shareholders in the Palazzo Brera on August 12, 1840. A majority of votes in the room were known to favour the Bergamo route; but in a five hours' contest the patriots, led by Manin, by Count Borromeo of Milan and by Valentino Pasini of Vicenza succeeded in getting the decision postponed. Manin demanded the verification of powers of all present. He was interrupted by the angry clamour of half the room, and a police agent, accustomed to have his lightest nod obeyed, stepped up to Manin and ordered him to hold his tongue. Manin turned fiercely on the agent of foreign domination: 'Is it advice or an order? If it is advice, I don't accept it. If it is an order, because it is unjust, I shall only yield to physical force.' The Italians present, even those of the opposite party in the dispute, leapt to their feet and cheered. The police officer slunk away.

That night, at a banquet given by some of the Milanese aristocracy to the Venetian delegates, Manin said: 'My friends, we have accomplished something

more important than the question of any railway.' Before the banquet ended, plans had been laid to canvass the well-to-do classes in Lombardy and the Veneto to induce them to buy up shares in the Company. The scheme was carried out with such ardour that the position was soon reversed, and the management passed into the hands of Borromeo, Manin and their friends. The Treviglio route was chosen after all. At the decisive meeting at Milan which carried the question, Manin was so ill that he could scarcely lift his hand to vote.

The new Directorate seems to have been only partly successful, and in July, 1845, Vienna had its revenge by inducing the shareholders to hand over the completion of the railway to Government. Manin protested to the last, and in the final meeting at Venice denounced the proceeding as a national humiliation, a suicide imposed by authority. But, right or wrong, the majority of shareholders thought otherwise. Government did not, however, get on very much faster with the work, and only completed the Venice-Treviglio-Milan line in 1857. During the great events of 1848-1849, therefore, Venice was connected by rail only as far as Mestre, Padua, Vicenza. The railway bridge over the lagoon, which was to play so great a part in the siege, was opened in January, 1846. Till that year, the usual route from the mainland to Venice had been by gondola from Fusina, whence travellers in the times of Addison and of Byron had reached the city. Her isolation was made less in many ways by the bridge of 222 arches, accursed of Ruskin.[1]

Trieste, with its mixed population, served as the mercantile port of the cosmopolitan Empire governed from Vienna, but the purely Italian city of Venice had become Austria's arsenal and the training station of her

[1] For the affair of the railways see *E. and F.*, pp. xxx-xxxviii. *La Forge*, i. pp. 40-49. *Castelli*, pp. 10-17. *Peverelli*, ii. pp. 60-62. *Bolton King*, i. pp. 150-151, 194. *Pascolato*, p. 112. *Murray*, 1847, p. 310.

naval force. While in Radetzky's army Italian officers were discouraged and kept out of the higher military posts, the navy was not only manned but commanded very largely by Italians.[1] And most of the other officers, even those whose names ended in 'ich,' were Dalmatians whose fathers had been born under the Lion of S. Mark. All Austrian naval officers passed through the Naval Academy of Venice, where they received not only a technical but a scientific and a liberal education. The Professors, Italians who had served in Napoleon's navy, initiated their pupils in love for the history and traditions, not of the polyglot Empire, but of Italy. The glories of ancient Rome, of mediæval Venice, Genoa, Pisa were their constant themes. Thus, wrote one of these pupils, in an Austrian academy, under the surveillance of a suspicious police, grew up a patriotic generation, hating foreign rule. In some cases the young men's fathers had bidden them enter the Austrian navy to learn the trade of arms, because the day might come when their real country might have need of such knowledge.[2]

The only Mazzinian circle, and perhaps the only secret society of any sort in Venice,[3] was the branch of 'Young Italy,' started in 1842 by Attilio and Emilio Bandiera among their brother officers in the Austrian navy. They gave it the fancy name of *Esperia*. Monthly subscriptions were collected for an insurrection fund; there were no documents, all orders being verbal. Neither Manin nor any of the civilian population of Venice belonged to the society; probably they did not even know of its existence. Civilian Venice, so far as it had defined patriotic views, was Giobertian, Federalist, Liberal-Catholic, or else aspired to Home Rule under Austria, or to the revival of the Republic of S. Mark—anything rather than Mazzini's United Italian Republic.

[1] *Militaer Schematismus*, 1848. [2] *Radaelli*, pp. 6-9.

[3] The statements of Italian writers that secret societies had little hold in the Veneto after 1821 (*q.v.* p. 26 above) are borne out by the negative evidence of the secret Austrian Police reports. *MSS. M.C.V., Pol, Aust.*, and *Carte Segreti*, e.g. iii. 117.

But the naval officers were a sect apart, devoted to each other's society since college days, taken outside ordinary currents of Venetian thought by their professional voyages in the Mediterranean, fights with Moslem pirates, intercourse with British naval officers, and visits to England, where in 1842 Domenico Moro, a young naval ensign of singular charm and beauty, fell under Mazzini's personal influence.

The leader of these prospective mutineers was Attilio Bandiera, a tall, thin, melancholy, aristocratic idealist, already at the age of twenty-six wearied of life, married to a lady who did not return his romantic affection. Moreover, he and his brother Emilio conceived that there was a stain on their family honour, which their own blood would wash out best of all. Their father, an Admiral with a keen sense of professional duty which he had learnt under Napoleon and transferred to the service of Austria, loved his sons and took pride in their advancement in the service. They loved him in return, but they had come to regard with horror the fact that in 1831 his squadron had captured in the Adriatic and conveyed to the dungeon the patriot refugees of Central Italy. With equal horror the father discovered that Attilio was plotting to carry off a frigate. He hushed it up to save his son, but Attilio was thenceforth spied upon. In 1844 the brothers Bandiera, and Domenico Moro, fled by various routes to Corfu, then under British protection. Thence the three deserters invaded the Kingdom of Naples, at the head of fifteen other devotees from various provinces of Italy. They meant to sacrifice their lives. As they landed on the coast of Calabria, while the summer twilight darkened amid the olive trees, the Venetian brothers knelt to kiss the sunbaked earth, exclaiming with all the theatrical intensity of their nature: 'This is our fatherland! Thou hast given us life. We spend it for thee!' A few days later they perished at Cosenza.

The event resounded through Italy and Europe. It shook the somewhat self-complacent 'moderatism' of

Giobertian waiters on opportunity. It showed that Mazzini's spirit was still at work among the young men; that in spite of the Federalists, Italy was indeed one country, since Venetians could die for Naples. The opening of Mazzini's letters by the British Government in an ill-advised attempt to propitiate the Austrian interest in Italy, caused the first popular outburst of pro-Italian feeling in England.[1] In these ways the exploit of the Bandieras affected Italy and Europe more than Venice herself. There the Mazzinian party made no headway in the town, and strange to say the Austrian navy underwent no reconstruction as a result of the scandal. The vast Empire whose only seaboard was the coasts of Dalmatia and Venetia, could supply the Government with no trustworthy seamen to replace those whose loyalty was now suspected. Most of the members of the *Esperia* society retained their commissions, till the day came when they were able to play an important part in securing Venice and its Arsenal for the revolution.[2]

Although neither Manin nor his fellow-citizens moved nearer to the Mazzinian faith as a result of the affair of the Bandieras, the period of merely cultural propaganda and waiting on events definitely came to an end for Venice in 1847. The election of a liberal-minded Pope the year before had brought the whole Moderate, Federalist and Liberal-Catholic programme out of the realm of theories about the future into the sphere of immediate practice. National feeling rose high all over Italy, under Pio Nono's half-unconscious leadership.[3]

In these circumstances Manin took the lead in Venetia with his *lotta legale*—constitutional agitation—against the

[1] See Ap. A below, *Aberdeen and the Mazzini letters.*

[2] *Radaelli*, pp. 9-13. *La Forge*, i. pp. 31-33. *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 510; iii. pp. 152-170. *Nisco*, ii. pp. 71-80. *Marchesi*, pp. 40-42, 64. *Martinengo Cesaresco* (first pages of the article on Manin). *L'Ultima Dominazione*, pp. 140-144, where it is pointed out that the Bandieras' father was not, as sometimes stated, a 'Venetian patrician' proper, but was made a Baron by Austria.

[3] See p. 32 above.

despotic methods of Austrian Government. His object, in which with the help of Tommaseo he admirably succeeded, was to put political vigour and actuality into the proceedings of the Moderate party, hitherto so academic, and to unite a little of the zeal of the Mazzinians to the respectability of the followers of Gioberti. The plan of Manin's *lotta legale* was to prove to the world that Austria had never observed the constitution which she had granted to Lombardy and Venetia in 1815; that, while posing as the guardian of order, she broke her own laws.

The agitation conducted on these lines in 1847 culminated in the imprisonment of Manin and Tommaseo in January, 1848, and prepared the way for the Venetian revolution of the following March. The question may be asked, did Manin all along regard his *lotta legale* as a mere stalking horse for a revolution that should cut all connection with Austria, or did he at any time contemplate the possibility that Austria would grant Home Rule, and would he have been content with that? Since he has never told us, no positive answer can be given. But it is probable that he scarcely asked himself the question, being convinced that Austria never would grant Home Rule. On the other hand, a great many leading Venetian Liberals in 1847, and even as late as March, 1848, looked to Home Rule under the Austrian flag as perhaps the most hopeful way out of their troubles.[1] They were themselves so tight in the grip of Austria, so much further than the Lombards from geographic contact with Piedmont or free Switzerland, while they heard so much about the actualities of Papal rule in the neighbouring Romagna, that they were somewhat sceptical as to the likelihood of Italy being liberated by a league of Italian princes headed by the Pope. The writings of Gioberti and Balbo were not indeed without influence in Venice. But there was always an undercurrent of feeling

[1] *Castelli*, pp. 18-19. The actions and words of most of the Venetian leaders other than Manin, including Tommaseo himself, from March 17 to 22, bears out Castelli's statement to this effect. It was Manin who 'cut the painter.'

in the lagoon that Gioberti was a bit of a dreamer, with his confidence in 'the primacy of the Italian race,' and in the liberating power of Catholic sentiment. Even Balbo's belief that Charles Albert of Piedmont would suffice as the 'sword of Italy' seemed questionable in a city that was almost as near to Vienna as to Turin. Manin was better pleased when Massimo d'Azeglio in 1846 exposed the unpleasant truth about Papal rule in his *Recent Events in Romagna.* Massimo d'Azeglio, artist, grand seigneur and man of letters, versatile, vigorous yet sane, a Piedmontese in origin and an Italian in sentiment, became a personal friend of Manin, a fact of some importance in the events of the coming revolution. Meanwhile, it was from d'Azeglio that Manin borrowed the motto for his *lotta legale*—'Let us conspire in the face of day.'[1]

A first opportunity for agitation was afforded by the arrival of Richard Cobden in Venice in June, 1847. He had already visited most of the chief towns of the peninsula, and had everywhere been received with popular demonstrations and with banquets given in his honour. The principles of Free Trade, though little understood save by Cavour and a few others, were at that time accepted by Italians as the economic side of the progressive and liberal programme, the more so as Austrian censorship occasionally sequestrated works of political economy which would in England have been regarded as 'orthodox.' But above all Cobden was made welcome as the victor of a struggle in which a people had peacefully coerced its Government. The Anti-corn Law League was a cheerful precedent for the *lotta legale.* O'Connell's methods in Ireland and Cobden's in England were quoted by Mazzinians and Moderates alike, as models of organization to be imitated in Italian national affairs.[2]

[1] *Castelli*, pp. 18-19. *La Forge*, i. pp. 55-60.

[2] *E. and F.*, pp. xliv-xlix. *MSS. M.C.V., Pol. Aust.*, No. 1085. *Manin MSS., M.C.V.*, No. 20, which gives Tommaseo's address to Cobden in Venice: 'England [sic] alone has given the world the spectacle of an advocate [O'Connell], more

The reception of Cobden at Venice was frowned on by the Austrian Governor, and the more timid citizens kept away. But, as it was organized by Manin, Tommaseo and the Mayor, it made a great stir in a town utterly unaccustomed to anything political, even in the mild form of a banquet. The feast in honour of the Englishman took place in the semi-seclusion of the island of Giudecca where speeches of veiled significance were made; the subsequent procession of gondolas by moonlight up the grand canal was 'sufficiently romantic,' Cobden confessed, 'to excite poetical emotions even in the mind of a political economist.' He modestly realized that his presence had been made an excuse by the Liberals in Austrian territory for holding public demonstrations, which were 'quite unprecedented' and a first step in the direction of political liberty.[1]

Cobden went on to Trieste, where he found 'the number of square-rigged vessels and the activity in the port offer a contrast to the scene at Venice.' His reception at Trieste gave rise to a public quarrel, during the speeches at the banquet, as to whether it was an Italian demonstration or an assembly of loyal subjects of Austria with Free Trade proclivities. The latter view was propounded by M. de Bruck of the Austrian Lloyd, the former by 'Signor Dall 'Ongaro, an Italian and a poet.' Cobden induced his two admirers to shake hands after dinner, but Dall 'Ongaro was promptly driven from Trieste by the authorities, and took refuge in Venice, where his 'extremism' next year gave Manin a great deal of trouble. The incident, so different from anything that had happened at other Cobden banquets in Italy, was ominous of the approaching failure of the Italian

powerful than warrior or sovereign, who incites and restrains millions by his voice alone; a friar [Father Mathew] who by his voice alone regenerates through temperance tens of thousands of men of different religions; a private citizen [Cobden] who makes the greatest of living statesmen his disciple, subjugates wrong-headed opinion and storms the strongholds of rebellious interests; who, while obeying the law, gives orders to the law.'

[1] *Morley's Cobden*, i. pp. 440, 426 note. *Pascolato*, p. 114. *E. and F.*, pp. xlii-lii.

party in Trieste to secure the merchant city in the year of revolution.[1]

In September a second opportunity offered itself to Manin, in his crescendo of defiance to Austria. For some years past a scientific congress of Italian *savants* had been held in a succession of great Italian cities. The earlier meetings had indirectly done much to raise the self-esteem and the sense of unity of the race, but had perforce avoided politics. The eighth Congress, held in 1846 at Genoa under the relatively favourable auspices of the Piedmontese Government, had touched guardedly on the national question. Manin determined that the ninth Congress, which was to meet at Venice, in the very lair of the Austrian power, should be yet more openly 'national.' The tide of feeling in the peninsula, rising fast during the early months of the pontificate of Pio Nono, rendered such a development possible.

The Austrian Government hesitated before allowing the Congress to come to Venice at all, but finally determined to risk it, 'in the hope of conciliating the hot-heads by such a concession.' So on September 13, 1847, more than 800 men of learning from all over Italy held their inaugural meeting in the finest reception hall in the world, the Sala del Maggior Consiglio of the Doges' Palace, looked down upon by the far-spreading Paradise of Tintoret. In that city of the dead where the living dared only speak their thoughts in whispers, such an assembly of men alive and active was a portent. Publicists and future leaders of the people were there in plenty. Those Lombards and Venetians who were already accustomed to act together over the railway question, were the leading spirits, and they looked to Manin as their chief. They took the opportunity of discussing privately other plans besides those of the Congress, such for instance as a meditated petition against

[1] *Morley's Cobden*, i. p. 441. *Rovani*, pp. 22-24.

the Censorship, which Tommaseo, absent in Central Italy, had left in charge of Manin.

'Moral and political science' was excluded by order of the police, but the game of dragging those forbidden subjects into the proceedings of other sections was agreeable and easy to play. In the discussions on geography, Cesare Cantù of Milan was always quoting Pio Nono, amid rapturous applause, though the cry of *Viva Pio Nono* was then punished as sedition in Austrian territory.[1] One day Manin created a scene by insisting that a discussion should be held on the burning subject of railways; after the meeting, as the members poured out on to the Piazzetta, one of them touched him on the shoulder and said: 'You will be the Redeemer of this country.' 'With crucifixion or without?' said Manin. 'Without, I hope, but I don't guarantee it,' was the reply.

But the section in which Manin was most active was the Agricultural. One day there was a debate on the potato disease, which the Austrian police officer watching the Congress reported to his Chief in the following words: 'As in Italy the words *Germans* and *potatoes* (*tedeschi* and *patate*) are equivalent and synonymous, you, sir, can well imagine that witticisms abounded, and if I had to accuse anyone, I should have to accuse the whole room. However, it was all said *sotto voce*, in whispers and without scandal. Only Prati, coming down the steps, said to his friend: "In our country only the *Tedeschi* really like potatoes: I wish they would go and eat them in holy peace in their own countries, and not dirty our fields with this disgusting vegetable. I am beginning to hope they will soon be gone."'

The President of this Agricultural section of the Congress was Count Giovanni Cittadella of Padua, a grand seigneur and an able chairman. At first he sought

[1] In November Luigi Domeneghetti of Rovigo was drafted into the army for giving the toast of *Pio Nono* at the feast celebrating the taking of his Paduan degree. *La Forge*, i. pp. 113-115.

to keep out of the discussions everything obnoxious to Government, but Manin outwitted him at every turn. On one of the last days, as Manin was passing behind his chair, he turned round and said: 'Well, won't you speak to your Cittadella?' 'Take care, Count,' said Manin, smiling, 'or I'll take you at your word. If you were really *mine*, I might soon be using you.' 'Use me, then,' said Cittadella, 'for I am entirely yours.' Next year he went as Manin's representative to Charles Albert in the field.

The public charities and hospitals of Venice were discussed and inspected by the Congress, another moral encroachment on the sphere of the Austrian autocracy. The Governor of Venice, the Hungarian Count Palffy, had made himself personally odious to Manin and his fellow-citizens by saying: 'To go against the Italians with cannon does them too much honour. A stick is enough.' He was to expiate these words, and his punishment began as he sat uneasily through several sessions of the Congress. One day Manin was speaking on the law providing for the poor in Milan. Palffy eyed him anxiously. 'We at Venice,' said Manin, 'have all that and better.' Palffy blushed at the unexpected compliment. 'We have it,' continued Manin, fixing his eyes steadily on the Governor, 'we have it, it is true, but in the law only, not in practice.' Palffy went from red to purple.[1]

In the last days of September, 1847, the Congress came to an end. It had done much to open the eyes of Venetians. For a fortnight their narrow alleys and canals had been washed by currents from Alps and Apennines, from broad plains and busy cities. Venice began to feel herself a part of Italy as she had scarcely done in the great days when she ruled the sea and the

[1] The fullest authority on Manin in the Congress is *La Forge*, i. pp. 85-100, who no doubt got the stories from Manin in Paris. See also *E. and F.*, pp. lv-lxiv. *Pascolato*, pp. 16-17, 115. *Marchesi*, pp. 64-65. *Carte Segrete*, iii. pp. 356-357. *Diario Congresso. Tom. e Cap.*, ii. pp. 585-586, 641, note.

lands beyond the sea. Now, after long humiliation and suffering, she became aware that there was an Italy, stricken like herself, but like herself moving eagerly towards a common hope.

Manin felt that public opinion was ripening so fast that he could soon venture to challenge the Austrians on fundamental questions of high politics. All through the middle and latter half of 1847 he was preparing his ground by openly attacking Government for administrative abuses. He charged it with taking insufficient precautions against the cholera then invading Europe, and with neglecting the commercial interests of Venice in favour of Trieste. Sometimes his letters and articles appeared in the papers, sometimes they were suppressed by the censor. He and Tommaseo turned the decorous Venetian Athenæum, the home of learning and the Muses, into a school of oratory and discussion of public questions.[1]

In November, on a visit to the mad-house on the lagoon island of San Servolo, immortalized by Shelley in *Julian and Maddolo*, Manin became acquainted with a poor man named Padovani, whom the police had caused to be confined there because he had pestered them when unemployed with clamours for work or maintenance. Manin, struck by the man's sincerity in telling the story of his life, questioned the doctor of the Asylum. 'Are you his relation or guardian, to take an interest in his fate?' asked the Doctor. 'No,' said Manin, 'I am acting the part of a citizen and Christian. I ask you, on your soul and conscience, is he mad?' 'No,' was the reply, 'he is not; but he is dangerous and it is better that he should pass as mad.' Manin thereupon addressed the authorities in language very different from any they were accustomed to hear. 'The Doctors,' he wrote, 'dare not insist on his liberation, fearing that it is not desired by the Government and the police. But I have a better

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. xl-xli, 40-41. *La Forge*, i. pp. 80-84. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 21. *Manin MSS., M.C.V.*, No. 24.

opinion of the Government and the police. I do not admit that they wish to create lunatics by decree.' Palffy remarked: 'We ought to let Padovani out and put Manin in his place.' Manin, in fact, was in prison before the poor man was out of the mad-house. But at the revolution in March, Padovani obtained his liberty and came one day to thank the only friend he had found in his dealings with the world and the world's law—a friend become for a short while President of the Venetian Republic.[1]

In December to January (1847-1848) the *lotta legale* moved rapidly to its crisis in the open demand of Manin for Home Rule and in the reply of the authorities by throwing him into prison—an act which put an end to all hope of solving the North Italian question on the lines of self-government within the Austrian Empire.

Manin's demand for Home Rule was not propounded as a novelty, still less as a revival of the separate claims of the Republic of S. Mark. Self-government was demanded as the common right of the whole Lombard-Venetian Kingdom based on the unfulfilled promises made by Austria in 1815. The characteristics of the struggle, as conducted that winter by Manin, were close co-operation with the Milanese, and rigidly constitutional methods. His policy after he came out of prison in March in the middle of the European revolution was different.

The fulcrum of the agitation in December and January was the existing institution of the Provincial and Central Congregations.

In the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom each of the seventeen provinces had a Provincial Congregation, while Lombardy and Venetia had each a Central Congregation. These assemblies consisted of nobles and commoners chosen by election, subject to the approval of Government. But whereas the Municipal powers

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. lviii-lix. *La Forge*, i. pp. 106-113. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 8.

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exercised by the rural communes and cities of North Italy provided a system of genuine though limited self-government,[1] the Congregations, particularly the two Central Congregations, were systematically depressed by Austria, as being likely to encroach on politics and to raise the banner of nationality. They had no legislative powers. The two Central Congregations had indeed the right of petitioning the Emperor and presenting to him the grievances of his Italian subjects. But this function, which might have grown to be all-important as a link between Vienna and Italy, between governors and governed, was not in fact exercised.[2] The Central Congregations sat year after year doing nothing, a simulacrum of a system which it was not intended to bring into real operation.

Times were now changing. On December 9, 1847, a petition was presented to the Central Congregation of Lombardy by one of its members, a moderate man not hitherto known as a politician, Nazari of Treviglio, who sat as the commoner representing the Province of Bergamo. Disclaiming all disloyalty, he asked that, in the existing perturbation of the public mind, the Congregation should begin to fulfil its function of mediating between the throne and the subject, and should appoint a Committee to inquire into grievances. Nazari's move was supported by petitions from the Provincial Congregations, and caused the deepest annoyance to the authorities.

So the ball was set rolling first in Lombardy. Manin soon went one better. Though not himself a member of any Congregation, he began on December 21 by petitioning the Central Congregation of Venetia to imitate the Lombard action. His words rang like a trumpet through North Italy:

[1] See p. 22 above.

[2] Except once in 1825, when the petitioners had been properly snubbed at Vienna, though all they had asked for was some mild administrative reforms, *Marchesi*, pp. 23, 27.

'For thirty-two years there has existed in the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom a national representation, because for thirty-two years there have existed the Central Congregations at Milan and Venice, instituted for the express purpose of making known to the Government the needs and desires of the country. During this long period of time none of our needs, none of our desires has ever been represented to the Government by the Central Congregations. Government consequently may well have believed that we had no desires or needs, that we were perfectly happy and quite contented. Thus Government has been led into error by the silence of the Central Congregations, because it is certain that we are neither happy nor contented, that we have many real needs and many just desires.'[1]

During the last days of December and the first of January, the agitation in the cities of Lombardy and the Veneto rose to formidable heights. In Venice the change of temperature was more sudden than in Milan, where popular demonstrations had been going on for months, and where as far back as September the soldiers had done savage execution on a crowd who had sung Pio Nono's hymn and attacked the police. But when in January, 1848, the British Consul-General, Clinton Dawkins, returned from Milan to Venice, he reported that the lagoon population which he had left outwardly tranquil in November, had now adopted the whole Milanese programme of sedition and intimidation. 'There is hardly a Venetian house,' he wrote, 'to which an Austrian is admitted.' 'Persons supposed to have a leaning towards the Government are held up to public execration, and their names are written upon the walls as traitors to their country.'[2]

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. 45-48. *Bolton King*, i. pp. 57, 196. *Marchesi*, pp. 69-71. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 10-11. *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 328-330.

[2] *Bolton King*, i. p. 195. *Blue Book*, i. p. 134; ii. p. 38. Dawkins was pro-Austrian, in contrast to his chief, Lord Palmerston, and his subordinate, Vice-Consul Campbell; the latter he henceforth left in charge in Milan, himself residing at Venice throughout the revolution. The difference in point of view between Dawkins' dispatches and those of Campbell is amusing; but they both remained on good terms with each other and with Lord Palmerston.

The opera-house, then the magnet and epitome of Italian social life, was that winter invaded by politics in a manner that suggested one of the greatest of his scenes to the imaginative genius of George Meredith. The actuality, though charged with passion and meaning, was scarcely so sublime as Vittoria's *Camilla*, and contained a larger element of comedy. The Fenice Theatre was to Venice what the Scala was to Milan. From Christmas onwards, a particular song in the opera of *Macbeth* about *La patria tradita* was night after night rewarded with shouts to lift the roof. When the police prohibited the throwing of bouquets of red and green on to the stage, the crowd next evening derisively substituted Austria's yellow and black, for the pleasure of seeing the *cantatrice* refuse to pick them up.[1]

In direct imitation of the Boston tea-party, a self-denying ordinance was decreed against the universal custom of cigar smoking, partly to strike at a source of the Government revenue, partly to give the strongest proof of popular unanimity and self-sacrifice. This veto, which had first been promulgated at Milan between Christmas and the New Year, was ere long rigidly enforced in the Veneto.[2] No Italian smoked—at least no Italian was seen smoking. But the Austrian officers, encouraged by their military chiefs, puffed ostentatiously in the streets, defying interruption with their swords. Street conflicts with wounds and loss of life became frequent, especially in Milan and in student cities like Padua and Pavia. In Venice the small garrison, half of it Italian, was less provocative, and the populace

[1] *Marchesi*, pp. 73, 76. *E. and F.*, p. 313.

[2] In January or February, 1848, a piece of paper that was being circulated from hand to hand in Venice, found its way through the spies to the Austrian authorities. It contained the following rhymed advice:—

'Non fumate, fratelli gagliardi,
E potremo siccome i Lombardi
Se ogni uomo fumasse per via
Dirgli un birro, un Tedesco, una spia.'

Mus. Civ. Viceneza, Racc. Fantoni, Busta V., Fasc. x.

perhaps was milder. But the Venetians sacrificed their favourite recreation in deserting completely the promenade in S. Mark's Piazza every evening, the moment the Austrian military band struck up.[1]

On December 30, a lecture on the state of Italian literature was to be given at the Athenæum by Niccolò Tommaseo. He was a man in the forefront of Italian letters, learning and political science. He did not possess, as events were soon to prove, the qualities of a man of action. Indeed, he had not enough understanding of those qualities to accept ungrudgingly the second place to Manin. His fault, even in literary matters, was personal vanity, which sometimes made him less than generous. But he had high civic courage, and was ready to incur any danger or penalty for the patriotic cause. He had passed years in exile. He was prepared to go into exile again, or into the living tomb of the Spielberg. Since August he had been acting in close concert with Manin ; their friendship was still unclouded, their co-operation still perfect.[2]

An Italian of Dalmatia by birth, Tommaseo was devoted to the traditions of the Republic of S. Mark. He saw more clearly than the Italians of his day the importance of the Slav question on the other side of the Adriatic. He held the unusual view that the natural friends of Italy were not the Magyars of Hungary, but the Slavs of the South. The Croats and Dalmatians, he thought, had more real interest in a revolution to overturn Austria-Hungary than had their oppressors, the Hungarian patriots who followed Kossuth. But the Croats thought otherwise, and his hopes of co-operation between Slav and Italian were doomed to disappointment in the approaching year of revolution.[3]

[1] *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 8, 16-17, 21, 102. *E. and F.*, p. 313.

[2] *Manin MSS.*, *M.C.V.*, No. 24, letter of August 23, 1847. *Tom. e Cap.*, ii. p. 605 note.

[3] Tommaseo believed (1) that 'Istria and Dalmatia still remember S. Mark with affection' (*Fogli Volanti*, i. 1026); it is true that in 1797-1798 they had been the only places where any serious and affectionate resistance was made to the

For the rest he was an enthusiastic 'Neo-Guelf,' believing that Pio Nono and the Catholic faith, liberally interpreted, would serve to emancipate Italy. A republican, though not of Mazzini's brand, he looked coldly on the Monarchy of Piedmont, and hoped to see a federation of Italian republics.

Such was the man, then at the height of his literary fame and public influence, who was announced to lecture at the Venetian Athenæum on December 30. Word was passed round that he would have some interesting things to say on 'The state of Italian Literature.' The floor was thronged by all the leading men of Venice and of Padua University. They were not disappointed. The lecture proved to be an open attack on the Austrian Censorship of books and periodicals, which attempted to pick and choose for Italian students what they should study and for Italian readers what they should read. Tommaseo showed the action of the Censorship to be a flagrant breach of the Austrian press law of 1815, a more liberal law, the lecturer declared, than Charles Albert's much-praised amendment of the press law in Piedmont. Only, whereas Charles Albert observed his law, Austria treated hers as a scrap of paper.[1]

When the speaker ended, he passed round for signature a petition against the action of the Censorship. So high was feeling wrought that almost everyone present put their names to the 'seditious' document. Even the Professors of Padua University, an institution wholly dependent upon Government, thronged round the table to sign. Only two of the Professors present abstained. One of them sarcastically remarked that he was the father of a family and never signed anything except the receipt

Austrian invader of the ancient Republic. *Kovalevsky*, pp. 275-277. (2) That the Croats of Croatia ought to ally with the Italians to fight against Austria and Hungary for their own independence. See his views in the Venetian journals *La Fratellanza de Popoli*. *Il Precursore*, No. 3, November 19, 1848. *Gazz. Ven.*, April 5, 1848.

[1] The Emperor's patent of April 7, 1815, had positively invited the press of the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom to criticize freely the administrative action of Government and to suggest reforms! *E. and F.*, pp. 87-88.

for his month's salary ; at the opening of the next session the Paduan students hissed him out of the lecture-room. In a few days, partly through the efforts of Manin, more than 600 of the most respectable names in the Venetian provinces had been appended to the petition.[1]

While Tommaseo stirred up the clergy and the learned world, Manin acted on the lawyers, the merchants and the agricultural proprietors. In the autumn he had helped to found agrarian associations for the Veneto and Friuli, whose function was to improve the methods of agriculture. In the winter, he used these organizations as a means of personal communication and nationalist propaganda. As far away as Udine, his letters in January, 1848, were inciting the rural seigneurs and Communes to petition the Central Congregation for reform. Such action was entirely without precedent, engendering new thoughts and habits in a population accustomed for centuries only to till the soil and obey the Government.[2]

Under pressure from all sides the Central and Provincial Congregations of Venetia were forced to act, or at least to debate. One of the members for Venice, Count Morosini, on January 4, 1848, presented to Congregation a petition which had really been dictated to him by his friend Manin. The petition set out the terms of the Emperor's Patent of April, 1815. That remarkable document, smelling strongly of the return from Elba, purported to grant to the inhabitants of the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom, liberties as subjects and privileges as Italians which they had never in fact been allowed to enjoy.[3]

Next day Manin, who was known to be the main source of trouble in the Congregations, was sent for by the Chief of Police in Venice. This gentleman, who was not accustomed to sue in vain, asked him significantly to

[1] *Giustinian*, p. 54. *Legnazzi*, p. 18. *E. and F.*, pp. lxix-lxx, 77-85. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 19. *Tom. e Cap.*, ii. pp. 587, 605-609. *Marchesi*, p. 72.

[2] *E. and F.*, pp. lx, lxx-lxxii. *Pascolato*, pp. 17, 115.

[3] *E. and F.*, pp. lxxiii-lxxiv, xcviii, 86, 287, 169-170. *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 328-329.

assist in maintaining public order. Manin replied that he was engaged in so doing through his *lotta legale*, because nothing but large and immediate concessions would prevent a violent clash between the people and the Government. Returning home, he sent an account of the interview on these lines to the Governor Palffy. 'There is no wonder,' his letter concluded, 'that this country, after waiting quietly but vainly for thirty-three years, at length shows itself impatient and suspicious.'[1]

Next day, January 8, 1848, he presented to the Central Congregation of Venice an argued and detailed demand for complete Home Rule. He began by recapitulating the Emperor's promises of 1815—that Italian nationality should be respected, that there should be a real national representation, that Lombardo-Venetia should constitute a separate kingdom with its own Italian laws and should not be a province governed from Vienna, and that the Press should enjoy a considerable freedom. He proceeded to translate those long-forgotten promises, made on the eve of Waterloo, into a modern charter of sixteen points. The chief among his demands were—a separate and distinct North-Italian Government dependent on the Emperor alone and not subject to the Viennese bureaucracy; the army and navy to be Italian in personnel from top to bottom; a separate financial system and the adhesion of Lombardo-Venetia to the Customs-union of the Italian States; a reformed electoral law and abolition of property qualification for the members of Congregation; open and oral pleadings in Court; abolition of the arbitrary action of the police; abolition of censorship; the concession of the Civil Guard—as the bulwark of liberty and order in the cities.[2]

Whether any such system, defined by some as 'Austria without Austria,' could ultimately have satisfied

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. lxxiv-lxxv, 93-94.

[2] A few days later Avesani had the courage to point out to the Central Congregation that those parts of Manin's programme which concerned the Italian character of the administration and army had been facts under the Napoleonic régime in North Italy. *E. and F.*, pp. 94-103.

Italian aspirations, may perhaps be doubted, because there would always remain over the question of the relation of Lombardo-Venetia to the rest of Italy. Manin's proposal for a Customs-union of the whole peninsula might well have seemed ominous of more to come, even to the most liberal-minded of Viennese statesmen. But if Austria had conceded some large portion of Manin's programme at the end of January, before the European and Viennese revolutions, instead of waiting to do so until the end of March, Italy and Austria would have entered on a path of new and happier relationship. Whither it would have led in the end, no one can tell, but in all probability, not to the dismemberment of the whole Austro-Hungarian Empire by the help of Italian arms.

But there was no chance whatever of such concession being made. On January 18, 1848, Government arrested Manin and Tommaseo.

The little household at San Paternian had long been expecting the blow that should put a term to all their happiness, and when it came they received it with stoic dignity. The police officers, led by an apologetic Italian, were given the run of Manin's study and papers, though under protest as to the illegality of the procedure. They were pressed to take coffee, which they shamefacedly accepted. Manin proposed to walk with them through the streets, but their courage was not equal to that. A closed gondola was waiting in the canal below.

It is difficult for us, to whom the figures '1848' have such familiar significance, to remember that at the time of his arrest neither Manin nor his family knew that they had already entered on the year of revolution, when prison doors throughout Europe should be opened. As Teresa, Emilia, and Giorgio watched the black gondola disappear, they scarcely expected to have him home again, till after many years he should return—if one of his constitution ever could return—an aged and broken man from the Spielberg.[1]

[1] *La Forge*, i. pp. 165-167. *E. and F.*, pp. 131-132.

CHAPTER IV

IMPRISONMENT AND TRIAL OF MANIN AND TOMMASEO. PADUA UNIVERSITY. FIRST STAGES OF THE REVOLUTION IN SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY AND PIEDMONT, JAN.-FEB., 1848. RADETZKY. FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN REVOLUTIONS

Here in Milan apparent calm still reigns. Elsewhere and even in Venice there is no lack of demonstrations of all sorts. They think nothing of conspiring publicly. But to-day martial law is proclaimed. We shall see if it will do any good. The revolutionists calculate on the armies of Piedmont, Switzerland, etc. . . . Our situation grows worse every day. The events in France complicate and aggravate it. No one can foresee what such a chaos will produce.

Marshal Radetzky's letters to his daughter, February-March, 1848.

THE closed gondola, the 'black Maria' of Venice, carried Manin first to the bureau of police, where his preliminary examination was held. At nightfall he was again taken on board his gliding dungeon, which swam silently off—but whither? He questioned his guards, who made no reply. Only his knowledge of the waterways of the city enabled him to detect the direction by the movements and cries of the gondolier at each turning. He became aware that he was being carried through the port alongside the Molo of the Piazzetta, and then, by a sharp turn, under the Ponte della Paglia.[1] He was almost in the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs, in that famous channel which flows between 'a palace and a prison.' He knew that he was destined for the one, and did not dream that in a few weeks he would be giving laws from the other. Next minute he was landed at the water-gate of the prison. Cold and night were falling, and a shudder went through the latest victim of arbitrary Power, as

[1] See Map II., below, and illustration, frontispiece above.

he passed along the old, vaulted, stone passages dimly lit by a few great lanterns. The sordid business of the prison register and the search of his person by the gaolers reminded him feelingly that he was indeed in the filthy net where the best of his countrymen all seemed to be caught at last. He could not sleep that night, but lay thinking of his family, wondering what would become of them without the breadwinner. Then his thoughts turned to Silvio Pellico, whose narrative of his own martyrdom was the guide-book of Italian patriots on their *via crucis:* a few hundred yards away was the place where Pellico had been imprisoned when on his way to the Spielberg, twenty-six years before.[1]

Manin and Tommaseo were not as yet convicts, and the two best rooms in the first floor of the prison had been respectively assigned to them.[2] Manin's high, frescoed chamber looked out on one side at the Doges' Palace across the narrow canal and the Ponte della Paglia that bridged it, while his two other windows commanded the finest view in Venice, looking across the Riva degli Schiavoni below, over the shipping of the port, at the campanile of San Giorgio and the open lagoon beyond. The prisoner was cheered by the voices of the gondoliers disputing and chaffing at their station close beneath him. Once he heard a child's voice cry *Viva Manin.* The windows were above his head, but by climbing on to a table he was able to grip the stanchions and pull himself up to feast his eyes on the scene. Sometimes he saw friends pass by. But it was only after he had been several days in prison that it became known in the city whereabouts he and Tommaseo were confined. After that many thousands came daily to march along the Riva, taking off their hats and bowing to the windows behind which the two leaders lay.[3]

[1] *La Forge*, i. pp. 167-170 (from Manin's talks to the author in Paris). *E. and F.*, pp. lxxxviii-xc, 105-113.

[2] See Ap. B below, *Manin's prison.*

[3] *Federigo*, pp. xi, xiv. *La Forge*, i. pp. 172, 186-187, 189-190. *Martin*, i. p. 47.

A petition to have them let out on bail pending their trial was signed by Correr, the Podestà or Mayor, and a hundred of the leading citizens. The only important refusal to sign came from the Patriarch, an Italian who, at each successive stage of revolution and reaction, identified himself, like the Vicar of Bray, with the authority for the time being. Much to the general indignation, the police would not allow the Tribunal to accept bail.[1]

The trial of Manin and Tommaseo was, like all others, conducted behind closed doors, and there was no jury. But the President of the Tribunal was a high-principled and fair-minded man, Benvenuto Zennari.[2] The attempt of the prosecution to prove conspiracy to excite disorder failed. Nothing was brought to light beyond the acknowledged public actions of the accused, and indeed there was nothing else for the police to discover or for them to hide. The prisoners boldly but temperately defended the whole scheme of their *lotta legale*. Its aim, they pleaded, was to restore public tranquillity by securing the redress of grievances. They appealed once more to the late Emperor's unfulfilled promises of 1815. They had, so they argued, laboured to persuade their fellow-citizens that there were other methods of obtaining reform than conspiracy to promote rebellion. Against this line of defence the prosecution could only reply that the prisoners' action had had the effect of inflaming the public mind.

Early in March Manin and Tommaseo were acquitted by the Tribunal. But Call, the Austrian head of Police, had forewarned the judiciary, on the very day after their arrest, that the accused must be kept in prison whether convicted or not, and in prison they accordingly remained. It is probable that but for the revolution the decision of Zennari would have been overridden by a court of

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. 119-127. *Martin*, i. p. 46. *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 43.

[2] He must not be confused with Jacopo Zennari, the secretary of the Republican Government after the revolution.

higher instance and the two patriots buried in some fortress beyond the Alps. The police had no intention of letting go their prey. Manin, with English examples in his head, had succeeded in manœuvring the Government into the position of breaker of its own laws, to which he and his friends appealed in vain. But it was a triumph which, it seemed probable, would cost him his liberty and his life's happiness.[1]

The spirit of the authorities was shown by their refusal to allow Manin to advertise a reprint of his non-political treatise on Venetian law, which he asked leave to republish as a means of supporting his family during his absence. His daughter's health, which took a turn for the worse while he was in prison, caused him acute suffering.[2]

The effect of the imprisonment of Manin and Tommaseo was to raise the spirit of Venice, for the first time for many centuries, to the heroic level. All classes, all professions, all parties were united in a common enthusiasm. All over the lagoon, bitter personal rivalries, and local feuds consecrated by time and custom were suspended or forgotten if they interfered with the union against Austria. The lawyers as a body took charge of Manin's professional work for him during his absence. The carnival festivities, then the chief event of the Venetian year, were forbidden, and a time of patriotic mourning was proclaimed instead. The money thus saved was sent to the families of those Lombards who

[1] An acute observer believed that, but for the French and Austrian revolutions, Manin and Tommaseo would have been condemned and Venice would have fallen back into apathy. *Calucci*, pp. 320-321. For Manin's own opinion see note, p. 87 below. *Errera*, pp. 20-23. *E. and F.*, pp. xcv-ciii, cvii-cix, 118. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 85-88. *Pascolato*, pp. 118-119. *Martin*, i. pp. 56-57.

[2] After the revolution he republished this work on the laws and lived largely on the profits of the sale (6500 lire), refusing to draw his salary as President of the Republic. His other source of income during his Presidency was 4000 lire, left him by his favourite sister, Teresa Gattei of Padua, who had died during his imprisonment. *E. and F.*, pp. 125-129. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 58-59, 81-83. *Martin*, i. pp. 44-48. *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 70.

fell under the Austrian sabres in the tobacco riots that January.

Castelli, who had come into such serious conflict with Manin over the railway question, and whose conduct had then made him a *persona grata* to Government,[1] wrote privately to the authorities that Manin's more recent action in the *lotta legale* had his entire approval, and that if Manin was in prison he himself ought to be there as well. This unadvertised intercession on behalf of a rival, made at a time when the writer was broken-hearted at the death of two of his children, only came to the knowledge of patriots after the Government archives were seized at the revolution, when the evidence of Castelli's generosity deeply moved Manin. Although in the course of 1848 the two men became political opponents once more, their mutual respect and friendship were never shaken. The absence of jealousy and the good personal relations that prevailed for the most part among the leaders of the revolution in Venice are an attractive feature in the story.[2]

This unity of spirit was by no means confined to the educated class. The common people were equally ready to sacrifice their most cherished prejudices on the altar of their country. One of the oldest living traditions in the lagoon was the rivalry of the factions of Nicolotti and Castellani, roughly representing the landward and seaward quarters of Venice. The origin of their quarrel was lost in the mists of an antiquity older than S. Mark's, dating from before the union of populations that had first constituted the capital. In the palmy days of the Venetian oligarchy, the only factions and tumults permitted had been the contests in which battalions of Nicolotti and Castellani met at fisticuffs on the arch of an unfenced bridge, and hurled each other into the canal

[1] See pp. 45-46 above.

[2] Manin, just before his arrest, had won Castelli's heart by coming to condole with him in his domestic sorrow. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 69. *La Forge*, i. pp. 198-199. *Castelli*, pp. 18-19. *Martin*, i. p. 49. *Federigo*, p. xi.

beneath. The black sash which the Nicolotti wore round their waist, and the red of the Castellani, were still symbols of division among the gondoliers, fishermen and artisans.

As soon as the arrest of Manin and Tommaseo became known, it was decided to put an end to this time-honoured feud, the better to unite against Austria. The theatrical element which often appeals to Italians was brought into play. A secret assemblage of the chiefs of the two factions met at dawn at the Madonna della Salute at the entrance of the Grand Canal, and heard Mass together, interweaving their red and black sashes on the altar steps. Finally they raised their hands in a silent oath of fraternity against the Austrian, and disappeared without the police being able to discover what it was all about. Men who a week before would have slain or been slain sooner than put off the black sash, were now seen parading in the red, and *vice versa*. '*La patria vuol un sacrificio*,' they solemnly explained to inquirers.[1]

The same spirit was spreading throughout the Venetian *terra firma*, where for centuries past there had been no organized political life. If in Vicenza, Padua and Treviso the feeling about Manin and Tommaseo was less personal than in Venice, the sympathy with the Lombard 'tobacco war' was if possible even stronger. The universal display of nationalist feeling by means of specified fashions in male and female dress, hats, buckles and shoes, kept the police in a constant twitter of childish conflict with the people of the towns over these trifles. A yet more alarming symptom in the eyes of Call, the Chief of Police, was a new temper in many of the country districts, where, as he complained, the parish clergy were for the first time using their great influence to stir up hatred against the Government.[2]

Within the walls of the University town of Padua, an

[1] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, Nos. 3809 and 3807. *Martin*, i. pp. 50-52. *Brown, Lagoons*, "A Regatta and its Sequel" on Nicolotti and Castellani.

[2] *E. and F.*, pp. cix-cx.

Austrian garrison under Lt. Marshal d'Aspre was in daily contact not only with the citizens but with several thousand students, the pick of the youthful and hot-headed patriotism of Veneto and Friuli. Until the end of 1847 there had been a two-fold division of the Italians in Padua, the old-established feud of 'town and gown,' and an equally hot antagonism between two types of students. The 'Pedrocchini,' or denizens of the Pedrocchi and other cafés—the 'intellectuals' as they would be called to-day —were in that epoch well-dressed young men, haunters of the theatre and the reading-room, mixing in the society of the best Paduan families, full of ideas, ambitions, conceit, illusions, generosity and patriotism. Over against them stood the *gradassi*, or 'bullies'—as their nicer fellow-students called them — ill-dressed, rough-mannered, rough-tongued, over fond of wine and ruder distractions, Italian analogues of Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen. They regarded the *Pedrocchini*, probably with some justification, as prigs.

But in January, 1848, all these feuds were laid aside by universal consent. Town and gown, *Pedrocchini* and *gradassi*, united to scuffle with any white-coats who tried to smoke in the streets; marched together to the grand old *Santo* church to hear Mass for the students of Pavia slaughtered by the soldiery; turned back d'Aspre's carriage when he tried to drive across one of their own funeral processions; kept the officers out of all the cafés save one which no Italian might enter, and every day in every way played against the Austrians the game of mutual provocation. Finally, on February 8 the white-coats burst, arms in hand, into the Pedrocchi at its most crowded hour, hacked their way through the long suite of its saloons, wounded a number of citizens and students and killed two of the latter outright. The chase poured out of the doors and spread with shots and cries along the old arcades of the city. Next day the Italians saw with fury that the soldier who was known to have killed a student named Bozzolo had not wiped his bayonet!

The affair of the Pedrocchi was for the Veneto what Peterloo was for England, save that it was not unprovoked and that it was not to be atoned for by any concession of reform. Racial antipathy, long smouldering, had broken out into a blood feud that nothing could appease save the departure of the Austrians. For the present d'Aspre was victor. Several professors were deported, many students were arrested or forcibly enrolled in the army, more fled to their homes, and on February 25 the proclamation of Martial Law for Lombardy and Venetia clapped down the lid on the boiling pot.[1]

The growing insurgence of the Venetian provinces during the first two months of 1848 was part of an ocean-swell lifting the whole Italian world, something very different from the spasmodic local convulsions of 1821 and 1831. The agitation was universal, but the outbreak came first in the half-barbarous South, where misgovernment was worst, where violence and anarchy were always near the surface, and where the *contadino* was not, as in the North, peaceable in his habits and indifferent to political issues. On January 12, six days before Manin's arrest, the first of the many revolutions of 1848 broke out in Sicily. The peasants of the wild mountain uplands poured into Palermo to aid the citizens against the troops of the King of 'Naples and Sicily,' who were to them simply Neapolitan invaders. After more than a week of street fighting the rebels captured the island capital. At Naples, before the end of the month, King Ferdinand II granted a Parliament to his subjects of the mainland, who though less united and formidable were scarcely less discontented than the Sicilians themselves.

When once the detested Ferdinand, soon to be known as 'Bomba,' had been compelled to grant a constitution, those native Italian rulers who aspired to any degree of

[1] *Cimegotto*, p. 18. *Piva*, pp. 50-53. *Schoenhals*, pp. 51-53. *Rizzoli*, p. 858. *Cusani*, pp. 14-16. *Gloria*, p. 105. *E. and F.*, pp. cxii-cxiv, 315-320.

popular confidence could do no less. On February 8, the day when the Austrians were bayoneting the students of Padua in the Pedrocchi, Turin at the other end of the northern plain saw King Charles Albert proclaim the *statuto* for Piedmont, destined to survive all the other constitutions of 1848 and to become, twelve years later, the law of united Italy. Within a week the Grand Duke of Tuscany followed suit. The decision of these two monarchs to grant constitutions had been taken partly as a consequence of the friendly advice given by Lord Palmerston and his agents to the Courts of Turin and Florence to yield to their subjects' wishes and not to be frightened by Austrian threats.[1]

The greater part of Italy subject to native rulers had passed under a Parliamentary and Liberal régime by the middle of February, before the French or Austrian revolutions took place. But the Pope still held out for another month. He could not so easily accept the logical consequence of having played at Liberalism in the midst of a population where his predecessor's merciless rule had planted the seeds of revolutionary and anti-clerical sentiment. It was only on March 14, after the fall of Louis Philippe, that Pio Nono proclaimed a constitution for the Papal States.

The Liberal régime was thus established in the native-ruled kingdoms of Italy, and the red, white and green floated over the public offices in Naples, Florence, Turin and Rome. But what was going to happen in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, whence Austrian armies had so often before poured out to 'restore order' in the rest of Italy? Those northern provinces were indeed subject to the laws governing the ebb and flow of public opinion in Italy, but they were to an equal extent involved in the political and military fate of the

[1] *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 40-43, 56-66. *Bianchi*, v. pp. 92-93. *Tivaroni*, i. p. 184; ii. pp. 55-56. Lord Minto's mission in the previous autumn had prepared the ground, see *Blue Book*, i. *passim*.

Austrian Empire, of which they still formed a part. The ruling fact of North Italian and ultimately of all Italian affairs was the presence of Marshal Radetzky and 75,000 white-coats in the great plain south of the Alps.

It may at first sight seem strange that a polyglot army, composed of conscripts from all the mutually antagonistic races of the Austrian Empire, and led by an octogenarian chief, should have been able to defeat the Italian nation and hold together for another period of time the moribund autocracy of Austria. But its foes were untrained to arms and divided among themselves, while the *esprit de corps* of the army was stronger than any other principle in the Empire.

The long-service system and the hostility of the populations among whom they were encamped taught the conscripts, though they had been torn weeping from their homes, that they could look forward to no career save that of arms, no safety or goodwill save among their comrades. When a Croat in Italy, an Austrian in Hungary, or an Hungarian anywhere, found that he was certain to be insulted and liable to be attacked if he walked out alone, he grew fond of barracks, of his comrades, almost of his officers, although they could only communicate with him through corporals who spoke his own tongue.

The consciousness of hostility all around welded the army together as a band of brothers. The exception that proved the rule was the attitude of the 20,000 Italians, who composed more than a quarter of the force with which Austria occupied Italy in March, 1848. They too like their comrades in arms were sensitive to the hostility of the population, but in a very different way. Moreover, as they were conscripts freshly drawn, they had not yet acquired, like the Italian troops in the more distant provinces of the Empire, the professional feeling of the older soldiers. Their hearts were still in their homes, their homes were

close at hand, and they knew that a revolution would send them back there.[1]

If the great majority of the private soldiers felt a professional loyalty that served as a substitute for patriotic motive, the officers, though drawn from all the races in the Empire north of the Alps, were out of touch with the racial and democratic movements in the provinces where they were born. They were active partisans of the reactionary system, devoted heart and soul to their Kaiser, of whom they knew little, and their 'Father Radetzky,' whom they knew right well, and who was to his 'children' of all ranks the embodiment of professional comradeship and loyalty.

This astonishing old man,[2] destined to preserve the Austrian Empire in 1848 from the territorial pruning and internal reform which would have given it a better chance of ultimate survival, had been born in November, 1766, in the ancestral castle of Trzebniz in Bohemia. His family, which had migrated from Hungary 300 years before, was in the sunset of its fortune. His mother died in giving him birth and his father only survived her half a dozen years. An uncle made away with what was left of the orphan's patrimony, and at fifteen he found himself penniless, with no prospect of home, education or career save in the Imperial army.

Never was a man more completely identified with a service. The rough camaraderie of the camp was in his case enhanced by a geniality that was all his own, but which was unfortunately compatible with frequent brutality towards civilians and rebels. His private morals were those common to the soldiery of Eastern Europe; his strong sense of personal religion suggested to him no other code, but it strengthened his will and courage

[1] The Italian soldiers in Italy belonged to the third or 'recruiting' battalions of each regiment. *Ellesmere*, pp. 17-18. *Ulloa*, i. p. 104. *Schoenhals*, pp. 63-65, 125. *Radetzky, Studie*, p. 5.

[2] For the following account of Radetzky see *Luzio, Radetzky. Radetzky, Biog. Skizze. Radetzky, Tochter. Radetzky, Studie. Ellesmere*, pp. 31-32. *Vater Radetzky*.

against the enemies of his Emperor, by giving him full assurance that God was on the Kaiser's side.

His marriage in 1798 had not softened or enlarged his outlook. It had further crippled his fortunes, reducing him in 1816 to bankruptcy, and it left him with five sons who brought him no happiness. They were most of them ne'er-do-weels, and most of them died early, little regretted by their father. In 1837 one of them had been thrashed by an indignant Milanese priest of Herculean stature, whom the old Marshal sent for, shook by the hand and thanked heartily for what he had done. Two of his daughters died early, but the third, Federica, was married. He loved her and opened his mind to her in letters which are the historian's best guide to his simple and consistent outlook on public affairs. If domestic happiness had been within his reach, he would probably have retired from the army long before the crisis which made his name immortal. As it was he was happiest and most in his element as 'father' of a white-coated family of 75,000 men.

Thirty-five years had gone by since Radetzky, already well past the prime of life, had won fame as Austrian Chief of Staff at the battle of Leipzig. But at eighty-one he was still in splendid physical condition, an indefatigable worker and a bold horseman. The last of his illegitimate children was born at Milan in 1846. Off duty, he, like his Colonels, mixed with his youngest officers on familiar terms. Such mitigation of an otherwise rigorous discipline was traditional in the Austrian army and did much to increase its *esprit de corps*.

This hearty veteran, with his coarse, jovial features and plump, vigorous frame, represented to most of his officers and men their ideal of what a soldier should be. He dominated and pacified the intrigues and rivalries of his generals, all of whom were proud to serve under him. Even in the darkest hours of 1848, all ranks believed that he could lead them to victory. Yet he was no military genius. He was a force, an inspiration, a flag round

'Father Radetzky'

which men would rally and fight. And the Austrian army in Italy, which he had commanded since 1831, owed to him, not only its self-confidence and its unity of spirit, but its discipline and special training. For more than a decade he had been sharpening this weapon against 'the day' that he for one believed to be inevitable. Radetzky, moreover, knew himself as well as he knew his subordinates: he was aware that as a strategist he fell short of greatness, and had the sense to trust in that department to the inventive intellect of Lt. Marshal Hess, and the generosity afterwards to acknowledge his debt. But when the storm first broke in March, Hess was for the moment not at his side.

Radetzky never underrated the enemy. He at least was not caught napping. For more than a year before the revolution his letters to his daughter are full of prophecies of the coming struggle, and references to the hatred with which the Italians regarded the army of occupation. In August, 1847, he writes: 'We look tranquilly in the face of a threatening future, we are universally hated, but we go on our way without caring about it.' In the winter his letters to Federica tell with pride how his soldiers 'gave excellent proof of courage with their sabres' on the mob of Milan, and breathe exultant joy in the expectation that with the return of spring he will be fighting against odds in front of the gates of Milan, with the city risen behind him, Charles Albert's army in front, and on his flank the Swiss Liberals, fresh from their victory over the Jesuits and reactionaries of their own land in the war of the Sonderbund. In the latter part of his prophecy he was too pessimistic. The Swiss Liberals sympathized deeply with the Italians and gave invaluable shelter to their exiles at some risk to their relations with Austria,[1] but they would not endanger the safety of their own land by abandoning its time-honoured tradition of neutrality.

Radetzky, therefore, did not underrate the odds in

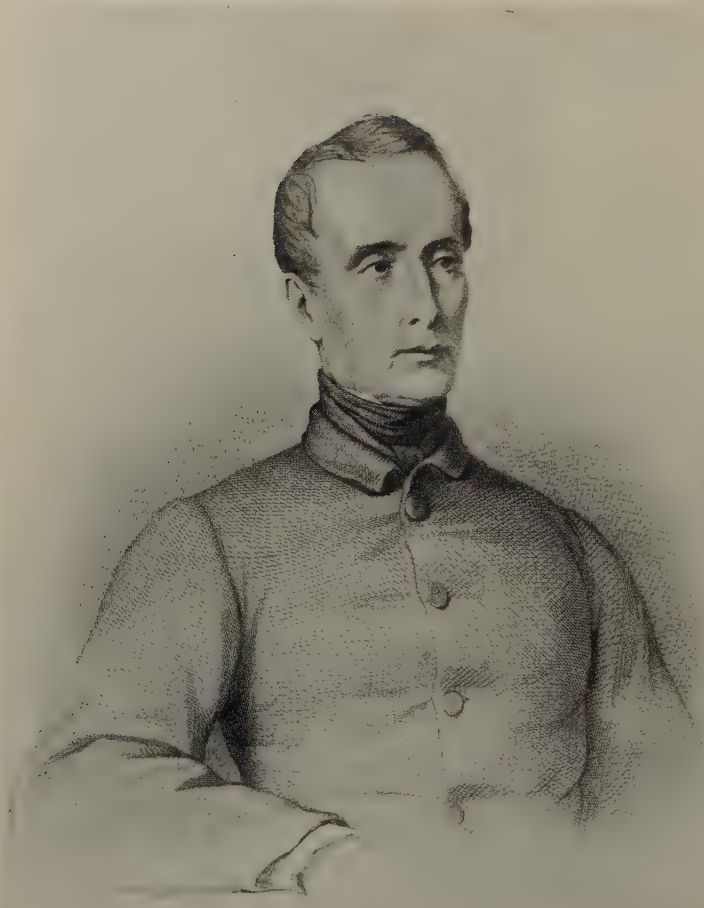
[1] *Romeo Manzoni, Gli esuli Italiani nella Svizzera.* Milano, 1921.

the struggle which he foresaw and welcomed as a bleeding operation necessary for a fevered and insane patient. Of his ability to conduct that operation successfully he had no doubt, if only the Government would send him reinforcements. He had for some years past been demanding that the army in Italy should be as nearly as possible doubled, that is, raised to 150,000 men; otherwise he could not promise to dominate the revolution. Reasons of economy led to the refusal of this demand.[1] And yet Vienna inconsistently adopted the other half of his policy, stern repression, martial law, and the denial till too late of political concessions which might have averted the force of the tempest. For example, if Manin and Tommaseo were to be arrested, 5000 more Croats ought to have been sent to supplement the inadequate garrison of Venice. On February 9 Radetzky wrote to his daughter from Milan: 'Arrests and expulsions are the order of the day, and that increases daily the hatred against the Tedeschi and the military, especially against me. . . . I hope to bring the army to 120,000 men.' But he hoped in vain.

So far, the revolutions of the year had been confined to Italy. On February 24 occurred the revolution in Paris, which, by giving the impulse to the Austrian and German insurgents, made 1848 a date in European as well as in Italian annals.

But though Paris gave the signal, the issues in France were different from those east of the Alps and Rhine. The French already enjoyed national unity, Parliamentary institutions and personal freedom, which were the objects of the revolutionaries in other lands. If King Louis Philippe's bourgeois Government, led by Guizot—a great historian, blind to the lessons of history—had had the sense to extend the franchise, there would have been less than no excuse for revolt in France. As it was, the Government had against it the two rising forces of Catholic reaction on the one side and working class

[1] *Marchesi*, pp. 68, 86-88. *Ellesmere*, p. 20.



LAMARTINE

aspiration on the other. And since Louis Philippe, in spite of his quarrel with England, which had alarmed the peaceable minded among his subjects, did not offer a spirited foreign policy to satisfy the French nationalists' appetite for 'glory,' he was haunted by the ghost of Napoleon, the emotional rallying-point of all Frenchmen discontented with the Government.

The fall of the bourgeois King gave a moment of power to the Liberals, but its real effect was to throw down the barriers that had since 1830 restrained French socialism on one side and French clericalism on the other. It was certain that in a few weeks or months these two fiercely opposed forces would sweep away the frail screen of Liberal Republicanism and come to death grips one with the other. When that happened, the possibility of a French crusade to liberate Italy would disappear. But in the spring the Government born of the Revolution had genuinely Liberal sympathies. If that Liberal Government had been militaristic or adventurous it would have sought strength and popularity at home by forcing on a war with Austria. But the man to whom the foreign relations of France had been confided at a moment so critical for Europe, was a pacifist alike in policy and in temperament.

Lamartine, poet, historian, moralist, the recognized head of French journalism and letters, disliked the use of force either at home or abroad. An inexhaustible flow of persuasive eloquence, which has been compared to Gladstone's when Gladstone was in a compromising mood, was Lamartine's oil for calming the wild waves of faction and socialism. For a short while it had an extraordinary effect on a race that took an artistic pleasure in fine orations. If he could have addressed all the people all the time, he might have kept them quiet for a year. On Italy also he was ready to pour out his mellifluous sympathy, though Manin and Venice were destined to

try in a crucible
To what 'speeches like gold' were reducible.

General Pepe, the veteran Italian patriot, reports that Lamartine talked to him about France sending 100,000 men into Italy 'to favour her independence.'[1] If he used such language in the enthusiasm of the first days of revolution, he was not long in arriving at calmer second thoughts. He soon convinced himself that peace would be not only the more humane but the safer policy for a Liberal Republic beset with domestic dangers. In case of war, the Liberal régime for which he stood would perish equally certainly from victory or from defeat. Until the Republican system had taken root in French habits of thought, he was determined not to risk the rise of another 'young Bonaparte' in another Italian campaign. This was sound reasoning, but unfortunately the Liberal Republic was equally certain to perish if it preserved peace.

Furthermore, Lamartine regarded friendship with England as the key to his policy. Now England, though Liberal, was pacific. Though anti-Austrian and pro-Italian in personal sympathy, Palmerston's public object throughout the year of revolutions was to prevent a general European war and to persuade France to remain within her borders.

Lamartine, therefore, before the revolutions of Milan and Venice took place, had once for all decided to keep peace with Austria if he could. But he was ready to encourage Italy with a flow of 'generous and eloquent' words, to announce that the treaties of 1815 'no longer existed *en droit* in the eyes of the French Republic,' that they were only 'facts to be modified by a common agreement;' he was even ready to promise armed protection for Piedmont, Tuscany or the Papal States if Austria interfered with their new constitutions. Such was the tenor of the famous 'Manifesto to Europe,' which he published on March 7. Carefully read in the light of Lamartine's character and intentions, it meant rejection of the policy of a Liberal crusade across the borders,

[1] *Pepe*, i. 39.

which was being hotly urged on the Government by many influences of the hour in Paris. But the immediate effect of the Manifesto in Germany, Italy and Austria was to encourage the parties of revolt. The French Revolution and the Lamartine Manifesto led straight to the next great event, the revolution of Vienna. It was the Austrian Revolution in the middle of March, not the French Revolution at the end of February, that gave the opportunity and therefore the signal for the revolt of Milan and of Venice.[1]

[1] *Lamartine, livre neuvième*, gives his own account of his policy and its motives, see also *livre onzième*, sec. x. *Palmerston*, i. pp. 82-85. *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 47. *Le Masson*, pp. 129-132. *La Forge*, i. pp. 219-220; ii. pp. 28-31. See St. Loe Strachey's *Adventure of Living*, pp. 258-261, for a curious account of the calming effect of Lamartine's oratory on French crowds.

CHAPTER V

THE REVOLUTION IN VENICE. PART I. MARCH 17-21

Manin avait tous les qualités du révolutionnaire et de l'homme d'Etat. A une volonté inébranlable, il joignait un courage et une persistance dans ses desseins, qui augmentait en raison du danger et des obstacles qu'il rencontrait. La supériorité de son esprit ne se montrait pas dans les moments de calme, il fallait qu'une grande responsabilité pesât sur lui; il fallait les jours de lutte et de passion, les obstacles à vaincre, les dangers à surmonter, pour faire briller de tout leur éclat son courage, son habileté, son coup d'oeil infaillible et son éloquence mâle et incisive. Révolutionnaire ardent et infatigable pendant la lutte, il se montrait, après la victoire, homme d'ordre et de conservation.

Ulloa, i. pp. 45-46.

I hate disorder, not only with a reasoned but with an instinctive hatred, such as I feel for all discordant elements in nature. Disorder is nevertheless a necessary instrument to begin a revolution. *Manin's Note Book*, *P. de la F.*, ii. p. 417.

On the 16th of March rumours had begun to circulate in Venice of a revolt proceeding in Vienna.[1] That evening an unusually large and excited crowd filled the Piazza of S. Mark.[2] The scene was commanded by the windows of Governor Palffy's lodging in the Procuratie Nuove, the palace built shortly after the battle of Lepanto to define and embellish the great Piazza of which it forms a side.[3] Under the arcades of this building, Palffy's wife was unwise enough to appear arm in arm with Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, a man hated by the Liberal Europe of that day as the betrayer of Napoleon, the 'Monk' of a restoration that had long ago exhausted its popularity.

[1] *E. and F.*, p. 334. *Federigo*, p. xii.

[2] Maps II. and III. should be used for this chapter and the next.

[3] *Flagg*, i. p. 348, is wrong in saying the Governor's rooms looked out on the Piazzetta. They looked out on the Piazza as is proved by all Venetian oral tradition and all other printed or MS. authorities of the period, e.g. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 78. *Helfert*, i. p. 323. Flagg's mistake arose from the fact that the Procuratie Nuove facing the Piazza and the building facing the Piazzetta, were internally connected, forming one magnificent set of Government offices.

The whole Piazza broke into hisses and cries of shame. The poor lady ran back into the Palace and Marmont, disappearing round the corner, was no more seen in Venice.[1]

Meanwhile, the leaders consulting on the Piazza agreed to hold a monster demonstration there at midnight, to demand the release of Manin and Tommaseo. According to custom, the orders for the night were to be given to the populace at the Fenice theatre that evening. When, however, the police closed the doors of the Fenice, the leaders finding themselves shut out, determined to postpone the demonstration till the afternoon of the next day. But events moved faster than their plans.[2]

At nine on the morning of the 17th the postal steamer from Trieste in the service of the Austrian Lloyd entered the lagoon by the Porto di Lido. She was soon within sight of the Piazzetta. On the instant a swarm of gondolas dashed out to meet her and forestall the news, while a dense crowd assembled along the Riva degli Schiavoni to await the issue. A French merchant, well known in the city, leaned over the side of the steamer and shouted to the gondolas that the revolution had triumphed in Vienna, that Metternich had fled and that constitutional Government was to be established throughout the Empire. He held over the bulwarks the charred remains of a portrait of the fallen Minister, burnt by the mob of Trieste the night before. The gondolas raced back to the quay, shouting the news. The crowd made a rush back to the Piazza, and raised under the Governor's window a clamour such as had not been heard in Venice for centuries. '*Fuori Manin e Tommaseo!*' 'Release Manin and Tommaseo!' Fast as men could run or row, the tidings spread, and people from every quarter of the city flung down their work and came thronging into the Piazza, till the great open-air hall and its approaches could hold no more. '*Fuori Manin e Tommaseo!*' It was the voice of Venice, of a new Venice, unknown to Goldoni, to

[1] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 76. [2] *E. and F.*, p. 335.

Buonaparte or to Byron. Behind the window the Hungarian Governor listened to the rising of the storm.[1]

Beside Palffy stood his colleague, the military Governor, Lt. Marshal Zichy, likewise a Hungarian, a man equally little given to counsels of violence. Long domesticated in Italy, Zichy had given pledges of his affection to the Italians. An admirer of the arts and 'a good European,' he had no ambition to figure in history as the Attila of Venice. He had lately been uneasy about the situation, and, regarding the navy as the real garrison in the absence of an adequate military force, he had asked in vain that precautions should be taken to secure the doubtful loyalty of the Navy and the Arsenal hands. But he and Palffy had done nothing effective to concentrate the trustworthy part of the soldiers in the Piazza and at the other commanding points. The 4000 non-Italian troops were most of them in barracks on the Zattere, on the wrong side of the Grand Canal. For the moment, the Governor's Palace and all whom it contained were at the mercy of the mob; the police were nowhere to be seen; Palffy's wife was a nervous woman. Nor could the two Hungarians be sure, if they risked their all in a fight with the people of Venice, that they would not be acting contrary to the wishes of the new Liberal Ministry at Vienna, with whom there was no telegraphic communication.[2]

In such a mood of uncertainty Palffy stepped to the window to address the crowd. First he said he had no power to release the prisoners. Next he offered to send to Vienna to obtain their release. 'Not Vienna! *Subito! Subito!*' was the reply. The parley had been going on an hour and the bronze savages on the clock-tower were striking eleven with hammers unheard amid the tumult, when a part of the mob thought it was time to take the law into their own hands. Headed by Giorgio Manin, a

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. 335-336. *Cusani*, p. 16. *Federigo*, p. xiii.

[2] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 78. *Marchesi*, pp. 108, 118-119. *Le Masson*, p. 74. *Schoenhals*, pp. 104-107. *Martin*, i. pp. 92-93. *Rovani*, p. 36.

PALFFY, HIS WIFE AND VENETIAN RIOTERS IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE ON THE PIAZZA

body of young men forced their way out of the Piazza, across the Piazzetta, round the corner of the Doge's Palace, and rushing over the Ponte della Paglia, made for the prison on the quay side.[1]

For some days past Manin had been in a happier mood. The French Revolution and still more the movement in Germany and Austria had filled him with a confident hope that he would shortly be released. Some French papers and the *Gazette d'Augsbourg* enabled him to watch from his prison the current of European events. He had fully made up his mind that the time for the *lotta legale* had gone by. Austria had made her choice against a legal settlement.[2] She had not known her appointed hour, and now the last of the Sibylline books was burned, the door of compromise was closed for ever. Henceforth the Lombard and Venetian provinces were involved in the Italian movement that was sweeping on to triumph. It was as a part of Italy and no longer as the Italian part of Austria that Manin in the solitude of his prison ruminated on Venice and her problems. In so doing he was in advance of most of the Venetian leaders, who had not yet rejected in their minds the notion of Home Rule under an Austrian Viceroy.

It was in prison, he tells us, that the idea of proclaiming the Republic of S. Mark entered his head, as the surest and speediest means of forming a Government sufficiently strong and popular to take an effective part in the wars and federations of the new Italy. All classes in the lagoon, from the unlettered fishermen upwards, would, he believed, answer to the stirring and simple cry of *Viva San Marco!* Fifty years before there had been no active

[1] *Giustinian*, pp. 77-78. *Helfert*, i. p. 323. *E. and F.*, pp. 336, 362.

[2] Manin himself wrote (*P. de la F.*, ii. p. 424): 'Tel était l'état des choses au 17 mars 1848; nous étions encore en prison et nous n'en serions pas sortis si un mouvement populaire n'eût pas forcé le gouvernement à nous retâcher. Depuis ce jour, et parce que le gouvernement, qui n'avait pas respecté la loi, avait dû céder devant l'émente, la question était sortie du terrain légal pour entrer dans celui de l'insurrection.'

devotion to the Oligarchy in its last stages of decay. But to the young generation the Republic of S. Mark represented, not the hundred years of senility and disgrace, but the thousand years of independence and glory, of which their fathers had told them in secret with tears in their eyes. The new Republic would be democratic and a part of the new Italy, but it would appeal to the inhabitants of the lagoon as the inheritor of old renown.[1]

Such thoughts, on the morning of the 17th, occupied one half of Manin's mind. The other half was given to a letter he held in his hand from his wife, the latest bulletin of their daughter Emilia's health. Suddenly he heard the noise of many feet pounding over the arch of the Ponte della Paglia. Climbing to his vantage point at the window, he was seen there by the crowd gathering in the quay, who raised a shout of joy. He heard them pulling down the great timber palings which then as now barred up the arcade in front of the prison. He heard them hammering at the great gate itself. A gaoler rushed into his room, shouted to him wildly to come down off the window, and rushed out again, leaving the door unlocked. Higher authorities came at intervals with distracted talk, finally urging him to be gone. But either his habits of instinctive legality or a spice of temper made him refuse to go till a written order was produced in due form. This also was forthcoming, for, while the prison was being broken open, Palffy had yielded at length to the tears of his terrified wife and the assurances of the Mayor Correr that the only way to prevent an outbreak was to liberate the two patriots.

Manin was in the arms of his son. He was in the arms of Tommaseo. A hundred enthusiasts were pulling him this way and that in the frenzy of joy. At length a man of gigantic stature lifted him up bodily and cleared a way for him. Heaved on to the people's

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. 361-362. *Calucci*, p. 321. *La Forge*, i. pp. 186, 223-224. *Federigo*, p. xiv.

Liberation of Manin and Tommaseo, March 17, 1848

shoulders, Manin and Tommaseo were carried out into the streets of Venice.[1]

It was a moment of grave crisis for governors and governed when the two popular leaders, borne aloft over the stormy sea of heads in the Piazza, were brought under the open window where Palffy stood. Many in the crowd, drunk with the new wine of power and freedom, were eager to precipitate a conflict, and in that moment of delirium it would have been easy for Manin to let loose the revolt by a word. But he had no time to take stock of the situation developed while he was in prison, or to consult with his friends. And from the little he already knew, he guessed that to challenge the troops on that day, without arms or military organization of the most rudimentary kind, would make a severe fight certain, defeat more than probable, and would even in case of victory place the city at the mercy of an unorganized mob. The formation of the Civic Guard during the next few days reversed all these conditions, so that in the end the Austrians were expelled with a minimum of bloodshed. To the last year of his life Manin congratulated himself that his first act on regaining liberty had been to postpone the revolt for a few days.[2]

Palffy from the window above, all Venice in the Square below, strained to catch his fateful words :—

'Citizens, I have yet to learn what are the events which have taken me from the silence of my prison and brought me on men's shoulders to the Piazza of S. Mark. But I see in your faces and by your attitude that love of country and national spirit have made great progress here during my imprisonment. I rejoice at that and thank you in the name of our country. But do not forget that there can be no true liberty, and that liberty cannot last, where there is not order. You must be jealous guardians of order if you hope to preserve freedom.'

[1] *P. de la F.*, i. p. 90, note. *Giustinian*, p. 77. *Federigo*, p. xiv. *La Forge*, i. pp. 223-226. *E. and F.*, p. 336. A contemporary sketch in the Museo Fantoni, Vicenza, shows the mob pulling down the timber palings.

[2] *P. de la F.*, i. top of p. 90. *La Forge*, i. pp. 226-227.

Palffy, relieved from the fear of immediate hostilities, smiled and bowed applause.

'But,' continued Manin, 'there come sometimes supreme moments when insurrection is not only a right but a duty.'

Palffy disappeared from the window, slamming it violently behind him. Manin was carried off up the narrow *merceria*, all Venice following, to his home at San Paternian, where wife and daughter took him almost fainting into their arms.[1]

In the afternoon (17th) things went badly on the Piazza for want of leadership. Manin had disappeared into his own house, where he sat busily engaged in secret conspiracy, anxious that no premature attempt should be made till a Civic Guard had been formed.[2] The Municipality was doing nothing, not even consulting with Manin.[3] The mob, leaderless and at a loose end, but still highly excited, bickered with the foreign soldiery and attempted to fraternize with the Italian-speaking white-coats, not on that day with any great success. Palffy and Zichy seized the momentary respite to bring strong forces into the Piazza about three o'clock that afternoon. The Croats of the Kinsky regiment found on arrival that some sailors had hoisted the red, white, and green on each of the three great masts which rise in front of S. Mark's door. Two of the flags were brought fluttering down, but the sailors had done their work so well that the third still floated irremovable overhead. A conflict arose between the unarmed mob and the Croats, in which a few citizens were wounded. The Venetians driven at the bayonet's point off the Piazza, took to the roofs of the neighbouring houses whence they pelted the troops with tiles.

[1] *Errera*, p. 24. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 91, note. *La Forge*, i. pp. 227-228. *Martin*, i. pp. 63-66.

[2] *E. and F.*, p. 363. *La Forge*, i. pp. 229-230, 232-234.

[3] *Medin*, p. 9, proves that the Municipality only began to get into touch with Manin on March 18. The proclamation which the Municipality issued on the 17th is very loyal in its expressions of gratitude to the Emperor and deprecates disorder and the use of all 'exterior symbols not legally recognized.' *Misc. B.M.*, 1852, *e.* 9.

ENCOUNTER OF MOB AND CROATS IN THE PIAZZA, VENICE, MARCH 17, 1848

(The Governor used to speak to the people from one of the first floor windows to the middle left of the picture)

Yet before nightfall the troops were sent away from the Piazza, and the Governor from his window once more exhorted the Venetians to remain calm. Palffy and Zichy had been persuaded to fall back on milder measures, partly by their ignorance of what was going on at Vienna, partly by their sense that they had owed their lives that morning to Manin's forbearance, partly by the mediation of the Patriarch, who, anxious above all things to prevent bloodshed, had left his evening meal unfinished and hurried across to the Governor to beg the withdrawal of the soldiers from the neighbourhood of S. Mark. Night fell on an uncertain and critical situation.[1]

Next morning (March 18) saw a close repetition of the events of the previous afternoon. Soldiers and populace both returned to the Piazza and soon passed from exchanging insults to exchanging blows. The Italians broke up the pavement and pelted the Croats, who replied by a destructive volley. As on the day before, the mob, chased from the great Square, rallied on house-roofs and bridges, and behind barricades at the alley-heads debouching from the Piazza. Another body of Croats, with a view to cutting off one-half of the citizens from aiding the other half, occupied the Rialto bridge, then the only footway across the Grand Canal. But the Venetians continued to cross by the ferries. Indeed, the gondoliers saw to it that the water-transport of the city was everywhere at the service of the patriots.[2]

It seemed as though affairs in Venice must take the course they were actually taking that day in far off Milan, and that a general conflict would break out between soldiers and citizens. But moderate counsels again prevailed. Manin's plan was to organize the threads of a conspiracy and to form a Civic Guard before making

[1] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 78. *E. and F.*, p. 337. *La Forge*, i. pp. 229-235. *Marchesi*, pp. 109-110. *Martin*, i. pp. 65-66. See *M.C.V., Cicogna MSS.*, for the Patriarch's action, 'lasciando a meta il suo pranzo,' etc.

[2] *E. and F.*, pp. 338-339. *Blue Book*, ii. p. 267. *Errera*, p. 26.

the revolution. Palffy and Zichy had neither the robust politics nor the fiery character of the old Marshal at Milan. Unable to get instructions from Vienna, they were most unwilling to go to extremes.[1] They knew too well that the fleet, which they might have used to blockade the city into good behaviour, was even less to be depended on than the military garrison, of which half the men and nearly all the officers were loyal. But the naval officers, some of them former members of the Bandieras' secret society, had from the moment of Manin's release engaged themselves in the network of conspiracy weaving at his house at San Paternian.[2]

Palffy, seriously anxious to prevent the spread of hostilities, sent to Manin to ask him to aid in restoring order. He replied that he could only do so if he were allowed to form a Civic Guard. That, answered the Governor, was beyond his competence to grant, but he did not prevent a deputation starting for Lombardy in search of the Viceroy, Ranieri, to get the required permission.[3]

This embassy, which meant a delay of several days, was little to Manin's purpose. He must have a Civic Guard before night, by leave if possible, otherwise in defiance of the Austrian authorities. Strong in this determination, he walked from his house to the Municipio on the Grand Canal close by, where then as now the Mayor and his Council sat, and asked them to give their official support to his demand for a Civic Guard. Since his release, he had avoided the Municipal authorities, lest his plans should be hampered by their official caution, while they, fearing to be compromised, had left the house at San Paternian alone. At length the two centres of patriotic authority began to approach one another. Adjured by Manin, Mayor Correr and his whole Council went to Palffy and urged him to grant a Civic Guard as

[1] *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 267-268.

[2] See p. 50 above. *Marchesi*, p. 110. *Marchesi, Settant'anni*, p. 108.

[3] *E. and F.*, p. 338. *Martin*, i. pp. 66-68. *Giustinian*, p. 84. *Errera*, pp. 25-26. *La Forge*, i. pp. 235-240.

the only way to avoid bloodshed. The neutral Patriarch, whose one object was peace, supported their plea. At length, at four in the afternoon of the 18th, Palffy consented to a Civic Guard of 200 men, who were to take orders from the Austrian police.[1]

Even before this limited authorization had been obtained, Manin had begun the enrolment. In a few hours, thanks chiefly to his energy, some 2000 citizens had been organized in companies and armed, some with muskets and pistols, others with halberds, spears and two-handed swords from half the antiquarian collections in Venice. Their only uniform in these early days was a white sash across the breast. But at least they were a force and an authority in the hands of the patriot leaders, and constituted a third element to soldiers and mob. The ranks contained men of the best families like Contarini and Martinengo serving as privates, not to mention the wealthiest financiers in the City. Manin was Captain of one company. The whole corps was commanded by Angelo Mengaldo, a Napoleonic veteran, one of the very few Italians then in Venice who had ever held a military commission. He was a man rightly loved and honoured through the whole city. Thirty years before, he had raced his friend Lord Byron in a swimming match from the Lido to the City.[2]

Palffy had declared the new force subject to the authority of the Austrian police, but when Police Commissioner Strobach charged Manin with enlisting ten times the authorized number, and with preparing a revolt, the ex-leader of the *lotta legale* bounded from his chair and seizing up his musket shook it in Strobach's face.

'I am acting in the interests of order,' he cried, 'but if you put obstacles in my way of maintaining it, I will put myself at the head of the movement, and you will bring about the very insurrection that you fear.'

[1] *Medin*, p. 9. *E. and F.*, pp. 339-340. *Errera*, p. 27. *Martin*, i. pp. 68-70. *La Forge*, i. pp. 240-244.

[2] Byron won, and swam on up the Grand Canal in triumph. *Byron Letters*, v. p. 248.

To the members of the Municipality who were fearful of what might happen if they broke with the Government, he answered: 'Once put the town in my hands, and I will undertake to defend it.'

The knowledge that the Civic Guard had been conceded, still more the prompt appearance of the first patrols of white-sashed citizen-soldiers, at once restored public tranquillity. The rioters returned each to his house, or enrolled themselves in the new force. The Croats were again sent back to their barracks on the Zattere. That evening the first parade of the Civic Guard was held on the Piazza.[1]

The next twenty-four hours were a period of *détente*, one of those bright, fleeting moments of reconciliation and fraternal embracing that so often come between the first and second stages of a revolution. At nine o'clock at night (18th) a steamer arrived, specially sent by the Lloyd Company at the request of the Italian, German and Slav inhabitants of Trieste, to announce the acceptance by the Emperor of the principle of constitutional Government for Lombardy and Venetia. Till long past midnight the crowded streets shone with the festival of recovered liberty. Palffy, from his inevitable window, read the Emperor's gracious concessions, and declared that he was happy indeed to be the first constitutional Governor of Venice. The Italian naval band struck up the Austrian national hymn, and the Piazza re-echoed with cries of *Viva l'Imperatore! Viva l'Austria! Viva l'Italia!* Next day (19th) the citizens in high good humour marched about cheering the patrols of Civic Guard, and fraternizing with the Italian part of the garrison, naval and military, who now for the first time identified themselves with the national movement, at a moment when they could do so without flagrant military disobedience. Half the army and navy was walking the streets cheering for Italy, or

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. 339-340. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 100. *Radaelli*, p. 52. *Errera*, pp. 27-28. *Blue Book*, ii. p. 268. *Martin*, i. pp. 69-72. *La Forge*, i. pp. 246-248. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 118.

for Italy and Austria together. Palffy, all smiles, was applauded at the Fenice theatre that evening, when this short-lived honeymoon reached its culmination, with *vivas* for Manin, Pio Nono and the Emperor Ferdinand. Only the Croat soldiers failed to catch the enthusiasm of the hour.[1]

At Milan there was no such momentary reconciliation between Governors and people. And even in Venice there were many Italians who, though they rejoiced, neither expected nor desired this phase of things to last, and who were resolutely determined not to fall out of the great national movement of Italy for the bribe of Austrian Home Rule. Manin had made up his mind in prison, and he knew no shadow of turning. Besides, there was less than no security for these concessions, even if Venice were base enough to accept them. In two months, he told his friends, the Government would go back on its promises, as it had on those of 1815. For all they knew, said Manin, Milan might already be in arms. It was their duty to support the movement in the rest of Italy and expel the Austrians from Venice.[2]

The next two days (March 20-21) passed uneventfully. The Civic Guard daily increased in numbers and improved in discipline, and were allowed by Palffy to join or replace the white-coats at one strategic point after another, sharing with the regulars the guard on the Piazza and the Riva degli Schiavoni which joined the Piazza to the Arsenal. The wearing of tricolour ribbons became a fashion which the Government could neither authorize nor prevent. Otherwise there was little outward change since the 19th, but the political atmosphere

[1] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. pp. 87-101. *Raccolta*, i. pp. 5-7, 12-13. *Rovani*, pp. 32-33. *Cusani*, pp. 19-20. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 19. *Carte Segrete*, iii. p. 229. *Blue Book*, ii. p. 268. *Steinbüchel*, p. 18. *Helfert*, i. p. 339. *E and F.*, pp. 340-341, is wrong only as to the hour of the Trieste steamer's arrival at Venice.

[2] *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 55. *Helfert*, i. p. 340.

was already very different. No one now cheered for the Governor, still less for the Emperor. The Government and the patriots regarded each other askance. A rumour got about that preparations were being made in the fleet and the Arsenal to bombard the city, and though it was untrue the story was believed by Manin and his partisans.[1]

Meanwhile, also under the surface, division was beginning in the patriot ranks. Manin and his confidants were preparing to expel the Austrians and proclaim the Venetian Republic. Since in Venice the word Republic was associated with the Conservative past rather than the Mazzinian future, little objection was taken to this programme on principle, for most moderates were Venetian Republicans at heart. Unlike Milan, Venice was divided only on the question of expediency. Cautious men like Castelli regarded the attempt to expel the Austrian as foredoomed to failure. Until France or at least Piedmont offered help, they preferred to make the best of Home Rule, either under the Emperor or under a separate Austrian king.[2]

The Municipality can hardly be blamed if it hesitated and tried to avoid facing an issue so tremendous. Only Manin's friend, Pincherle, asked at every session :—

> 'On the day when Austrian authority comes to an end in Venice, will the Municipality have the strength and courage to assume the government?'

On the 19th, the 20th and the morning of the 21st, Pincherle's obstinate questionings had been impatiently set aside at the Council board.[3] So too when Manin in private posed Tommaseo with a similar conundrum and stated his intention of seizing the Arsenal, the scholar

[1] *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, i. pp. 100-101. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 116, 127. *Federigo*, p. xx. *Marchesi*, p. 112. *Radaelli*, *Manin*, pp. 56-57.

[2] *Calucci*, pp. 436-437.

[3] *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, No. 3811, Pincherle's narrative letter to Manin, November 8, 1849, perhaps the most important unpublished document in the Manin MSS. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 129.

answered that he could not conceive the fall of the Austrian Government as possible, that the Venetians were unused to self-sacrifice, and that Manin had no right to risk the lives of millions.[1]

But Manin did not wait for Municipal or academic approval before making his plans and preparations for the *coup*. By the night of the 21st he had his men engaged and their parts assigned for the seizure on the morrow of the Arsenal and of the four cannon on the Piazza. The conspirators were his personal friends like Degli Antoni and a few naval officers like Paolucci. The Italian troops composing part of the garrison in the Arsenal had been warned in general terms. Some of the officers of the Civic Guard had offered their services, but others, including the Commandant Mengaldo, regarded the enterprise as 'madness.'[2]

When, too late, Palffy asked for a conference with Manin, he replied:

'Tell the Governor he would not yield to my demands when he might have done so. Now I would ask things he could not grant. I have never deceived anyone, and I won't begin now.'[3]

On the evening of the 21st, Pincherle propounded his question to the Municipal Council for the last time.[4] It was impossible any longer to ignore what might happen next day, and his colleagues on the Municipality asked him to go to Manin and sound him as to his plans. He returned with the message that Manin had indeed

[1] In April Tommaseo wrote to Manin, 'You know that from the 21st of March I have foreseen the difficulties and that I summed them up in these words—We have a people unused to arms and not accustomed to sacrifice.' *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 4005. See also *E. and F.*, p. 363. *Tom. e Cap.*, iii. pp. 228-232. *Tommaseo*, iii. p. 321. *La Forge*, i. pp. 257-258, 261.

[2] *Radaelli*, p. 48. *Marchesi*, pp. 110, 114-115. *Federigo*, p. xxii.

[3] *Federigo*, p. xx.

[4] Pincherle was not officially invited to join the Council till March 22 (*Errera*, p. 435), but he and five others had been unofficially asked to strengthen the existing Municipality as far back as the 19th and had done so. Manin had been asked but had declined, in order to keep a free hand. *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, No. 3811. *La Forge*, i. p. 261.

a plan but would reveal it only to the Mayor himself, if Correr would come early next morning to San Paternian. Correr decided to go. He returned to his colleagues with a very long face, saying that he might not divulge Manin's intentions, but they were 'appallingly grave.' By that time it was too late to stop their execution.[1]

The Municipal Council in its collective capacity was not in Manin's confidence. Indeed, he had declined an invitation to sit at the board. But two of its recently added members, Pincherle and Avesani were deep in his plot, and on the night of the 21st he and they formally agreed that the Republic should be proclaimed next day to the cry of *Viva San Marco!*[2]

Many were not so bold. An informal meeting of leading citizens was held at San Paternian on the same night, when Manin laid before them his plan to seize the Arsenal on the morrow, and proclaim the Republic. The majority disapproved of both undertakings, not from lack of sympathy but from lack of faith in the likelihood of success. Manin's friendly rival, Castelli, went away saying: 'Poor Manin! Imprisonment has softened his brain.'

The discussion turned chiefly on the form of government to be proclaimed if Manin forced on another popular rising. The Home Rulers, as we should now call them, were for the cry of 'Long live the Constitutional Emperor,' or else 'Long live King Ranieri'—meaning the Austrian Archduke who was then Viceroy—an uninspiring war-cry! Manin pointed out that if they wanted to retain the Austrians no rising was required, but he argued hotly against trusting to Austria and deserting Italy at the moment when her great day had dawned. Some one present suggested the cry of

[1] *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, No. 3811 (Pincherle's letter). *Federigo*, p. xxi. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 129-131. *La Forge*, i. pp. 258, 261-262.

[2] *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, No. 3811. *Federigo*, p. xxii. *Radaelli*, *Manin*, p. 55. *La Forge*, i. p. 258, 261.

'Charles Albert,' with a view to handing over Venice to Piedmont, but this received little support because Piedmont had not yet attacked Austria and might reject the gift. Indeed, at six o'clock next morning the Piedmontese Consul-General in Venice sent a message to Manin that the only possible cry was *Viva la Repubblica!*[1] Venice could not offer herself where she was not wanted. Manin, moreover, had a profound distrust of Charles Albert's character. He was firmly convinced that the Republic of S. Mark was the only cry to rouse the populace of the lagoon, as distinct from the educated class. It was also generally held in Venice that the cry would find an echo on the Dalmatian coast. But Manin failed to carry the whole meeting with him, and it broke up in a confusion of counsels.

Manin's own counsels did not share in the general confusion. Want of support made him uncertain as to the issue but not doubtful as to the course. When the leading citizens had left his house, he hastily completed with Degli Antoni and Bragadin the arrangements for the morrow, and flung himself on his bed, to seek in vain for his exhausted and suffering body the repose which for three successive nights anxious thought kept far from his pillow.[2]

[1] *P. de la F.*, i. p. 103.

[2] Degli Antoni, his life-long friend, who had been with him in the attempt of 1831 (see p. 42 above), gives an account of March 21 to be found in *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 127-131. See also *Radaelli*, pp. 46-48. *Radaelli, Manin*, pp. 58-60. *E. and F.*, p. 342. *M.C.V., Calucci MS. Federigo*, p. xxi. *Marchesi*, pp. 113-114. *Calucci*, pp. 321-322, 436-437. *La Forge*, i. pp. 259-260. *E. and F.*, p. 363, overstates the amount of agreement at the meeting.

CHAPTER VI

THE REVOLUTION IN VENICE. PART II. MARCH 22-23

Tommaseo: 'What do you expect to do with this people incapable of self-sacrifice?'

Manin: 'Believe me, neither you nor anyone else knows the people of Venice. They have always been misunderstood. My boast is that I know them better. It is my only merit.'

La Forge, i. pp. 257-258.

THE Arsenal of Venice is the dockyard where for century after century the fighting navies of the Republic were built, laid up and repaired. Thence the galleys rowed out that captured Constantinople and humbled the pride of Genoa, and thither the decked battleships returned from the last struggles with the Turk in the Grecian seas. The Arsenal was the office and workshop equally of Vettor Pisani and the seamen of the heroic age, of those who fought at Lepanto, and of the heavy-wigged Admirals of later times whose monuments occupy such large areas of wall-space in ecclesiastical Venice. This work-a-day memorial of the naval supremacy of the past is still in use, and is still surrounded by its high, ancient wall of red brick. The main entrance consists of a canal for ships, and beside it a gateway for pedestrians, adorned in the Renaissance style of the fifteenth century; the steps of the gateway are guarded by a group of classical deities and by colossal stone lions brought from the Piræus. This used to be the only entrance, but in Napoleon's time a second passage, for shipping only, had been pierced in the wall on the further side of the Arsenal that opens direct into the lagoon; beside the Porta Nuova, as it is called, there rises a high tower.

Porta dell'Arsenale

Piazza di S. Marco

Manin saw in the Arsenal the key to the success or failure of the revolution he meditated. Its capture would have a great moral effect. It would also deliver into the hands of the patriots a magazine full of muskets and swords which they so desperately needed, together with several warships docked there, and the stores required by those which were anchored in the port outside. In the existing state of feeling among the naval officers and crews, the revolution, if it won the Arsenal, would win all the ships in the lagoon. The real strength of the fleet capable of commanding the Adriatic lay, unfortunately, at Pola, but the few ships in the lagoon could decide the immediate fate of Venice.

The Arsenal was one of the few places to which the Civic Guard had not been admitted. It was garrisoned partly by Croats of unimpeachable loyalty but at that moment of no great zeal, and partly by Italian infantry and marines with whose allegiance Manin's agents had been tampering. The Arsenalotti, or dockyard hands, were fiercely anti-Austrian, but had no arms. The naval officers were most of them Italian nationalists. But Vice-Admiral Martini, the Commandant responsible for both Arsenal and ships, was, in spite of his name, an Austrian. Most of the real work was done by his subordinate, Captain Marinovich, who had studied his profession in all its technical branches in the languages of four nations. Marinovich, whose family came from the Bocche di Cattaro, was honest, able, tactless, a man to whom professional loyalty and zeal was the creed of life. His father had served in the old navy of the Republic, and he himself as a youth had been taken prisoner by the English while fighting in Napoleon's Adriatic fleet. Politics were nothing to him, official duty everything. Martini and Marinovich might be overcome but they could not be suborned, and Marinovich at least could not be intimidated.[1]

[1] *Marinovich*, pp. 5-10, 21-23. *Gonni*, p. 220. *La Forge*, i. p. 278. *Racc., Corr. M.P.*, 301. *Marchesi*, p. 42.

Knowing all this, Manin was well aware that the success of his venture would depend on the accidents that each hour should bring forth. The first of these was the murder of Marinovich by the Arsenal hands.

The Arsenalotti, no less than the gondoliers, regarded themselves as an ancient and honourable caste. From the early days of the Republic employment in the Arsenal had habitually gone from father to son, and these families preserved the traditions of ancient Venice as much as any class in the lagoon.[1] They had just sent up a petition to be admitted to the ranks of the Civic Guard, on the ground that the Arsenalotti had enjoyed under the Republic the privilege of providing the crew of the Bucentaur and the bodyguard of the Doge. Under Austria they were mere dockyard hands, and ill-treated as such. Marinovich, not a cruel man, but overbearing and ill-mannered, was for ever quarrelling with them about wages, hours and shifts. His one idea as a public servant was to drive a hard bargain for the State against its employees, regardless of the inevitable effect on their loyalty to foreign masters. It was in vain that Zichy, as responsible for the military safety of Venice, had advised that their grievances should be removed. To make matters worse, Marinovich was hand in glove with the police of the city, who took care that no recalcitrant workman dismissed from the Arsenal should get work elsewhere in Venice.[2]

The result was that the Arsenalotti hated this man with a hatred at once personal, professional and patriotic. They were fully persuaded that he was making preparations for the bombardment of Venice, in the Isolotto, the interior part of the Arsenal precincts which remained in the hands of the faithful Croats. Everything was laid on his head, for his chief, Martini, was regarded by all parties as a cypher.

[1] In the most high and palmy state of Venice there had been 16,000 arsenal hands. By the eighteenth century the number had fallen to 2000.

[2] *Marinovich*, pp. 12-17. *Raccolta*, i. p. 31. *La Forge*, i. p. 278. *Marchesi*, p. 108. *Monterossi*, p. 11.

At closing time on the evening of the 21st, a large crowd of workmen leaving the Arsenal lingered outside the Lion Gate, above which the Admiral and his factotum had their office. They were waiting for Marinovich, some intending to murder, others only to hustle and insult him. Learning what was afoot, he delayed his departure till the arrival of a detachment of Civic Guard, for whom the Italian naval officers had sent the moment they observed the attitude of the mob. Under that protection he escaped, and found safety for the night on board a corvette in the harbour.[1]

His chief urged him not to return. But he was a fearless man and on the morning of the 22nd, encouraged by the presence of Croat troops outside the Lion Gate, he appeared once more in the office overhead. As fast as the news of his return spread, the Arsenalotti gathered in an angry crowd. Martini, hoping to appease them, sent the Croats away from the gate back to the Isolotto. He should have sent Marinovich under their escort, for that unfortunate officer was now left at the mercy of the mob. Antonio Paolucci, one of Manin's fellow-conspirators, did his best to avert the tragedy. He and another Italian officer smuggled Marinovich out of the office into a covered gondola rowed by four oars, and sped with him across the docks towards the Porta Nuova half a mile away.

The Arsenalotti, baffled for the moment, raced round the edge of the quay to head them off, while others leapt into gondolas and pursued across the water. The craft that carried the fugitives was nearly swamped by a great block of building-stone, dropped from a bridge under which they had to pass. The four gondoliers worked with a will and reached the Porta Nuova in advance of the pursuit; outside lay the safety of the broad lagoon. But, alas, the gate was locked, in accordance with an order of Marinovich himself, and the man who had the

[1] *Assedio*, p. 11. *Marinovich*, p. 17. *Errera*, p. 29. *E. and F.*, pp. 345-346.

key had been seized on his way thither by the mutinous workmen.[1] The boats of the pursuers were closing in, and the head of the column that was running round the quay loomed larger every moment. Paolucci bade Marinovich land and take refuge in the neighbouring tower, while he himself went to meet the mob and exert all his influence to dissuade them.

The tower of the Porta Nuova, which now became the scene of an historic tragedy, is a vast structure of red brick with stone at the angles; it dates from Napoleon's time, but looks older. Above the first landing, the interior is an empty shell, without floors; a series of wooden ladder-stairs, making 180 steps in all, lead up the side of the naked walls to the roof. Up these Marinovich fled, ever glancing down over the handrail into the deepening gulf beneath him. As one ascends, even when not flying for life, the gaunt nightmare of a place takes on gigantic proportions, resembling amid its mysterious lights and shadows, the terrifying dream-architecture in one of Piranesi's 'Prisons of the Imagination.'

Meanwhile, down below, the crowd swept aside the Italian officers and the guardians of the tower, who still besought them to have mercy, broke in the entrance door with dockyard hammers, and rushed up the ladder-stairs. Marinovich had gained the open roof and stood for a minute with all Venice and the free lagoon stretched below him, unattainable. Just under the roof is a low, narrow chamber; there the pursuers halted to draw breath, and shouting up the last short ladder, bade him come down. 'Do you want me dead or alive?' 'Alive.' Down he came by the ladder, and gave them up his sword. Many in the crowd, possibly most, wished to capture not to slay him. But almost before he set his foot on the floor a young man named Conforti ran him through the body with a long, iron instrument from the worksheds. As he fell, mortally wounded, the spirit of

[1] The gate then consisted of a drawbridge with a grill underneath it extending down to the water. There is a model of it in the Arsenal Museum.

murder broke loose. He was dragged down the tower from stair to stair, striking his head as he went. Finally he was thrown into one of the sheds whence the new-built galleys of the Republic used to be launched on to the lagoon, and there a few minutes later he died.[1]

As the news of the crime spread through Venice, it was received by some of the patriots with horror, by others with exultation. A young workman burst into the Municipal Council Chamber, shrieking out that he had helped to kill Marinovich, and that 'now that dog is dead, we'll have no more *Tedeschi* in the Arsenal.' Pending inquiry he was placed under arrest.[2]

The deed put an end to the compromise by which the city had been governed for the last few days. Revolution or reaction must follow on the murder of so prominent an officer. Prompt steps taken by Austrians or by Italians would decide which it was to be. In such moments all may depend on one resolute man.

Manin had his plans ready, and would have made his attempt on the Arsenal even if this unexpected event had not occurred. Before the news of the murder reached San Paternian, he had spent an agitated morning following a sleepless night. Half in and half out of bed, he had interviewed a succession of excited and distracted men. After frightening the Mayor with a revelation of what he meant to do,[3] he had received a point-blank refusal of any aid from Mengaldo, the Commandant of the Civic Guard; the old soldier of Napoleon understood war better than revolution, and refused to believe that an untrained militia could take a fortress from regular soldiers. Manin next applied to Benvenuti, the lawyer placed in command of the Civic Guard in his region of the city, who sent back word that he would not trust a single file to a 'madman.' Manin was almost in despair,

[1] See Ap. C below—*The Murder of Marinovich.*

[2] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, No. 3811. *Medin*, p. 9. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 133. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 23.

[3] See p. 98 above.

but he had still hope in the friends who had agreed to meet him at midday near the Piazza.

Suddenly a naval officer named Salvini rushed into the house with distraction in his aspect, shouting that preparations were being made in the Arsenal to bombard Venice, but that if Manin came at once the Italians there would enable him to seize the place. Last of all, apparently when he was on the point of starting, came the news that Marinovich had been murdered.[1]

Manin set out with no followers but his son of sixteen years and a couple of friends, and with no certainty of gathering larger forces on the way. He had three reasons for running every risk in order to effect the capture of the Arsenal. First, it was, he believed, the only means of expelling the Austrians from Venice.[2] Secondly, it would remove all fear of a bombardment: he honestly shared with his fellow-citizens that groundless fear, while making skilful use of it to further his plans.[3] His design was to gain entry into the Arsenal at the head of the Civic Guard, in order to institute a search for preparations to bombard Venice, and then to remain in possession. Thirdly, the murder of Marinovich was yet another spur to his resolve; he must prevent betimes the spread of anarchy and murder on the one hand, and forestall Austrian reaction on the other. There was sore need in the Arsenal that moment of a man whose orders every Italian there would obey.

Throwing across his breast the white sash of the Civic Guard, and calling on his son Giorgio to follow him, he kissed his daughter Emilia and set out from San Paternian. His wife, fearing to delay them by breaking

[1] It is not possible to be certain, from the various narratives we have, of the exact order of events in Manin's house that morning. But I think it is clear that the news of Marinovich's murder came last.

[2] See p. 101 above.

[3] Just before starting, he sent a note (date 22nd, 11.30 a.m.) to the British Consul-General, asking him to use his influence to prevent the bombardment of Venice by the Croat troops in the Arsenal. Dawkins thereupon saw Zichy, who assured him there was no such intention. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 269-270. *E. and F.*, p. 365.

MANIN LEAVES HIS HOME TO CAPTURE THE ARSENAL, MARCH 22, 1848

down, would not trust herself to their embraces. 'You may be killed,' she said quietly; 'That too, if necessary,' he replied. During the long silent hours that followed in the house, she was sure of one thing only, that if her husband were killed, their boy would die with him. From half after eleven o'clock till five she sat like the wife of Brutus, listening to the distant noises of the town,

> And heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
> When the wind brought it from the Capitol.[1]

As father and son walked through the narrow streets towards the Piazza, patrols of the Civic Guard joined them, irrespective of their orders, and in the neighbourhood of the Piazza some of his friends had gathered as agreed. Perhaps a hundred Civic Guards in all followed him from behind the north side of S. Mark's through the back streets leading to the Arsenal, avoiding the too public Riva degli Schiavoni, on which a few Austrian troops were stationed. At San Giovanni in Bragora they halted and divided into two columns, the first led by Manin and the second by Degli Antoni, his right-hand man that day. In this order they presented themselves at the Lion Gate. What would they find there?[2]

There were indeed Croats enough in the Arsenal to have made short work of the unarmed Arsenalotti and of the Civic Guard, very few of whom carried loaded muskets; but since the murder of an hour or more ago, no one had taken any decided step in the great dockyard. Martini, cowed by the fate of the man on whom he was accustomed to depend, sat in his office, frightened and helpless, receiving no orders from Palffy and Zichy, and giving none to the Croats in the Arsenal.[3] Paolucci and

[1] See Signora Manin's remarkable private letter of April 3, printed in *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 143-145, *q.v.* also 132-135. *E. and F.*, pp. 342-344, 364. *Federigo*, pp. xxii-xxiv. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 25. *La Forge*, i. pp. 263-265. *Radaelli*, p. 50. *Marchesi*, p. 115.

[2] *P. de la F.*, i. p. 135. *E. and F.*, p. 343. *Federigo*, p. xxiv. *La Forge*, i. pp. 265-266.

[3] According to some accounts he had, after the murder, been to the Piazza to see Palffy and Zichy and had returned thence. In any case he had received from them no orders for vigorous action.

the other Italian officers were keeping the workmen quiet, and meanwhile had sent for Manin. Till he came, nothing effective could be done for want of a man who could speak with sufficient authority. A dozen of the Civic Guard from the immediate neighbourhood, who had hurried up on the news of the murder, had passed through the Lion Gate into the Arsenal by way of keeping order. More were standing about outside.[1]

Manin took command of every one whom he found in front of the gate. He ordered Degli Antoni to pass them into the Arsenal in small groups, at intervals, to prevent the Austrian authorities taking a sudden alarm, while he himself went straight in, and assumed charge of the derelict situation. His first step was to go up into the office where Martini sat—white with terror, as Giorgio Manin noticed. His father told the Admiral that he had come with the Civic Guard to discover whether or not preparations were being made to bombard Venice, and that he must be permitted to inspect the Arsenal for that purpose. After some demur Martini consented, and Manin went the rounds under the official guidance of Italian naval men who were really of his party.

The heart of the matter lay in the Isolotto, a large piece of ground lying between the two big docks, on which stood the Land Arsenal; there the ammunition and cannon were stored, guarded by several hundred Croats, who, if Marinovich had been alive to give them orders, might have given an entirely different turn to the events of the day. Manin had for the moment no force sufficient to overpower them. All he could do was to leave a guard, with cannon trained on the grill that divided off the Land Arsenal. The officer of Civic Guard whom he left there to watch the mouth of the lion's den, was an able man who knew the Croatian tongue; by a judicious mixture of soft words and a display of force that increased as the after-

[1] *Gazz. Ven.*, March 23 and 25. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 135. *Federigo*, p. xxiv. *Cusani*, p. 22. *Radaelli*, p. 50. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MSS.*, i. pp. 107-109. *Raccolta*, i. pp. 45, 52.

noon wore on, he kept that isolated and puzzled detachment of the Austrian power inactive, until at ten at night they were induced to lay down their arms, several hours after their superiors had capitulated on their behalf.

It was probably while Manin was absent on his tour of inspection in the heart of the Arsenal, that the mutiny of the Italian-speaking troops took place in front of the Lion Gate. Various bodies of white-coats were being hurried up to secure the Arsenal, first the marines and then a detachment of the Wimpffen regiment, in each case to find the ground outside the gate occupied by a resolute body of Civic Guard, who denied them entrance. On both occasions the Italian soldiers when ordered to fire, disarmed and arrested their foreign officers; the Major of Marines showed fight and was wounded, but no one was killed. The mutineers plucked from their own uniforms the yellow and black badges of Austrian service and threw them by hundreds into the canal. Entering the Arsenal to complete the revolution which they had been sent to suppress, many of them hastened to strengthen the frail guard at the grill, behind which the Croats still lay crouching for a spring.

Manin on his return to the gate found himself master of the situation and able to speak to Martini with the voice of command. When the great bell of the Arsenal was rung to call the workmen together, an immense concourse of Arsenalotti, Civic Guards and revolted troops thronged all the spaces round the gate and swarmed in the rooms of the office above. Manin ordered Martini to give up the keys of the armoury where the muskets and swords were kept,[1] and on his refusal gave him five minutes, after which the door would be broken in. Ladders had already been brought and men were swarming into the armoury by the

[1] The armoury was the room which is now (1923) the museum of the Arsenal; it is on a higher level than Martini's office and just round the angle of the yard. Martini's office was the building over the gateway which is still occupied by the Admiral of the Port, but the interior has been repartitioned and rearranged since 1848.

windows, when Martini produced the key. It was now possible for the Arsenalotti to arm themselves at once and for the whole Civic Guard eventually to be armed in proper fashion. Standing on one of the ladders, Manin addressed the crowd, exhorting them not to sully their victory; in the tumultuous rush upon the muskets in the armoury, not a single antique or precious object disappeared, nor apparently did anyone, except Marinovich, lose his life in the whole process that resulted in the taking of the Arsenal.

Martini was arrested and his place was filled, on Manin's nomination, by the revolted naval officers, Graziani in chief command and Paolucci in charge of the Artillery. The Arsenal was now in the hands of the Revolution—so long as the Croats remained behind their grill. Not only the warships in the dockyard, but those in the port outside hoisted the red, white and green. Gunboats put out on the instant to patrol the port and the lagoon in the Italian cause. Tommaseo appeared in the Arsenal and made a 'spirited discourse'; now that he had discovered his error in supposing a revolution to be impossible, he became and remained one of the most ardent Republicans in the city.

Manin started for the Piazza carrying the revolution with him as he went. As he left the Arsenal by the Lion steps, he gave utterance for the first time to the cry of *Viva San Marco!* The roar that went up in answer from the armed mob encouraged him to hope that he was not calculating too confidently on the magic which that cry would work in Venice, when he should couple it on the Piazza with the word Republic.[1]

[1] The authorities for the taking of the Arsenal are numerous and agree in all save small details. They contradict each other chiefly on the order of events, e.g. as to when the mutinies of the Marines and of the Wimpffen took place in relation to Manin's acts inside the Arsenal. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 135-138. *E. and F.*, pp. 343-344, 365. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 23 and 25. *Raccolta*, i. pp. 45-46, 52-53. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. pp. 108-110. *Federigo*, pp. xxiv-xxvi. *De Giorgi*, pp. 11-12. *Giustinian*, p. 91. *Cusani*, pp. 22-24. *Radaelli*, pp. 50-51. *La Forge*, i. pp. 267-272. *Marchesi*, p. 116. *Benko*, pp. 89-109. *Helfert*, i. 341. *Assedio*, p. 14. *Radaelli, Manin*, pp. 62-63.

The capture of the Arsenal was only one part of the plan arranged on the previous night between Manin and his fellow-conspirators. The other part, the change of guard on the Piazza of S. Mark, was carried out by his agent Radaelli so smoothly and quietly that its importance has escaped the notice of many historians. Four cannon were standing loaded in front of S. Mark's door, capable, if necessary, of clearing the Piazza and keeping the crowd from again approahing the Governor's windows. This, the most important battery in Venice that day, was guarded by a company of Grenadiers—but they were Italians! Radaelli, with a body of Civic Guard fantastically armed, presented himself to the Austrian Captain and said that he had come to take his place. The Austrian laid his hand on his sword, but he was overpowered by his own men who sent him away free, plucked off their yellow and black badges, and joined themselves to the Civic Guard. By two o'clock Radaelli had sent word to Palffy that the cannon were pointed no longer at the people but at his windows. Owing to this *coup* it was safe and easy for another body of Civic Guard under Olivo and Bedolo to occupy the Governor's door and staircase.[1]

Palffy and Zichy had allowed themselves to be trapped by the Italians. If not already prisoners, they were cut off from all means of communicating with the Croats and the other loyal troops in the city. In such circumstances, with the Arsenal and fleet won over, the Italians could not find it difficult to extort a capitulation from these two men, never anxious to fight, who had now lost the means of fighting. The task was taken in hand by Mengaldo and the Municipality, who had refused to assist Manin, but who acted with vigour and initiative on their own account.

Mengaldo cannot be said to have exercised much control, as Commanding Officer, over the acts of the Civic Guard that day, and it was as well that he did not,

[1] *Radaelli*, pp. 48, 50-53. *Marchesi*, pp. 116-117.

since he was opposed to the attempt on the Arsenal. But otherwise he showed a vigour worthy of the gentleman who had survived the Moscow retreat and swum against Byron. On his own initiative he went to visit Palffy early in the afternoon, and was the first to demand that he should surrender all authority into the hands of the Municipal Council. Palffy in general terms declared himself ready to discuss the situation with the Mayor. Mengaldo hastened to the Municipio, being informed on the way of the capture of the Arsenal.[1] He had no difficulty in persuading the Mayor and his associates to send a deputation to the Governor that should insist on the transfer of authority and the departure of the Austrian troops.[2]

The long negotiation that followed in Palffy's rooms was a game of bluff on both sides, in which the Italians from the first held the real cards—the fleet, the Arsenal and the Piazza. The principal speaker was Avesani, an eloquent and able lawyer who at once put Palffy down when he tried to speak in a tone of authority. In the middle of the parley, at 4.30 in the afternoon, a roar from the crowded Piazza below brought them all to the windows. The conqueror of the Arsenal was arriving on the scene.

When Manin had left the Lion Gate, probably a little after three o'clock, his first act had been to take an hour's rest at a neighbouring tavern, in a by-street near St. Antonino. He had not slept for three nights and was suffering horribly from an internal complaint. He wished, while he rested, to give time for the news of the capture of the Arsenal to spread through the city, so that men might assemble on the Piazza in the mood for great things. At a little after four his friends woke him

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. 369-370 (first-hand evidence). *Marchesi*, p. 117. *Ulloa*, i. p. 57. *Errera*, p. 32.

[2] *E. and F.*, p. 370. *Medin*, pp. 9-10. *Marchesi*, p. 117. *Ulloa*, i. p. 57. *Errera*, p. 437. *M.C.V.*, *Manin MS.*, No. 3811, gives first-hand evidence that the capture of the Arsenal was known of by the Municipality when Mengaldo arrived.

up. A crowd of Civic Guard, mutinied troops and newly armed Arsenalotti were waiting to follow him to S. Mark's. Taking in his hand an immense tricolor flag with the red cap of the Republic on the staff, he returned by the open route along the Riva degli Schiavoni which he had avoided on the way out. The Austrian guards stationed along the quay-side dared now offer no resistance, but turned out and saluted as the procession passed.[1]

The Piazza was thronged with a mob in the highest state of excitement and expectation, while at every window above were seen the faces of officials and of well-to-do citizens and their wives, anxiously watching the course of events. Mounted on a table, Manin with the banner in one hand and a drawn sword in the other proclaimed the Republic in the following words :—

'We are free, and we have a double right to boast of it because we have become free without shedding a drop of blood, either our own or our brothers', for I call all men brothers. But it is not enough to have overthrown the old Government; we must put another in its place. The right one, I think, is the Republic. It will remind us of our past glories improved by modern liberties. We do not thereby mean to separate ourselves from our Italian brothers. Rather we will form one of those centres which must bring about the gradual fusion of Italy into one. *Viva la repubblica! Viva la Liberta! Viva San Marco!*'

Some of the faces at the windows, Austrian and Italian, seemed puzzled or alarmed. But the populace below was frantic with delight, and after a moment's hesitation the Civic Guard joined the Republican movement by forming themselves into a square round Manin.

All Venice sprang to life and joy. Men ran down every alley shouting that the Republic was restored. The gondoliers rowed and raced like madmen to the farthest

[1] *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 117, 139. *E. and F.*, pp. 344, 365. *Rovani*, p. 36. *La Forge*, i. pp. 272-273. He struck into the Riva at S. Sepolcro near San Giovanni in Bragora.

wards of the city, to the islands and to the Lido, shouting that San Marco was alive again, till, as the stars came out on the lagoon, Malamocco and farthest Chioggia, Burano and long-abandoned Torcello resounded with the ancient name.[1]

The Civic Guard and the mob left the Piazza and paraded the City. They crossed the Rialto bridge to the Campo S. Aponal and the Campo S. Polo, and once more solemnly proclaimed the Republic for the benefit of that quarter of Venice. It was there that a venerable old man, one of the poorest of the people, after standing with head uncovered during the ceremony, drew from his breast and showed to the bystanders a battered wooden image of the lion of S. Mark.

'I knew well,' he said, 'that Venice would rise again. For fifty years I have lived in that faith and preserved this lion, to bring it out when the Republic came back. To-day I have nothing else to ask God and can die content.'[2]

Manin had returned home at five o'clock to his wife and daughter and had fallen exhausted on his bed. Till he had a night's rest he was in no condition to take over affairs. Meanwhile the game lay with Mengaldo, the Mayor and the Municipality.

Their first task was to complete the negotiation for the departure of the Austrian troops and Government, which had been interrupted by the arrival of Manin on the Piazza to proclaim the Republic. Reluctantly but inevitably Palffy and Zichy were driven by Avesani and Mengaldo to concede the complete *de facto* abandonment of the lagoon by the Austrians. At a certain stage in the discussion Palffy made over his authority to Zichy as the soldier; and finally at 6.30 in the evening Zichy

[1] *E. and F.*, pp. cxxxvi, 344, 365-366. *P. de la F.*, pp. 117-119. *Helfert*, i. p. 342. *La Forge*, i. pp. 273-275. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 269-270. *Rovani*, pp. 36-37. *Marchesi*, pp. 123, 126-127. *Radaelli*, pp. 55-56. *M.C.V., Cicogna MSS.* (diary), confirms other authorities that the hour of Manin's proclamation of the Republic was between 4.30 and 5. The capitulation was at 6.30.

[2] *Giustinian*, p. 95, the first-hand authority for this well-known anecdote.

PATRIOTS PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC OF S. MARK, MARCH 22, 1848

(On the further side of the canal, a man in a top hat is carrying a winged lion, the emblem of S. Mark and of the Republic)

signed the capitulation.[1] The forts intact, the fleet, the material of war of every sort and the Italian-speaking troops were to be left behind 'in the hands of the Provisional Government which is going to be formed.' The foreign troops, between 3000 and 4000 strong, were to be shipped to Trieste, apparently without their arms, though this point was not made clear.[2] Events were to show that Palffy and Zichy might have stood out for the retention by the soldiers of their muskets. But otherwise it is hard to blame them for consenting to capitulate after they had lost the Arsenal, the fleet and the Piazza, and were themselves hostages in the hands of the insurgents, when half their troops had gone over to the Revolution and the Croats were isolated and surrounded in their barracks. But it may fairly be asked why they had allowed themselves to be manœuvred into that position by Manin.

The capitulation having been signed, the next business was the formation of a Provisional Government to carry out its terms. The Italian signatories of the capitulation—the Mayor, Mengaldo and five members of the Municipal Council—proceeded to form themselves into a Provisional Government, at any rate for the next few hours. They issued that same evening (22nd) a broadsheet announcing the capitulation and adding :—

'A Provisional Government will be instituted, and meanwhile, to meet the necessities of the moment, we signatories have been obliged to assume its powers on the spot. *Viva Venezia ! Viva l'Italia !*'[3]

The word Republic and the word Manin were conspicuously absent from this proclamation, which fell

[1] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 116, gives the hour 6.30 and so do almost all other authorities. The capitulation is printed in *Errera*, pp. 435-436. It is signed by Zichy alone for Austria ; for the Municipality by Correr, Michiel, Medin, Fabris, Avesani, and Pincherle, and by Mengaldo for the Civic Guard.

[2] The capitulations signed for the Polesine, Friuli and Treviso on the following day on the model of Zichy's capitulation for Venice (see next chapter) were interpreted as allowing the foreign troops to depart with their arms in their hands.

[3] *Fogli Volanti*, iii. No. 4.

like a douche of cold water on the enthusiasm of the multitude parading the streets that night.

To be drenched with cold water sometimes makes people angry, and so it happened in this case. To preserve the peace, Manin was obliged, about eleven o'clock at night, to dictate from his sick-bed an appeal to the Venetians to remain quiet, beginning: 'Venetians, I know you love me.' Copies were struck off in a few minutes and posted up in the streets. No violence occurred, but the Municipal party felt that it could no longer rule the State, and a few hours after midnight handed over the governmental powers it had assumed to Mengaldo as head of the Civic Guard. It was understood that he would make arrangements for the election of the popular favourite as President of the Venetian Republic.

In the early hours of March 23, Mengaldo waited at Manin's bedside. Ill as he was, he managed to dress and go round to the Municipio, where he dictated a list of the Cabinet which he wished to serve under him. It contained the names of only two of the outgoing Provisional Government—Mengaldo and Manin's own friend, Pincherle. The others chosen were Tommaseo, Paolucci, Castelli, Pietro Paleocapa, Solèra, Camerata and the artisan Toffoli, together with Jacopo Zennari as Secretary. They were all men of character, and most of them of intellectual distinction. Correr and Avesani were omitted. The latter had done signal service on the 22nd and Manin admired and liked him, but he was unpopular.[1]

The Municipal party could put up a good case for its temporary arrogation of power on the evening of the 22nd. It had been necessary to form some kind of Government at once, in order to carry out the terms of the capitulation and so get rid of the Austrian troops. Manin had refused the explicit invitation of Correr and

[1] *Federigo*, p. xxviii. *Fogli Volanti*, i. No. 9; iii. No. 5. *P. de la F.*, pp. 141-143. *Errera*, p. 437.

his colleagues to act with them for this purpose, on the ground that he was too ill and tired to leave his bed that night.[1] No doubt they had invited him to join them, and no doubt he had been too much exhausted to go. Nevertheless there had been in their minds a very pardonable jealousy of his paramount influence, and on his part an equally natural desire to stand aside till full authority was placed in his hands as President of that Republic which he had proclaimed and the people had welcomed. He believed that he alone could save Venice, and therefore he aspired to power little short of a Dictator's.[2]

At two in the afternoon of the 23rd, after a solemn service in S. Mark's, a great *arrengo* or folk-moot was held on the Piazza outside. First the obliging Patriarch blessed the Tricolor banner and those of the sister Republics of America and France. Then the Civic Guard and the sovereign people itself in full assembly, at the invitation of Mengaldo, elected by acclamation Daniele Manin to be President of the Republic, and afterwards his Cabinet Ministers to their several posts. As each name was read, a great shout affirmed the popular will. That night Manin moved into the Governor's Palace on the Piazza.[3]

During Manin's confinement to his bed on the night of the 22nd, a serious error had been committed by his rivals of the Municipal Council and by his friends Pincherle and Paolucci.

It was clear to all that the survival of Venetian liberty would largely depend on the command of the Adriatic, which in turn depended on the Austrian fleet then in the harbour of Pola. Its officers and men were most of them Italians in speech and sympathy, and the rest were Dalmatian Slavs, who disliked Austria and

[1] *Medin*, p. 14. [2] *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 140-141.
[3] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. p. 123. *Federigo*, p. xxix. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 24.

were thought to have tender memories of the Republic of S. Mark. There is no doubt that if the fleet had once been brought to Venice it would have passed over to the revolution. On the night of the 22nd of March Paolucci had implored the Municipal Council, then acting as the Provisional Government, to send one of its members to Pola to fetch away the fleet. But having a shrewd idea that the Austrian Naval Commandant might prove less pleasant to deal with than Zichy, they preferred to send a written order to the fleet to come to Venice.[1]

A message of such vital import should have been sent to its destination by a special vessel and a chosen messenger. But in the hurry of that agitated night the mistake was made, with Paolucci's consent,[2] of sending it by the Austrian-Lloyd steamer returning to Trieste, its Captain, Maffei, being ordered to go to Pola and deliver the dispatch before putting into Trieste. To make matters worse, it was decided, in accordance with the request of ex-Governor Palffy for immediate repatriation, to send him off by the same vessel, together with a number of other Austrian refugees! Mengaldo protested against the folly of this arrangement, and was supported by several naval officers; Captain Bucchia went so far as to wave a pistol and threaten to blow out his own brains by way of protest. Unfortunately Pincherle gave personal assurances that Captain Maffei could be trusted, and the fateful letter was consigned to his charge.

As might have been foreseen, hardly was the steamer well clear of the Lido, before Palffy and the other passengers compelled or persuaded the Captain and crew to turn her head on her usual straight course for Trieste. There the dispatch was handed to Lt. Marshal Gyulai, the energetic military Governor who in the next few weeks turned Trieste into a great place of arms for the Austrian

[1] *Medin*, p. 15. His first-hand evidence as to the action of the Municipal Council in this matter has been unduly neglected by writers on the subject.

[2] *Medin*, p. 15.

reconquest of Venetia. Gyulai sent immediate warning to the authorities at Pola. On the 26th of March the guns of the forts were trained on the warships in the harbour; the Italian sailors were sent, free and rejoicing, to Venice, and the officers brought on board their ships to Trieste, where most of them resigned their commissions. The business of building up fresh crews for the vessels thus saved for the Imperial service, was taken in hand along the Dalmatian coast, and in the course of the next year was gradually effected.

It has generally been assumed by Italian writers that if the order for the fleet to come to Venice had gone straight to Pola on the 23rd, it would have been obeyed. This is possible, but it is not certain. The Naval Commandant at Pola, Buratovich, was loyal to his flag, and when, forty-eight hours later, Captain Fincati came from Manin with the delayed message, he had him arrested and flung into the dungeons of Lubiana. The question is, would Buratovich have been able to treat a messenger from Venice in that fashion if he had arrived at Pola on the 23rd before the warning from Trieste, or would the crews at that earlier date have mutinied successfully and carried the fleet to Venice. No certain answer can be given.[1]

Meanwhile the whole lagoon, with its numerous forts, their thousand cannon and their military stores, had safely passed into the hands of the Republic. The largest and most important fortress was Marghera, or Malghera, built by Napoleon amid the marshes of the *laguna morta* as the bridge-head of Venice. The new railway to Mestre passed close by its walls. The free communications of the Republic with the mainland depended on securing it. It was indeed to have been given

[1] *Benko*, pp. 125-126, 130-133. *Marchesi*, pp. 135-136. *Marchesi*, *70 anni*, pp. 115-116, 224. *Cusani*, pp. 29-30. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 286, 419. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 111-113. *Medin*, pp. 15-19. *Gonni*, p. 222. *E. and F.*, p. cxl, note. *Errera*, pp. 36-38. Address to Tommaseo, Aug. 2, 1849, in *Misc. B.M.*, 1852, *e.* 10. *Rovani*, p. 39. *Raccolta*, i. pp. 562-564, 604.

up under the capitulation, but almost at the hour when Zichy was signing that document, some enterprising Austrian officer sent from Venice a small force of Croats of the Kinsky regiment to reinforce the inadequate garrison. Fortunately the Civic Guard of Mestre, the town a couple of miles farther inland, had on their own account taken the patriotic resolution of capturing Malghera the moment they heard that Manin had proclaimed the Republic. With the aid of some military deserters and custom-house officers, the shopkeepers and railwaymen of Mestre marched against the fort, and effected an entry over the waters of the fosse by a path shown them by the local smugglers. It was about 8.30 in the evening, and they had scarcely finished disarming the half-hearted resistence of the original garrison, when the boats with the reinforcements from Venice approached the fort. They also were overpowered after a fight, and capitulated. The fort remained in the possession of the Republic.[1]

Next day, when Manin was being solemnly elected President in front of S. Mark's, the only hostile force still in arms in the lagoon was the main body of the Kinsky regiment under General Culoz, who were still in their barracks on the quay of the Zattere.[2] Culoz, enraged at Zichy's capitulation, which was interpreted to include the surrender of all arms, refused to obey. Very possibly it was he who the evening before had sent the belated reinforcement to Malghera. Manin had had gunboats brought up to command the main gateway of the barracks, which was also closely invested on the land side. Things remained in this state of suspense for three days, when Culoz, learning of the fall of Milan and the evacuation of

[1] *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, Nos. 3664 and 3813. *Frammenti storici*, ii. pp. 40-43. *Bandiera-Moro*, p. 26. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 23. *Marchesi*, p. 133. *Sunto Storico*, p. 13. There are slight discrepancies in these accounts, but all give the same general character to the events. The Civic Guard of Chioggia took unresisted possession of the other great fort of the lagoon, Brondolo, guarding the land route on to the Lido from the south.

[2] Now the Caserma Alessandro Poerio, close to Mr. Horatio Brown's house.

Padua by the Austrians under d'Aspre, made a fresh convention with Manin, under which the men of the Kinsky were shipped to Trieste but with their muskets in their hands.[1]

[1] *Ulloa*, i. pp. 63-64. *Blue Book*, ii. p. 270. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. pp. 124-125. *Marchesi*, p. 134. *Radaelli, Manin*, p. 63. In the Museo Fantoni, Vicenza, is a contemporary sketch of the gunboats, each with its single cannon in the bows trained on the Zattere barracks.

CHAPTER VII

THE RISING OF THE VENETIAN PROVINCES, MARCH, 1848. THE AUSTRIANS CONFINED TO THE VERONESE

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

THE revolutions in Milan and Venice were coincident in time and were due to similar causes, but they had little connection with one another. Each broke out of itself at the news of the revolt of Vienna and the fall of Metternich. Till that news came, no one in Venice had any serious intention of rising in arms, and there was no previous agreement with the Lombard leaders. During the critical week, the two movements ran their course in mutual ignorance, only the vaguest rumours of disturbance at Milan reaching Venice prior to March 24, when all was well over in both cities.[1]

The two revolutions had many points of contrast. At Milan close on 20,000 soldiers[2] under Marshal Radetzky himself retired from the city after several days of desperate street fighting; at Venice, the flotilla and the garrison of 8000, half of them being Italians, were brought to capitulate without trying the chance of war. Bands of volunteers flocked in from Alps and plain to take part in the struggle for Milan, and the issue was affected by hopes and fears of the Piedmontese army crossing the Ticino; but in Venice throughout the week of revolution there might have been no world beyond the lagoon, save for the budget of Viennese news brought daily by the steamer from Trieste. The defeat of

[1] See Ap. D below.

[2] *Fabris*, i. pp. 141-142, 180-181, notes.

Radetzky by the citizens of Milan gave them freedom and glory, but left them divided by embittered factions and with no leader of commanding eminence; but Venice, on the departure of the Austrians, though not wholly of one mind, was united in admiration and love for Manin.

The liberation of Milan at once involved the liberation of the whole Lombard Province, and the revolution in Venice was the direct cause of a similar revolution in the Venetian *terra firma*. By the end of the month the Austrian power in Italy was confined behind the Isonzo on one side, and within the district of the quadrilateral fortresses on the other.[1]

Very different would the situation have been if, while Milan and the Lombards expelled Radetzky, Venice and the Venetian cities had allowed themselves to be amused by Austria's promise of constitutional rights. Tommaseo might descant to admiring audiences on the true nature of constitutional liberty and on the amity of peoples, but if meanwhile the regiments, fortresses, arms and munitions in all Venetia had remained at the disposal of Radetzky, if Venice had continued to be the place of landing from Trieste for reinforcements and stores from the interior of the Empire, Lombardy would have been reconquered and Piedmont crushed before the end of April.[2] The history of 1848 in Italy would then have seemed very different in the retrospect. Instead of an irrepressible outburst of the spirit of the whole nation, ending after a prolonged struggle in a tragedy fraught with noble memories and high promise, there would

[1] The quadrilateral fortresses were Verona, Peschiera, Mantua and Legnago, guarding the 'square' of the territory between the Adige and the Mincio, the debouchment into Italy of the great Brenner Pass from Innsbruck and Vienna. See Map I. below.

[2] For what Lt. Marshal Hess himself thought on the importance of the Venetian revolution, see *Feldzug*, i. p. 53. His rival, Lt. Marshal Schoenhals, thought just the same: 'If Venice had held out like Mantua and the other strong places, Radetzky would have fallen on Charles Albert before he had had time to concentrate on the Mincio, and would have destroyed him. That was our plan, which the disaster at Venice prevented.' *Schoenhals*, p. 115. See also *Ellesmere*, p. 40.

have been nothing for the rising generation to remember but another fiasco.

So it might have been, had not Manin evoked the latent spirit of Venetia, in which so many patriots had refused to believe. We have already seen how, but for him, the leading citizens in Venice would have shrunk from attempting to expel the Austrian troops and would have dallied with the precarious offer of constitutional liberties. We have yet to trace how the example which Manin set in the lagoon was imitated on the *terra firma.*

The Venetian *terra firma* contains seven Provinces, each of which has its provincial capital—Rovigo, Treviso, Belluno, Udine, Padua, Vicenza and Verona.[1] In every one of these cities except Verona the revolution between March 18 and 25 followed step by step the path indicated by the news from Venice. And in each case the action taken by the citizens of the provincial capital led to the transfer of the surrounding province, with its towns, villages and hamlets, to the revolutionary administration. There was not, as in the England of 1642, an active class of squires and yeomen accustomed to think and act for themselves in public affairs; there was no struggle of parties in the rural districts. The political life of Northern Italy, from time immemorial, has lain in the cities, the peasant accepting what is done there. It was so in the days of the Etruscan and Latin Leagues, in the days of Guelf and Ghibeline, in the days of May, 1915, and so it was in 1848. In that year the revolution in Venetia was the sum of her municipal revolutions.[2]

Rovigo is the capital of the Polesine, the watery district between the mouths of Adige and Po, where the protomartyrs of the Venetian *risorgimento* had been nurtured.[3] There the march of events at Venice was imitated step by step at twenty-four hours' interval. On March 19 the men of Rovigo set up a Civic Guard.

[1] Map IV. should be used for this chapter.
[2] See pp. 29-30 above. [3] See pp. 25-26 above.

The town was divided into two parties: the one, headed by the Bishop, was for accepting the constitution at the hands of the Emperor, the other was for expelling the Austrians. On March 22 a letter written by Tommaseo in Venice was published in Rovigo, in favour of working out the freedom of the press, education and social reform under the constitution promised by Austria.[1] But the news of the revolution at Venice gave the victory to the more advanced party.

On March 23, the 400 Italian infantry in Rovigo, invited by the Civic Guard and led by their own sergeants and corporals, mutinied against their foreign officers. Most of the mutineers dispersed to their homes in the next few days, only a few remaining to fight for Italy; but as a consequence of their revolt the Municipality was able to dictate a capitulation on the model of that of Venice, under which the Hungarian Hussars and the Austrian civil and military officials were allowed to depart whither they would. On the 26th the Provisional Government of Rovigo sent in to Manin the adherence of the Province of Polesine to the Republic of Venice.[2]

The story of the revolution in five other Provinces of Venetia is the same, with local variations. At Treviso, the capital of the great plain of the Piave, destined long afterwards to be the scene of the final round of the long battle between Austria and Italy, the news of the Viennese revolution arrived on March 17, 1848, and caused for a day the delusive belief that the end had come already, that a new era had safely dawned without bloodshed, that Italian and Austrian were henceforth brothers.[3] Next day an eloquent *abbate* preached to the citizens united in the Cathedral; he punctuated his discourse with alternate ejaculations of *Viva l'Italia!* and *Benedetto Gesù!* For had not religion and patriotism

[1] *Rovigo*, pp. 496-497. Tommaseo's letter there printed affords further evidence as to the nature of his views prior to the revolution effected by Manin on the 22nd (see pp. 96-97 above). The letter is dated that very day.

[2] *Rovigo*, pp. 490-511. *Cusani*, pp. 49-52. *Ellesmere*, p. 39.

[3] *Fogli Volanti*, i. No 1.

kissed one another, with the blessing of Pio Nono?[1] One part of the priesthood of the Veneto were full of this gentle enthusiasm; the other part were more conservative.

But in the next few days, in Treviso as elsewhere, while the Civic Guard was forming, a question arose in Italian minds: Is the Austrian to be expelled or is his constitution to be accepted? The question was settled on the 23rd, when the news of what had happened in Venice the day before led to the capitulation of the Austrian Military Governor. One of his battalions, being Italian, had mutinied, and he had not dared to employ the remainder of his force, supposing perhaps that Zichy's capitulation was the political model set for all Commandants in Venetia. The foreign-born troops in the Province of Treviso filed off under the capitulation, some to Verona, others beyond the Isonzo.[2]

The Provisional Government of the city and Province of Treviso was headed by the Mayor Olivi, a tall, able, eloquent man, fit to cope with mobs and civic tumult. He had scope for his talent in the next three months. He was a strong partisan of Manin and union with Venice, as the only way to obtain muskets from the Arsenal and to fight Austria with effect. Under his influence, on March 26, the Province adhered to the Venetian Republic. But trouble on that score lay ahead.[3]

The Piave is a great river in the Alps, as well as in the plain. The old town of Belluno is the mountain capital of the Upper Piave, which contains the valley of Cadore in its higher reaches and of Feltre as it nears the gates of the hills. On March 23, while the few Austrian troops were taking their departure, a Provisional Govern-

[1] *Cusani*, pp. 42-46.

[2] *Santalena, Treviso*, pp. 17-22. *Schoenhals*, p. 113. *Ellesmere*, p. 39. *Cusani*, pp. 46-47.

[3] *Treviso Broad Sheets*, March 20-26. I have had the advantage of conversations with the Ven. Prof. Luigi Bailo, who was in Treviso as a boy all through 1848.

ment was set up for the city and Province of Belluno. This local revolution effectively blocked the passes connecting the Austrian army beyond the Isonzo with the army at Trent and Verona. The mountaineers of the Cadore were to show the Austrians that summer the mettle of their pasture, under an able and heroic leader, Pietro Calvi. But, even before his arrival, the Cadorini, on March 28, proclaimed their devotion to S. Mark and demanded muskets from Manin. The armoury in the Venetian Arsenal had need of the qualities of the widow's cruse, for there were only a few thousand muskets left and every district in the Veneto was clamouring to be armed from it. Manin sent 400 muskets to the distant valleys of Cadore, and, better still, sent with them Pietro Calvi, a lieutenant in the late Wimpffen regiment at Venice, destined to prove himself an Italian Andreas Hofer.[1]

The frontier Province of Friuli, after a romantic history of its own in the early Middle Ages centred round Aquileia and Cividale, had finally submitted to the Lion of S. Mark. Of all the Venetian Provinces it is the largest in area, but not the richest or most populous. In 1848 the peasantry of Friuli, as the Austrians found, were many of them active on the side of the revolution, from dislike of the Germans who abounded among them, and from smuggling habits natural to a frontier population.[2] Others, especially along the shores of the Tagliamento, were indifferent to the cause, as Italian officers discovered to their chagrin.[3] But the townsmen were enthusiastic, and the fate of Friuli would be decided in Udine, the capital, and Palmanova, the great fortress of the Province.

Udine, with its ancient streets and public buildings,

[1] *Coletti*, pp. 11-12. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 389-390. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, i. pp. 171-172.

[2] *Ellesmere*, p. 96.

[3] *Della Marmora*, p. 33. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, i. p. 356.

clusters round a small, steep hill, whence anxious generals, in many ages down to the latest, have scanned the plain stretched at their feet and beyond it the eastern arc of the Alps with the wedge of Monte Nero pointing to heaven. Since the news of the Viennese revolution, Udine had been all agog, had sung its Hymn of Pio Nono, formed its Civic Guard, and then relapsed into the same state of doubt and suspense as every other city in Venetia. At two in the afternoon of the 23rd, a messenger rode in from Venice with No. 67 of the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, a special number printed the night before with the text of Zichy's capitulation. The effect was magical. Before nightfall the Austrian Commandant in Udine, alarmed by the attitude of the Italian part of his troops, capitulated on the basis of the Venetian terms. The treaty was to apply not only to Udine but to the whole Province of Friuli. That night the Municipality, acting as the Provisional Government, sent off two Commissaries by post-chaise to Palmanova, to enforce the terms there, and next day proclaimed the adhesion of Friuli to the Republic of Venice.[1]

The fortress of Palmanova, in the plain between the Tagliamento and the Isonzo, had been erected by the Venetian Republic in the years of its decline to guard its Eastern frontier. As the ground is flat and the town is a mere accident of the fortress, the latter is absolutely symmetrical, a perfect example of a great period of military architecture. But the citizens who dwelt inside its elaborate walls and ditches had raised their Civic Guard and occupied one of the gates. The majority of the garrison troops were Italians. Such was the state of things when in the early hours of March 24 the two Commissaries of the Provisional Government drove over the drawbridge into the great Square, and demanded the fulfilment of the

[1] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, i. pp. 126-138. *Arch. Frari*, busta 851, *Fasc. Udine. Raccolta*, i. pp. 22-23, 78-80, 91-93. *Gazz. Ven.*, No. 67 and March 27; (The dates in *Raccolta* should be corrected from *Gazz. Ven.*) *Cusani*, pp. 37-39 (wrong as to date of arrival of news from Venice).

capitulation that had been signed at Udine for the whole Province. It was a bold thing for two civilians in a post-chaise to demand the surrender of a fortress. For a few minutes the situation was critical. The Austrian officers and artillery were full of fight, but the Commandant was cautious. Everything turned on the Italian-born troops. When they shouted *Viva l'Italia!* the Udine capitulation was accepted and the foreign-born troops marched off to Gorizia.

Amid wild rejoicings the state prisoner, General Zucchi, was released from his cell and invested with the command. The Napoleonic veteran was no longer the man he had been when he had led Italy's forlorn hope in 1831 and been captured by Admiral Bandiera's ships.[1] Long years in an unhealthy dungeon beyond the Alps had aged and weakened him. But during the last period of his captivity he had been more mildly treated in Palmanova. His heart was still Italian, and he undertook to defend the place. When Manin a few days later pressed him to come to Venice where people of military experience were sorely needed, he declined, partly because he regarded himself as serving the Provisional Government of Udine, not the Venetian Republic. The Committee men at Udine, for their part, adhered to the Venetian Republic, but objected to its direct dealings with their General Zucchi. Like all the other local Committees between Isonzo and Adige, they expected the Central Government to supply them with arms, men and money, and themselves to send nothing to Venice in return.[2]

Meanwhile the rock fortress of Osoppo, guarding one of the most important exits of the Alps into the plain, had been seized for the revolution. In a few days all the towns of Friuli adhered to the Committee at Udine and

[1] See p. 49 above.

[2] *Fulin*, pp. xvi-xviii. *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 2662, 3604. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, i. p. 139. *Zucchi*, pp. 113-125. *Cusani*, p. 40. *Ellesmere*, p. 39. *Ulloa*, i. p. 66; ii. p. 77. *Raccolta*, i. p. 23. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 384-388.

to the Republic of Venice. All were looking to Manin to supply arms and men to defend the Province against reconquest by the Austrian army gathering ominously behind the Isonzo.

The course of the revolution in Rovigo, Treviso, Udine and Palmanova had been decided by the large proportion of Italian recruits in the small Austrian garrisons. But Padua and Vicenza were guarded by considerable forces from beyond the Alps.[1] A rising in both these towns would not improbably have been suffocated in blood, had not the Austrians decided to abandon them in order to save Verona.

Verona, the chief of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, the debouchment of the Brenner Pass, the bridge-head of Austria in Italy, commanded Radetzky's only line of communication with Vienna, and now that the revolt of Venice, Belluno and Friuli had cut him off from Trieste, it was the only open route for his retreat or for the receipt of reinforcements from any part of the Empire. If the revolution had succeeded in Verona as it succeeded in the other provincial capitals of the Veneto, Italy would have won the war of 1848. But no local leader appeared like Manin in Venice or Pasini in Vicenza. During the critical days of March 17 to 26 the Austrian Viceroy, Archduke Ranieri, who had come from Milan, leaving Radetzky in charge there, succeeded in amusing the Veronese patriots with concessions and a show of fraternity suitable to the 'new era.' He managed so well that the Civic Guard and the Patriot Committee used their influence to prevent a rising of citizens against the garrison of mixed nationality who occupied the walls and forts. There was indeed an Austro-phil party among the Veronese themselves, due to the number of trans-alpine officers and civil servants who spent money in the town and employed a large Italian *clientèle*. The bulk of the Veronese hated their foreign masters, but

[1] *Fabris*, i. pp. 205-207.

the Austro-phil minority helped to retard the rising that would, if it had succeeded, have freed Italy that year.[1]

The other fact that saved Verona for Austria was the prompt decision taken by Lt. Marshal D'Aspre, in intelligent anticipation of orders actually sent, to evacuate Padua and Vicenza and hurry to Verona with all the troops he could anywhere collect as commander of the garrisons in the Venetian *terra firma*. On March 24 he heard of Radetzky's defeat at Milan, and on the same day, leaving his sick and his military stores in the hands of the Paduan Municipality, he set off for Verona. To this decision the other Austrian generals agreed in giving high praise. Some even regarded D'Aspre, after Radetzky himself, as the saviour of the Austrian power south of the Alps.[2]

The moment D'Aspre had turned his back on the University town where he and his troops had made themselves so odious a few weeks before, a Provisional Committee was elected to govern the Province of Padua. It declared its adhesion to the Venetian Republic, and by prompt action prevented a massacre of spies that was on the point of breaking out in Padua and the neighbouring villages.[3]

On his way to Verona D'Aspre had to pass through Vicenza, a city that was to play a part in the Venetian revolutions of that year second only to that of Venice herself. Vicenza affords a perfect example of an Italian provincial capital in situation, architecture and social life. The mediæval character of her streets and public buildings have received a renaissance impress from the most famous of her children, Palladio. Beyond the walls, the pleasant Berici hills that overshadow the town, the scene of the hardest fighting in the Veneto in 1848, are dotted with cypress gardens and villas on

[1] *Biadego, passim. Radetzky a Verona*, pp. 16, 50-51, 60-61, 87, 91, 98-99, 107. *Ellesmere*, p. 43. *Pimodan*, pp. 22-23. *Belviglieri, Verona*, p. 496.
[2] *Feldzug*, i. p. 54. *Schoenhals*, p. 114. *Ellesmere*, p. 43.
[3] *Gloria*, pp. 106-110. See p. 73 above, for Padua in February.

which Palladio and Tiepolo have lavished their skill. The presence of the Alps in the middle distance is seen and felt at Vicenza. Rushing streams career round the walls and through the city. No wonder that mountain energy and freedom inspired the action of the citizens and their neighbours of the Schio district, for the men of the foothills of the Alps were never lacking in patriotic vigour, least of all in that hour when Italy's highest hopes were fresh.

The patriotic party, which included almost all the inhabitants of Vicenza, rich and poor, priest and layman, was led by Valentino Pasini, a man with the wide knowledge and broad views of a statesman, the friend on equal terms of Daniele Manin ever since the days of the railway question.[1] The much disputed railway had just got far enough to link up Venice with Vicenza, and the two friends throughout the revolution were constantly sending each other messages by rail.

Next to Pasini, came Don Giuseppe Fogazzaro, a Canon of Vicenza—saint, patriot and man of learning all in one. In him was found a type of Liberal Catholic with more grit than some who were gushing forth sermons about Pio Nono and Italia but deserted the cause when things went wrong. On the other hand, he had more sense of order in Church and State than Father Gavazzi and Ugo Bassi. He was to taste of exile, Austrian dungeons and ecclesiastical censure and to bear all with an equal mind. He founded the religious and political traditions of the Fogazzaro clan.[2]

Under such leadership Vicenza had formed her Civic Guard. For several days she watched her opportunity to be rid of the large Austrian garrison under Major-General Prince Thurn and Taxis. A gentleman of milder mood than D'Aspre, the Prince had done everything to avoid a clash with the citizens, but he had

[1] See p. 46 above.

[2] Antonio Fogazzaro was his nephew. See *Rumor, Fogazzaro.* The clergy of Vicenza, including the Bishop, were genuinely patriotic. Besides Fogazzaro, another priest, Rossi, served on the Provisional Government.

no intention of surrendering. Pasini received a letter from Manin by special engine—'We have freed ourselves, what are you going to do?' He replied by sending Fogazzaro and two others on a secret mission to Venice and demanding over a thousand muskets. The arms were sent by train on the night of the 24th. Pasini had them secretly unloaded, two miles short of the station, which was guarded by the Prince's white-coats. Meanwhile the manufacture of pikes and the fitting up of shot-guns and old muskets was going on busily in the town.

But the necessity for an armed insurrection was prevented when D'Aspre came from Padua to carry off the Prince's force with him to Verona. At mid-day on the 25th D'Aspre was in Vicenza with all his men. He sent for Pasini and demanded in a hectoring tone 80,000 florins from the municipal chest. Pasini said he would only yield to force, and appealed to the Marshal's honour not to play the brigand as his last act in Venetia. There was a gentleman somewhere in D'Aspre under a coating of the military bully. He and Pasini came to understand each other, and arrived at a compromise by which 14,000 florins were voluntarily given to keep the soldiers in food and prevent their plundering. After that D'Aspre grew friendly, and began abusing Metternich. 'We have been brought to this pass by that man. Now everything depends on Radetzky.' And Pasini saw tears in his eyes as he repeated—'To what have I seen Austria brought!'

And so, at two o'clock on the afternoon of March 25, the united forces of D'Aspre and the Prince, from 7000 to 9000 strong, filed out of Vicenza on the Verona road, while the citizens rushed to the Piazza dei Signori to hear Pasini proclaim their independence from the loggia of Palladio's Basilica.[1]

By a forced march D'Aspre arrived next day in Verona, and so put an end to all chance of its passing into the hands of the citizens. On the 27th he sent reinforcements to

[1] *Pasini*, pp. 212-218. *Meneghello*, pp. 28-29, 60. *Cusani*, p. 53. *Lampertico, Vicenza*, p. 783. *Vicenza, Numero unico*, pp. 10-12.

Mantua, the fortress town among the marshes of the Mincio, which had been barely saved by the energy of the Austrians and the want of it among the local patriots. Peschiera and Legnago were also reinforced by D'Aspre, so that the four strong places of the Quadrilateral were ready to receive and shelter Radetzky and his 20,000 men on their arrival from Milan.

The old Marshal was slowly dragging his army along in torrential rain through the mud of the Lombard roads. The inhabitants of the small town of Melegnano attacked them and were punished with the usual severity, but there was no general rising of the peasantry to cut off the retreating host. The confidence of the polyglot army in their chief was unbroken, though the Italians believed stories to the contrary. But Radetzky himself was torn with anxiety lest he should arrive to find that the Quadrilateral had gone the way of Venice and Milan. As he approached the southern shore of Lago di Garda he was met by an eager young French soldier of fortune and of faith, the Royalist Count Pimodan, who a dozen years later gave his life fighting for the Pope against Italy on the field of Castelfidardo. Leaping from his horse, Pimodan cried out: 'Your Excellency, D'Aspre is in Verona with 16,000 men; Mantua and Peschiera are still ours.' The Marshal hugged the young man three times to his breast.

On April 1 he entered Verona. On that appropriate day the Civic Guard were put down, their leader thrown into prison, and all Ranieri's concessions withdrawn; they had 'caught the fish.' So would it have been in Venice but for Manin. Two fierce, fighting proclamations to the army denouncing the Italian people as traitors and faith breakers expressed the old man's mood. It was infectious among all who rallied round the tattered flag that he planted to face the storm.[1]

[1] *Feldzug*, i. pp. 54-55. *Radetzky a Verona*, pp. 143-144, 161-162. *Belviglieri, Verona*, p. 496. *Pimodan*, pp. 41-42. *Ellesmere*, pp. 35-36. *Luzio, Radetzky*, pp. 45-46, 87-88.

CHAPTER VIII

MANIN'S PART IN THE REVOLUTION. HIS SUCCESS AND FAILURE THE GOVERNMENT OF THE LAGOON. RELATIONS WITH THE MAINLAND. MILITARY POLICY. THE *CROCIATI* AND THEIR FIRST REPULSE

At Venice he never flattered the people. When he presented himself to the mob, it was to recall them to their duty or make them retrace their steps, not to flatter their passions or obey their caprice. He was none the less for that the idol of the people of Venice throughout the whole period of the revolution.

Ulloa, i. p. 46.

It was due to Manin that Venice, and then at her signal all the lands between Adige and Isonzo, had renounced their allegiance to Austria, joined the Italian war of liberation and launched the fortune of Venetia on the full tide of the national movement, which after long ebb and flow cast it safe ashore in 1866. Such was Manin's first and greatest contribution to the making of Italy.

A second fine achievement stands to his credit, the good government of Venice and the lagoon for nearly a year and a half, with one short interval of retirement. He secured order and harmony through his personal hold on all classes, an influence maintained by no flattering or unworthy arts, and surviving in the hour of danger and defeat. No man raised to power by revolution has left a purer record.

Yet Manin failed in two respects. He failed to adjust the relations of Venice to the cities of the *terra firma*, largely because his personal influence, which depended on personal contact, could not be stretched beyond the limits of the lagoon, and because he was slow in establishing a Parliamentary system for all Venetia, which

would have hedged round his own authority in time of war. So it came about that his dictatorship, which in Venice represented the popular will, appeared in the Veneto to be a revival of the old despotism of the 'dominant city.'

Secondly, Manin failed to create, during the few months before the mainland was reconquered by Austria, a military force capable of taking the field against the invader. He showed no special talent as a war minister, though it is open to question whether either Chatham or Carnot could have called forth an adequate army in so short a time, among a population eminently civilian in its habits, and singularly blind, that spring, to the realities of the military position.

His double failure to meet the demand of the Venetian mainland for political equality, and to defend it against reconquest, caused the provincial cities to rescind their union with Venice after less than two months' trial, in favour of a union with Piedmont, which brought them no better luck.

Manin's Government maintained rigid order and was eminently humane. Austrians, including those who had been foremost in persecuting Manin, were allowed to leave Venice if they wished, but if they stayed they could enjoy freedom of property and person. There was some grumbling against this leniency to enemy aliens, but the Government was resolute. On March 26 a curious proclamation, bearing the traces of Tommaseo's Liberal Catholicism, was issued over his signature and Manin's.

'Our political doctrine is fraternity. . . . Whoever shall insult any citizen or foreigner on the ground of political opinions shall be taken by the Civic Guard before the nearest parish priest, who, assuming the true office of a citizen priest, shall admonish him for the fault he has committed against the honour of the country. More severe measures will be taken against those who offend twice.'[1]

[1] *Misc. B.M.*, 1852, *e.* 9. *P. de la F.*, i. p. 323.

On March 30 the mob rushed to the Piazza and noisily demanded the seizure of a Lloyd steamer then in port, in reprisals for alleged ill-treatment of Italian sailors in Trieste, but in violation of an agreement for free traffic made between the Venetian Government and the Lloyd Company. Manin appeared at his window on the Piazza and gave his fellow-citizens such a scolding that they slunk off home and never again tried to coerce him in that fashion.[1]

The bloodless revolution of March 22 had been very generally ascribed by the populace to the personal intervention of the Virgin. A flood of religious-patriotic pamphlets and sermons deluged all Venetia.[2] 'Miracles' of the right colour were reported: a German priest in Tirol, it was believed, had fallen down dead while preaching against the Pope for his support of the Italian cause.[3] The Government of the restored Republic attended the religious ceremonies of Venice, popular spectacles which, rightly patronized, had value as political propaganda. The Patriarch assiduously toed the new line. But though piety flourished, religious equality was an axiom of 1848, and the people had taken it to heart. Jews like Pincherle and Mauroganato played an important part as ministers and financial advisers of the Republic, and no one in the city commented unfavourably on their religion, any more than on the Hebrew side of the ancestors of Manin.

It was not till after the Pope had abandoned the cause of Italy that there was any sign of an anticlerical party in Venice, and it never became strong.[4] Neither clericalism nor anticlericalism were native to the lagoon. But from the first it was recognized that the clergy throughout Venetia were divided, and sharp complaints

[1] *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 312, 346. Dawkins is an unwilling witness to the good order in Venice.

[2] E.g. *Fogli Volanti*, i. 19, 28, 29, 46, 143, 583-584. *British Museum Tracts.*

[3] *Racc. Corr. M.P.*, 293.

[4] Almost the only Venetian journals of 1848-1849 that had anticlerical leanings were *Sior Antonio Roba* and *Il Biricchino* (1849 only).

were made by patriots, both lay and clerical, against the neutral or crypto-Austrian attitude of one section of the Church.[1]

Manin's power as President of the Republic was already a Dictatorship in all but name, but a Dictatorship based on popular confidence and affection. His constitutional position derived from the direct vote of the people—or at least of as many of the people as had been able to squeeze into the Piazza on March 23.[2] The simple fishermen, gondoliers and artisans had little use for a more elaborate political machinery, so long as they were ruled by the man of their choice. When in June a 'Constituent' Assembly met in accordance with middle-class ideas imported from France and England, the following conversation was overheard, if tradition is to be believed :—

First Citizen : 'Chi xè sta Costituente?'

Second Citizen : 'Tasi! Xè la mugier de Manin.'[3]

('Who is this *Costituente?*' 'Hush! she's Manin's wife!')

The enthusiasm of the working class, which gave to the President's position its real strength, was personal and patriotic, an offering to Manin, to Venice and to Italy.[4] It had in it no element of the socialism which was so formidable a cross-current in many parts of Europe that year. When, a few months later, Father Gavazzi preached doctrines in Venice calculated to cause bitterness between classes, Manin politely silenced him.[5] Ugo Bassi, the other representative of the Church Republican and militant, was as dear to Manin in 1848 as he became next year to Garibaldi. He was severely wounded in May at the defence of Treviso, and his patriotic oratory

[1] *Fogli Volanti*, i. 56, 99, 104, 172, 191, 200-203, 237.

[2] See p. 117 above.

[3] I owe this anecdote to Mr. Horatio Brown.

[4] The journal specially representing this element was *L'Operajo*. But the view is also found in *Difensor del Popolo* and other journals. See also *Martin*, ii. pp. 49-51.

[5] *Errera*, p. 452. *P. de la F.*, ii. p. 74. *Martin*, ii. pp. 45-50.

Ugo Bassi

on the Piazza did much to stir the people of Venice to self-sacrifice.[1]

The fact that Manin had proclaimed the Republic eventually made it more difficult to unite with Lombardy and Piedmont. But on March 22 neither the liberation of Milan nor the entry of Charles Albert into the war had been known in Venice, and even the Piedmontese Consul had advised a Republic. In May the Pope himself said to the Venetian envoy: 'The name Republic is dangerous in Italy, but I see that Venice could not have acted otherwise.'[2] Historians will always dispute, as patriots disputed at the time, whether instead of proclaiming the Republic, Manin should have proclaimed a 'Provisional Government' without further definition. This at least is certain, that by calling back to life the murdered Republic of Venice he enlisted for the new Government the enthusiasm of the common people, who knew by oral tradition the romantic history of their own lagoon.

In Venice the nobles were carried along in the movement but were not, as in Lombardy, its leaders.[3] The middle class led it, but its force and volume derived from the multitude who worked with their hands. They loved Manin, and they accepted from him with a touching docility his ideas of what was right and wrong. The response of the people to their tribune was a beautiful thing, peculiarly Italian, and possible in the form it took only among a populace still simple and uneducated.

There was soon a party hostile to the President, who murmured against his 'nepotism' and his dictatorial spirit. Of 'nepotism,' indeed, he could not justly be accused. His son went to the front as a private soldier, and his friend degli Antoni as a simple officer: his friend Pincherle deserved his place in the Ministry, and his friend and private secretary, Pezzato, the man most

[1] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, Nos. 4038-4044. *Ugo Bassi*, pp. 74-77, 146-158. *Flagg*, i. p. 426. *Borel-Vaucher*, p. 99. See p. 177 below.

[2] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 1543.

[3] *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 190-191. See p. 25 above.

hated by the group of critics, was well fitted for his post by his devotion and ability, though his manner, at once shy and severe, did not help to make him popular.[1]

The critics of Manin were divided into two fundamentally opposed groups, the Radicals or Mazzinians, and the Conservatives or Piedmontese. The first were a small group, very few of them of Venetian origin, but active and able. Mazzini's followers found the tone of this Republic too conservative; it was an archæological revival, not a Republic as their chief conceived the Republics of the future: its name was its only merit.[2] The Conservatives, on the other hand, disliked the Republic just because it was so called. They wanted a monarchy, and looked towards Charles Albert of Piedmont. But Manin had a personal distrust of that king. He desired the ultimate union of all Italy, but not immediate annexation to the kingdom of Charles Albert.

'The Unity of Italy,' he wrote to his envoy in Rome on May 14, 'is the ardent desire of Venice, and to unity all pride or self-interest ought to be subordinated. But unity, which could not get itself made in fifteen centuries, cannot be made in fifteen days or months.'[3] Unity 'in the actual conditions' of the day could only, he contended, be 'a confederation of Italian states'; closer unity must be the work of time.[4]

Tommaseo represented yet another party—the Neo-Guelfs or Liberal Catholics who desired a federation of Italian States under the Pope.[5] Tommaseo, ever since the breach with Austria had become irrevocable on March 22, was an ardent Republican, disliking kings, especially Charles Albert. But neither was he a Mazzinian, for he wanted federation, not Italian unity, and he believed in the Pope. In April he wrote to Manin: 'We must put Pio Nono up against Carlo Alberto. We owe the latter

[1] *Rovani*, pp. 42-46. *P. de la F.*, ii. p. 414. *Isotto*, p. 21.

[2] Mazzini himself wrote friendly letters to Manin (*M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 4046-4047), but Sirtori and others who gave him trouble were Mazzinians.

[3] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 1544.

[4] *Errera*, p. 463.

[5] See pp. 30-31 above.

no gratitude if he drives bargains with his victories. It will be a help to send men in the Pope's uniform [viz. the Papal army] into the Venetian provinces.'[1]

Manin for his part committed himself as little as possible on the subject of religion, the Pope and the Temporal Power. His great object was to work with all the patriotic parties who were quarrelling over those questions. In the spring of 1848 it was safe for him to leave Tommaseo to do the religious oratory for them both, and it was only towards the end of the year that he began to feel embarrassed by his distinguished colleague's unabated enthusiasm for Pio Nono.[2]

Venice was so fortunately situated that she needed to have no policy about Rome. But she could not avoid choosing a course in relation to Piedmont, Lombardy and her own *terra firma*. It was here that Manin came to grief. He wished to put off till after the war the making of a Constitution for the Venetian Republic, and to postpone also the question whether Venetia should be 'fused' with Lombardy and Piedmont, or only federated. So long as the war lasted he wished to rule Venetia from Venice with the advice of a Consulta of representatives of the mainland, who were, however, to have no deliberative vote and no active place in the Provisional Government of the Republic. Such a purely 'consultative' assembly was summoned by his decree of March 31 to meet at the Doges' Palace on April 10.

If two or three of the Provincial leaders had been put into Manin's Cabinet at Venice, the postponement of responsible government through an Assembly might have been accepted for a few weeks. But, as it was, the cities of the mainland saw an attempt to revive, in an age too late, the 'domination' of Venice over her sisters of the *terra firma*. They refused to wait till the advent of peace for a settlement of their equal rights.

On April 10 the *Consulta* met in the Doges' Palace.

[1] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 4005.
[2] *Ibid.*, 1543-1544, 2402, 4023.

There were three representatives for each province. The Trevisan envoys at once demanded a debate on their powers and functions. Manin angrily denied their right to discuss the question : it had been settled beforehand in the Proclamation which had brought them together. Thereupon the three Trevisans left the room and the city, never to return.

Padua was scarcely less angry than Treviso. Though she did not withdraw her representatives, she raised a tax on the Paduan Province without consulting the Central Government and without forwarding any of the proceeds. Indeed, none of the Provinces outside the lagoon made any contribution to the Venetian exchequer, though they all demanded and received muskets, cannon and men from Venice, and grumbled that they were so few.[1]

Vicenza attempted to mediate. Her leader, Valentino Pasini, thought that Manin had been unwise and the Trevisans headstrong. Partly on account of geographic position, Vicenza was in closer touch with the Lombard movement than was Venice with her face to the sea. On the day the Austrians left,[2] many of Pasini's fellow-citizens had desired to throw in their lot with Milan. But he had persuaded a majority to vote for immediate union with Venice, on condition that the 'fusion' of Venetia with Lombardy and federation with the other States of Italy should as soon as possible be brought to a vote. This motion, binding the Province of Vicenza conditionally to Venice, Pasini had at the end of March carried in the Piazza dei Signori, those in favour keeping their hats on, those against standing bareheaded, while the authorities counted as best they might from Palladio's loggia overhead.[3]

[1] *Fulin*, pp. xviii-xxi. *Pasini*, p. 228. *Santalena, Treviso*, pp. 56-58. *Vollo*, p. 86. *M.C.V., Calucci MS. Marchesi*, p. 179. *Errera*, pp. 67-70. *Rovani*, p. 149. *Arch. Frari*, 434, fasc. 1, Marzo 31. *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, 3525, 3564, 3519, 3566.

[2] See p. 133 above.

[3] *Meneghello*, pp. 27, 217-220. *Pasini*, pp. 220-222. *Pasini, Questione*, p. 6. *Arch. Frari*, 434, fasc. 8, Vicenza, Marzo 28.

After the unfortunate opening session of the Consulta at Venice, Pasini undertook the work of peacemaker. Partly under his influence, partly yielding to the views of Castelli and other Cabinet colleagues, Manin acknowledged that something must be done to prevent the rapid alienation of the mainland from Venice, and to satisfy the growing demand for an immediate vote on the 'fusion' of Venetia with Lombardy. On April 22 he decreed that a Constituent Assembly of all Venetia should be elected by universal (manhood) suffrage, and should meet to decide the question of fusion. But the concession came too late. Three weeks earlier it might have saved the situation. But the jealousy and anger of the mainland against the dominant city were now unappeasable, and had taken the form of a resolve to join with Lombardy and Piedmont by a direct vote of the people, without even waiting for Manin's Constituent Assembly, which could scarcely meet before June. The decision to hold this plebiscite was taken at Padua on April 26 by the representatives of Padua, Vicenza, Treviso, Belluno and Polesine. Udine had already been reconquered by the Austrians.[1]

Besides political jealousy of Venice, there was another even more compelling reason for the drift of her provincial cities into the orbit of Milan and Turin, the inability of the 'mother city' to defend them against reconquest.

During the precious first weeks of freedom, government and people, provinces and capital, had been hampered by the delusion that the Austrians were retreating out of Italy, bag and baggage. I have, indeed, found no direct evidence that Manin shared this belief, but he made no effort to destroy it in the public mind, and the expectation of a speedy end to the war may have suggested to him the policy of postponing till quiet times

[1] *Fulin*, p. xl. *Gloria*, pp. 117-119, 143. *Pasini, Questione*, p. 6. *Santalena, Treviso*, pp. 82-83, 102-110. *Marchesi*, pp. 186-187. *Castelli*, pp. 25-27.

the date of constitutional settlement with the mainland. In the Provinces, the delusion was general until the middle of April; as late as the 12th, the Provisional Government of Vicenza announced in a proclamation—'It is legitimate to suppose that in three days at most the enemy will evacuate Verona.'[1]

The moment this illusion was dispelled, the Provinces thought fit to complain because Venice had not already sent them a large army, ready to take the field. The Civic Guard of Venice was at that time a raw militia of shopkeepers and artisans, few of whom had ever before carried a musket. Nor were there officers to drill them, for it was only in the course of the summer that military men from the Neapolitan army arrived in Venice and took her levies in hand. In April Manin was a civilian trying with the help of other civilians to make in a few weeks an army that could face the veterans of Austria. No wonder he failed.

He was able to send to the committees on the mainland a few thousand muskets and ten cannon, besides swords and pistols.[2] This was very little, but even so it meant much to the Provinces,[3] and it was all he had to spare. He could not take away the cannon from the numerous forts of the lagoon,[4] and the Civic Guard, some of whose battalions now assumed the character of a field force, required all the muskets that remained. Twenty thousand more were ordered in France, and arrived in August, after many delays due to the difficulty of procuring ready money for payment.[5] It was indeed the opinion of a competent and friendly judge that too many infantry were kept locked up in the lagoon,

[1] *Treviso Broadsheets*, April 12.

[2] According to a list in *Misc. B.M.*, 1852, *e.* 7, only 4500 muskets in all, but some authorities put it at about 10,000.

[3] *Marescotti*, p. 6.

[4] That the forts were none too strong, even as against an attack from the sea, was the opinion of British officer visitors in May. *M.C.V.*, *Doc. Pat. Aggiunta*, ix. No. 10.

[5] *Radaelli*, p. 192.

sickening in its insalubrious island forts, and that more should have been sent to defend the Venetian plain.[1] This is very possible, but 5000 more Civic Guards straight from workshop and counter would not have saved Friuli in April.

The greatest disaster to Venice, after the loss of the Pola fleet, was the melting away of the only trained military force she possessed, the Italian-born soldiers of the late Austrian garrison. If these three to four thousand men had been kept together, they might have formed the nucleus of a real field army, round which the volunteers could more readily have been fashioned into steady troops. But the great majority of their officers had been Austrians, who had gone away under the capitulation, and there were no Italian officers at hand to take their place. The privates were mostly peasants with whom patriotism was less strong than an instinctive longing to get away home from the detested military life. Furthermore, they believed that if they were captured in battle they would be shot as deserters. Rightly or wrongly Manin judged that he had not the means of keeping them under discipline, and to prevent serious trouble he sent them to their homes. Since many of them rejoined the Venetian army in the course of the year, it should have been possible to keep at least some of them together from the first, and the fact that no one prevented a number of the disbanding troops from taking their muskets with them, is a measure of the military disorganization and incompetence in Venice during the first days of the revolution.[2]

The navy at least was not disbanded. Officers and men were for the most part Italians, or Dalmatians of the sea-tradition of Venice. Some of the officers had taken an active part in the revolution of March 22, while others were indifferent or time-serving. Unfortunately

[1] *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 79-80. See also *Marescotti*, pp. 3-4.

[2] *Ulloa*, i. p. 70, who defends Manin. *Rovani*, pp. 50-51, who attacks him. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, i. pp. 171-172. *Marchesi*, p. 137.

no man of talent and enterprise was put at the head of naval affairs, though whether Manin could by taking thought have found such a man for the post it is hard to say. There was a group of naval officers who held the authorities to blame for serious maladministration. They believed that if the right men had been promoted, and if the construction of the ships already building in the Arsenal had been pushed on with vigour, the navy could in the course of the year have matched itself successfully against the Pola-Trieste fleet, which had been grievously depleted of seamen by the revolution.[1] If Venice had commanded the Adriatic she could never have been reduced by blockade. As it was, many of the officers and crews degenerated through inaction, while others served the guns in the forts of the lagoon.[2]

In every item of military and naval preparation Manin was seriously hampered by lack of funds. The Provinces sent him nothing, and the lagoon had long ceased to be an emporium for the wealth of the East. In the last week of March he had prematurely consented to a remission of unpopular Austrian taxes, perhaps because he then thought that the war was over.[3] During the next year and a half he kept the State afloat mainly by a series of internal loans to which rich and poor contributed with laudable and untiring patriotism, although they knew that they stood to lose both principal and interest if the Austrians came back. Rich citizens sold their estates on the mainland, and the poor gave everything they had at the exhortation of Gavazzi and Ugo Bassi. Many State employees, from Manin downwards, refused to draw their pay. But although Venetian finance was a fine effort of patriotism and prevented a complete collapse, it provided little towards 'foreign mart for implements of war.'

[1] See p. 119 above.

[2] *Marchesi, 70 anni*, pp. 118-119, 223-227. *Errera*, p. 288. *Radaelli*, pp. 190, 203. *Militaer Schem.*, pp. 409-414.

[3] *Marchesi, 70 anni*, p. 117. *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 536, 560.

Manin was sometimes blamed in the retrospect for not having introduced conscription. It was beyond his power to have enforced it outside the lagoon, unless the Governments in each provincial capital took it in hand, and they saw no reason to do anything so unpopular. From first to last the supply of men outran the supply of competent officers, drill sergeants, arms, uniforms and money. There was no lack of young men of good will, but there was a sad lack of everything else that makes an army formidable, as the history of the Volunteer Bands was to show.[1]

'Bodies of young men have left Venice,' wrote Consul Dawkins to Palmerston on April 7, 'having previously received the benediction of the Patriarch, headed by priests and preceded by a banner bearing the cross, to join the crusade that is openly preached against the Austrians.'[2] Both in Lombardy and Venetia the volunteers that spring were called *Crociati*, Crusaders, in honour of Pio Nono, and wore a red cross on the breast as their only uniform. Indeed they resembled the army of Peter the Hermit more closely than that of Cœur de Lion. Some carried muskets, the rest newly-hammered pikes, old iron railings, halberds or swords from the antiquary's. They wore civilian clothes, sometimes indeed of a fanciful or 'mediæval' character, for Legnano and the Lombard League were in vogue among the students. Top hats were common, and Calabrian hats with large plumes were fashionable. The proportion of officers to privates was enormous; whoever had a horse called himself a captain, and often the most pushing rather than the best of the recruits obtained command, though some Professors from Padua turned into particularly good officers.

In April, 1848, all were equally ignorant of war. The volunteers came from the cities, and chiefly from the educated class whom the Austrians had been careful to

[1] See Ap. E below—*Finance and Conscription.*
[2] *Blue Book*, ii. p. 345.

prevent from receiving any training in arms. Enrolled amid scenes of wild enthusiasm in the *loggie* of the municipal buildings of Venice and Vicenza, Padua and Treviso, they had undergone no sifting process, and were, as was so often said, 'the flower and the dregs' of the youth of Italy. The University students proved the most courageous in battle but had no idea at all of military discipline.[1] Many of the future statesmen and warriors of Italy were in the ranks of the volunteers, side by side with gaol-birds. Idealists and common robbers, heroes and arrant cowards marched out together, wholly without training and almost without arms, against a regular army, recuperated from the fatigues of retreat and longing to wipe out in the open field the defeat it had suffered at the hands of civilians in the streets of Milan.[2]

At the end of the first week in April, a body of Crusaders from the chief cities of the Veneto, marched out of Vicenza on the Verona road. There was great excitement at their departure, for the opinion of the inhabitants and governors of Vicenza, as well as among the volunteers themselves, was that they would enter Verona with little opposition. The Napoleonic veteran, San Fermo of Padua, who commanded the expedition though he was too old and ill to sit his horse with comfort, did not share this belief, but he was compelled by the prevailing excitement to march in the direction of Verona. Some of the volunteers noticed peasants working in the fields who scowled at them as they passed, but in the larger villages, where life had some resemblance to that of the towns, they were received with open arms.

Meanwhile Radetzky, who now had collected over

[1] *Debrunner*, pp. 116-117.

[2] Garibaldi's volunteers at Rome in 1849 were on the average better than the *Crociati* of 1848 because they had many of them had experience of war, because scoundrels and cowards were less attracted to the national cause in the days of its eclipse, and because Garibaldi and the officers he brought with him from South America were past-masters in guerilla war. In 1860 he was able to pick his men from the whole nation; most of the Thousand had seen war in 1859, many of them in 1848-1849 also.

30,000 men in Verona, sent out five battalions and four squadrons, and six cannon to make a reconnaissance towards Vicenza and collect provisions. The two forces encountered where a spur of Alpine foot-hills projects on to the edge of the main road between the villages of Montebello and Sorio. Montebello was a mile behind the Italian line. Sorio, was the advanced right wing, occupied by the Paduan students.[1]

Before the battle began on April 8, San Fermo had already lost all confidence in his men and they in him, owing to a skirmish the evening before. Drenching rain had wetted the powder of the volunteers and damped their spirits. They resisted the first attacks of the Austrians with success. But, as the afternoon wore on, there right was turned by a flanking party going round over the hills to the north, while at the same time on the main road a panic seized the volunteers. San Fermo, giving the word *sauve qui peut*, drove off in his carriage to defend Vicenza. The Paduan students and the men of Schio, thus deserted, bore themselves well, retreated in order to Montebello and held it without being seriously attacked. The Austrians, after burning a number of houses, retired to Verona with all the Italian cannon, while the remnant of the Crusaders retired to Vicenza.

The combat of Montebello, or Sorio as it is sometimes called, had little military importance, but morally and politically it marked a stage. It was the first check to what was exuberant and unreal in the spirit of *quarantotto* in Venetia. It showed that the volunteers were very little use in the open field.[2] The disbandment

[1] See Map IV.

[2] This impression was confirmed by the contemporaneous defeat of the very similar expedition of undrilled and ill-equipped volunteers under Allemandi and Luciano Manara into the Tirol. Fresh from their victory in Milan streets, they expected to make an equally easy conquest of the Alpine mountains and were bitterly disappointed. If they had succeeded they would have cut Radetzky's communications through the Brenner and won the war. Their invasion caused the effective organization of the German-speaking Tirolese militia who thenceforth

after the battle had been general, and many of those Crusaders never returned to the ranks. General Alberto della Marmora, a Napoleonic veteran less incompetent than San Fermo, had been lent by the Piedmontese Government to the Republic of Venice, and Manin's Cabinet sent him on to Vicenza to retrieve the position. On April 16 he reported as follows: 'Do not deceive yourselves, gentlemen; this Venetian army exists only in name.' The situation was grave, because, though the Austrians had returned from the field of Montebello to Verona to resist the Piedmontese advance, far away to the east another army was crossing the Isonzo to reconquer the plains of Friuli.[1]

guarded the Austrian communications over the Brenner. *Trentino*, pp. 114-125. *Kriegschronik, passim*. *Schoenhals*, pp. 127-129, 136-140. *Fabris*, i. pp. 353-368.

[1] See Ap. F below—*Combat of Montebello.*

CHAPTER IX

APRIL, 1848. NUGENT'S RECONQUEST OF FRIULI. CHARLES ALBERT. THE ARMIES ON THE MINCIO. MANIN, FRANCE AND PIEDMONT. MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. DURANDO AND THE PAPAL ARMY. PIO NONO'S ALLOCUTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

L'Italia farà da se.

KING CHARLES ALBERT.

ON the banks of the Isonzo, where it sweeps round out of the Plava gorge into the plain of Aquileia, lies the city of Gorizia, amid vine-clad hills where lurks many an old Schloss and Villa. It had long been a pleasure resort for Austrian officers, active and retired, on account of its mild winter climate, in contrast to the pitiless *bora* that blows over Trieste from the naked rocks of the Carso. The half Italian Gorizia and Trieste, surrounded by Slav peasantry, were, even more than Verona, under Austrian influence. There the Imperialists rallied on the Venetian frontier, and formed the armies of reconquest.

Tommaseo's hopes of an understanding between Italians and Slavs were not to be fulfilled. Led by their *Ban* Jellačić, the Croats preferred to strengthen Austria, so that she could defend them against Kossuth's Hungary. The Croat soldiery poured into Gorizia, which the Venetians that spring nicknamed 'Coblentz,' in allusion to the armies and influences that gathered on the Rhine in 1792 to threaten revolutionary France; but the analogy was inexact, for there were no Italian *émigrés*.

In the middle of April, General Nugent, Master of the

Ordnance, a veteran of fifty-three years' service, much of it in the Veneto, advanced from Gorizia with 13,000 men, raised by reinforcement to 18,000 in the course of his march to Verona. Towards the end of May Lt. Marshal Welden followed from Gorizia with another army of 11,000.[1]

Nugent met with no field force to oppose him until he reached the Piave. After a skirmish at Visco with Zucchi's garrison of Palmanova, a blockade of that fortress was established. The main body of the invaders passed on to Udine, which surrendered on April 22 after a bombardment of three hours. There was the usual squabble among the patriots as to whether it could and should have resisted, whether or not the Archbishop and the moderates who signed the surrender had betrayed the cause. The truth is that the citizens, though patriotic, were not prepared to see their town burnt down, and that some of the soldiers, instead of defending Udine, had fled in panic, while others clamoured to go back to defend their own homes in the Trevisan. There were, however, fighting elements who refused to lay down their arms, and made off to the hills to join the gallant defenders of Osoppo, or Calvi in the valleys of Cadore.[2]

Meanwhile General Alberto della Marmora, with only a few hundred civilian volunteers, and no military staff whatsoever, had arrived on the banks of the Tagliamento. All that he could do there was to burn down, like many Generals before and after him, the wooden bridge, a mile long, that spans the shingle of the Alpine torrent bed and its few deep water-channels.[3] In this

[1] *Schoenhals*, pp. 172, 191. *Welden*, pp. 17-20. *Ellesmere*, pp. 92-95.

[2] *Arch. Frari*, busta 372, in which Luigi Duodo's *Relazione* is best on what happened in Udine on April 22. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 253-265, 384-388. *Ellesmere*, pp. 96-98. *Gazz. Ven.*, March 27. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.*, i. pp. 159-170, 301-325. *Marchesi*, pp. 159, 162, 171, note 88.

[3] This Codroipo bridge over the Tagliamento witnessed the culminating scenes of the retreat from Caporetto in 1917, when the Tagliamento was in raging flood a mile broad from bank to bank. A year later, during the equally rapid Italian advance, it was bone dry from shore to shore, which was fortunate as the bridge had of course been burnt.

way Nugent's advance from Codroipo to Pordenone was retarded for a few days; but as soon as the oxen had dragged up his pontoons he crossed the Tagliamento on the 27th, and marched on unresisted through Sacile and Conegliano till he reached the banks of the Piave at the Ponte Priula.[1]

All Friuli, except Palmanova fortress and the Osoppo rock, was in Austrian hands once more. In this outlying Province resistance had inevitably been slight. The regular troops had consisted of a few hundreds of half-hearted mutineers without officers, and most of the volunteers were concentrated west of the Piave, round their native cities, reorganizing after the blow dealt them at Montebello. There had, indeed, been a general belief that guerilla warfare would be waged against Nugent, on the model of the Spanish rising against Napoleon: every priest would preach, every peasant would offer his home to the flames and his breast to the bayonet before he let the stranger pass over the land. It was to be Mazzini's *lévée en masse*. But the people of Friuli were neither Mazzinians nor Spaniards. The cities had indeed risen, but Udine had not shown the rare desperation of Saragossa. The priests had not played the part assigned to them by patriotic imagination, and the peasants could hardly be induced by either side to serve even as spies. The rich and civilized plains of North Italy were less likely than the uplands of Sicily and Calabria to breed the savage kind of patriotism which had made the Spanish Sierras unsafe for the French invader.

And, finally, there was no leader. Manin was not a man of war and he could not leave the lagoon. Garibaldi was on mid-Atlantic, and even he might have failed to rouse unarmed Friuli to resistance. Della Marmora, whose only knowledge was of conscript armies and of regular war, utterly distrusted the few volunteers he had

[1] *Della Marmora*, pp. 10, 21-34, 196. *Ellesmere*, pp. 98-99. *Schoenhals*, p. 174.

to his hand, and issued no proclamations appealing to the people to rise.[1]

Behind the Piave, indeed, the Venetians were getting together a fair number of *Crociati*, including Papal subjects from the Romagna. But after Montebello no one any longer had confidence in volunteers without a stiffening of regulars. The cry for regular troops grew desperate in the last weeks of April: every one now realized that without them the *terra firma* would be lost. But Venetia had no regular troops of her own, and her neighbour Lombardy had none. Application must be made to Piedmont and to the Pope, who alone could supply the article required. And so Venetia, in her search for an army, was dragged headlong into the vortex of Italian parties, policies and persons whose contentions ended by ruining the national cause that year. Manin had hoped to keep outside the vortex, and when the war was over to 'federate' quietly with the other Italian States. But it was not to be.

The only regular army in Italy that could look the Austrians in the face on more or less equal terms belonged to the King of Piedmont. Charles Albert has been compared by no less authorities than Mazzini and Carducci, to the Prince of Denmark, on account of his long hesitations to act, his resolutions 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His subjects less poetically called him the *Re Tentenna* or 'King Shilly-Shally.' Hamlet, indeed, when once he got to work, had a dash and spirit lacking to poor Charles Albert, who would never have forged the commission, or leapt on board the lugger, or won the hearts of the pirates when he got there. The expansive and brilliant Dane was 'loved of the distracted multitude'; Charles Albert was self-centred, unpopular and solitary. Hamlet, though he could make Horatio

[1] *Fabris*, i. pp. 49-52. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, i. p. 356. *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, 855, 2683, 2854, 3184. *Borel Vaucher*, p. 49. *Marescotti*, p. 6. *Marchesi*, p. 202. *Calucci*, p. 325.

love him, could be stoically self-sufficient, and with all his tenderness was hard as granite at the core; Charles Albert, unable to disperse the mist that divided him from mankind, suffered intensely and morbidly from his isolation. He sought religious opiates, which in the political conditions of Piedmont only further confused his relations with the Liberal party, at war with the domination of the Jesuits.

Charles Albert, like Hamlet, had occupied an equivocal and unfortunate position as Crown Prince. It was not a murdered father but his murdered mother Italy over whom he brooded, thereby nearly forfeiting the succession. In 1821, as a very young man, he became involved in a Liberal conspiracy with other army officers, and extricated himself by action which was harshly but not unnaturally regarded as treachery to his friends and to the cause. A dozen years later, as King, he cruelly persecuted the Mazzinians, with whom in one half of his mind he agreed. Such memories would not leave his over-sensitive conscience at ease, and it was a case where clerical confessors were of little use. When he thought that he was shunned by both Liberals and reactionaries he was not wholly deceiving himself.

But underneath all his hesitations, broodings and pieties, he had one steady purpose in life, to strike a blow for Italy against the stranger. If he was a Liberal by fits and starts, he was an Italian all the time. His was no mean or personal ambition, for he had a mystical prognostication that he would be the martyr and the sacrifice. He was not the stuff that victors are made of. The traditional rôle of his family and of little Piedmont was to maintain, by skill in arms and diplomacy, a real independence of France and Austria. To this he added the modern vision of Italy, the suffering mother. Slowly, as the years of his sad reign went by, he learnt that Italian leadership could only be his if he broke with obscurantism and reaction and threw himself on the people and the constitutional forces of the new age.

When at last Pio Nono headed the Italian movement it seemed to him that all his contradictions were solved, that religion, Liberalism and patriotism were marching hand in hand towards the goal of his visions.[1]

It was characteristic that even then he waited till February, 1848, before granting the Constitution.[2] It mattered more that he waited three days too long before declaring war on Austria. When Milan rose, he should have marched at once, disregarding the diplomatic protests of Britain, which turned out to be a formality, for when he had marched, Palmerston himself wrote 'my own belief is he could not help doing so.'[3] By fearing to 'put it to the touch,' by waiting till the Milanese had driven Radetzky away for themselves, he forfeited his claim to their gratitude and confidence, and enabled the Austrians to escape to the Quadrilateral while his army toiled after them several days behind. By the end of March Italy's best military chance of all had been let slip, and Radetzky was safe behind the Mincio.

It is outside the scope of this volume to detail the series of battles fought between the regular armies of Piedmont and Austria. They took place between Mantua, Verona and the Lago di Garda, from the beginning of April to the end of July, 1848, and decided the fate of Italy for ten years. But an estimate of these rival forces on the Mincio is germane to the contemporary history of Venetia.

The Austrian army shut up in the Quadrilateral contained in April about 50,000 men, the losses by desertion and war wastage in March having topped 20,000. In the course of the summer, by junction with Nugent's army

[1] One of the best studies of the difficult psychology of Charles Albert is that of Ernesto Masi in the *Nuova Antologia*, 1890.

[2] See p. 75 above.

[3] *Palmerston*, p. 90. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 182, 184, 204, 351. It was France, not Piedmont, whom Palmerston really wanted to restrain from marching, in the interests of European peace.

from Gorizia and by reinforcements from over the Brenner, Radetzky's numbers were raised to something much more considerable. But at no time that year were there more than 95,000 Austrians in the whole of Italy.[1] The white-coats were strong in *esprit-de-corps* and in all the military virtues that discipline can give to a many-tongued host lacking the strictly patriotic motive.[2] After the arrival of Hess as Radetzky's Chief of Staff they were handled strategically by genius greatly superior to that of Charles Albert and his General Franzini.

The Piedmontese higher command was the weakest part of the army. Franzini was mediocre. The King was one of those fussy, nervous people who can neither assume command himself nor leave his delegates alone. The staff work of the whole army was deplorable. In old-fashioned Piedmont war had been studied, not as a modern science, but as a traditional calling. The lower the rank of the officer the better fitted he usually was for his functions. The men and their regimental officers, like the King himself, had magnificent personal courage. Man for man and regiment for regiment they repeatedly proved themselves superior to the enemy. The flame of patriotism burnt high among the plumed Bersaglieri and the shakoed line-regiments; even those nobles who despised the New Italy and all its ways made up in old-world loyalty to their King. The infantry manœuvred with an accuracy that did credit to their training. The artillery was better served than the Austrian. But the commissariat was shocking. The supply of food, equipment and lodgings was a disgrace to a regular army. Although the endurance of physical privation and discomfort was characteristic of the Italian soldier then as in later wars, the neglect of him was equally characteristic, and had fatal consequences on the result of the campaign.[3]

[1] *Schoenhals*, p. 125. *Fabris*, iii. p. 392. [2] See pp. 76-77 above.

[3] 'Several French Officers have gone to the headquarters of the Sardinian army, both since the suspension of hostilities and before. Their uniform report

When Charles Albert entered Lombardy he had 25,000 Piedmontese under arms. Before the end of July he had over 60,000, or counting the Lombards who fought with them, 77,000 men.[1] Mobilization was slow and the war had taken the authorities by surprise to a degree that reflects small credit on the foresight of the King and his Ministers in the early months of the *annus mirabilis*.

Lombardy added singularly little to the fighting forces of Piedmont. It was the fault of both sides. The Piedmontese King and his Generals feared the revolutionary enthusiasm and disbelieved in the volunteers, who, instead of being placed where the regulars could stiffen and teach them, were sent off on wild-goose chases of their own into Tirol and elsewhere. Ardent young patriots found the Piedmontese regimental officers more interested in card playing than in discussing the fate of Italy, and contemptuous of all politics except loyalty to the House of Savoy. In July the King declined the services of Garibaldi, newly landed from South America. The 'Provisional Government' of Lombardy, on its side, was inept to the last degree in all things concerning war. Its personnel represented the victory of the Moderates of Milan over the Republicans. That victory was essential to co-operation with the Piedmontese monarchy, but it kept in power at Milan a set of men with the 'want of executive coarseness' too often characteristic of Moderates. They, too, feared the volunteers as being potentially a Republican force, and allowed a vast reserve

has been that nothing could be finer than the materials of the army. The infantry was admirable, so was the artillery, and the cavalry good; nor did they find any fault with the regimental officers. The great defect was in the superior command and especially the commissariat. King Charles Albert had by way of conciliating the Lombards carried to excess the privations which he imposed on the troops rather than call for any sacrifice on the part of the peasants. As one instance, the French officers had seen the soldiers lying on the bare stones in the fortress of Peschiera, because they did not choose to cut the straw in the immediate neighbourhood. . . . Previous to their retreat the troops had had nothing whatever to eat for two days.' *Blue Book*, iii. pp. 548-549.

[1] *Fabris*, iii. pp. 386-387. This excludes Tuscans, Papalini and Venetians not under the immediate command of Charles Albert on the Mincio.

of enthusiasm to run into the sands unchannelled and unused. Even if energy and ability had been thrown into the work of organization, the lack of arms would have set a limit to the possible. In Lombardy, as in Venetia, the thousands of trained men who had deserted from the Austrian army were allowed to go back to their homes.[1]

The advance of Nugent on the Piave had two objects, to re-conquer the Venetian mainland and to join forces with Radetzky against Charles Albert. It was of high importance to the Piedmontese generals to prevent the junction of the two Austrian armies at Verona. The question for them as military men was whether they should detach a force of regulars to the Piave to help the volunteers in barring Nugent's path. But, as so often happened that year, politics became an element in the military problem.

General Franzini himself took up a political attitude towards the first agonized deputations from Venice and the cities of the Veneto, who came asking for help. They found the King sympathetic and non-committal, but his General told them roundly that nothing could be had for nothing, and that it was difficult for a monarchy to help a republic.[2] At the same time Piedmontese agents started an active campaign in the lagoon and on the mainland for the fusion of Venetia in a North-Italian kingdom. This propaganda and the putting up to sale of military assistance made Manin and his party very indignant. Even in his exile in Paris Manin could write: 'I thought, and I think still, that the propaganda for the annexation of the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces to Piedmont was the principal cause of the failure of the war of independence!'[3]

[1] *Tivaroni*, i. pp. 195-198, 205-207, 216. *Fabris*, i. pp. 64-69, 221-226; iii. 143, 188-202. *Schoenhals*, p. 122. *Ellesmere*, pp. 46, 121-122, 129. *Radaelli*, pp. 157-158, note.

[2] *Fulin*, p. xxix. *Brofferio*, i. p. 104. *Revel*, pp. 21-22.

[3] *P. de la F.*, ii. p. 422, June 20, 1853. *Errera*, pp. 484-485. Tommaseo on Ap. 13, 1848, wrote, 'I am more afraid of Charles Albert than of Austria, for

The Provisional Government of Lombardy proved itself on several occasions the very good friend of Venice.[1] But it was eager to persuade Manin to join the North-Italian kingdom, the more so since, if Venice joined, the new capital would be Milan, while so long as Venice kept aloof the capital would be Turin, and Lombardy would be a mere annexe of Piedmont.[2] Manin's 'separatism' may have been a mistake, but at least he was not standing in the way of the complete unity of Italy in one State. That was not practical politics in 1848. 'Fusion' only meant the fusion of Venetia in a North-Italian kingdom, which should after the war form one in a federation with Naples, Tuscany and the Papal States. Manin objected to this arrangement, preferring that Italian federation should take place with the Venetian Republic as one of the contracting parties.

Right or wrong, Manin had a case, as events proved. He judged Charles Albert's character hardly, and estimated his military power correctly. He believed that the Piedmontese army could not 'deliver the goods' for which its king asked so high a price, and that the man who now talked about 'Italy managing for herself' would before long be fain to give back Venetia to the Austrian, in order to secure Lombardy for Piedmont. By the beginning of June such was actually the secret policy of the King, while his agents were still demanding the 'fusion' of Venetia.[3]

Manin's grievance was that Charles Albert would rather surrender Venice to Austria than call in the aid of France. The King feared that the French Republic, if it sent its armies into Italy, would encourage the Republican movement in Lombardy and Venice, and demand the cession of Savoy and Nice. These dangers, which seemed grave to Charles Albert, did not terrify

Austria is going away and Charles Albert is coming' and is bringing the quarrel of Republican against Monarchist to disturb the political harmony of Venice. *Tom. e Cap.*, p. 635.

[1] *Pagani*, chap. xii. *passim*. [2] *Calucci*, pp. 335-336. [3] See Ap. G below.

Manin. He desired French intervention, and in this at least he had the support not only of Tommaseo but of Castelli and the 'Albertist' party in Venice, who advocated fusion with the rest of North Italy.[1] For the Venetians, unlike the Lombards and Piedmontese, were too far away from France to fear her supremacy, and too near Austria to have much confidence that Turin alone could save them from re-conquest. In the shadow of the Julian Alps, Charles Albert's *L'Italia farà da se* seemed a devout imagination.

It might have been difficult in any case to induce the pacific Lamartine to attack Austria, but at least he had gone so far as to form an 'Army of the Alps,' with a watching brief. Not only did Charles Albert refrain from inviting it to come to his aid, but his Minister in Paris pointedly asked why it had been formed.[2] Since Piedmont objected to French interference, it was useless for Manin to invoke it. Indeed he could get nothing but good words from Lamartine, who would not even follow Switzerland in giving formal recognition to the Republic of Venice, a step which would have been of great value to it morally and financially. Nor would he do anything but place obstacles in the way of Venice purchasing arms and ships in France.[3]

Manin, therefore, much against his will, could look for military help only from Piedmont. He would not himself become the advocate of fusion, but he told Charles Albert that the question would be freely decided by the elected Assembly of Venetia that was to meet in a few weeks. On that basis, on April 21, he sent Paleocapa on a mission to the Piedmontese camp, to reiterate his passionate prayer for a loan of regular troops for the Piave.[4]

Besides the Piedmontese, there was another army

[1] See Ap. G below. [2] *Blue Book*, ii. p. 266.

[3] *P. de la F.*, i. p. 169 note, 213. *La Forge*, ii. pp. 28-31. *Radaelli*, p. 192. *Tom. e Cap.*, ii. p. 700. *Vollo*, pp. 84-85.

[4] *Fulin*, pp. xxxi-xxxii. *Vollo*, pp. 85-86. *Errera*, pp. 446-448.

that might be used to stop Nugent's progress through the Veneto; the Pope's regular force of about 7000 men, half of them belonging to the fine Swiss regiments, was arriving on the banks of the Po while the Austrians were crossing the Isonzo. It was commanded by General Giovanni Durando, who had left the Piedmontese service early in life on account of his Liberal opinions and had fought in the civil wars of Spain. Following up at some distance behind the regulars was a large but less serviceable body, the *Crociati* of the Papal States, 'the flower and the dregs' of the youth of Central Italy, commanded by General Ferrari. The Venetians claimed the assistance of both these forces. Durando, eager to be of service, at once ordered Ferrari to take his volunteers to the Piave and certain regular troops with them; but they were still several days in the rear, gathering at Bologna. Much as he wished it, Durando could not himself march against Nugent with his Swiss, although they were ready on the Po, because the Minister of War in Rome had placed him under Charles Albert's orders; the best part of the Pope's regular forces were acting from Ostiglia as the advanced right wing to the Piedmontese army. On April 24 they aided some volunteer bands in repelling raids of the garrisons of Mantua and Legnago in the lower region between Adige, Mincio and Po.[1]

When Udine fell on April 22 and Nugent's advance on the Piave continued unresisted, heralded by reports of Austrian village-burning and other atrocities, a bitter outcry arose in the Veneto against Charles Albert for not releasing Durando and his Papalini to come to the rescue at once. The political as well as military necessity of this move was vigorously impressed upon the Piedmontese headquarters, not only by the Venetians themselves but by the Milanese and by Durando's confidential aide-de-camp, no less a person than Massimo

[1] This was the combat of Governolo in which young Nino Bixio and Mameli took part as volunteers.

D'Azeglio.[1] At that moment perhaps the most influential politician and writer in all Italy, D'Azeglio held what seemed the key position of believing equally sincerely in the Pope and the King of Piedmont as the twin pillars of Italian unity and freedom. An intimate personal friend both of Manin and of General Franzini, he bombarded the Piedmontese General with letters on Venetia's dire need of help. Monarchy and the Catholic Faith, Piedmont and the Pope, so he argued, must march hand in hand to save Venetia, which would then joyfully undergo fusion in the Kingdom of North Italy. Austria would be defeated, and Republicanism and anti-Clericalism would be bound in the silken chains of gratitude. Yielding to these arguments and to the obvious military necessities of the case, Franzini on April 24 authorized Durando in the King's name to carry the whole of his Swiss and Papal regulars to the Piave to resist the advance of Nugent. As soon as they arrived in Venetian territory, the Papalini drew their rations from Manin's Government, but remained under the orders of Charles Albert.[2]

The arrival of the Papal troops on the Piave almost coincided in time with the Pope's repudiation of his own share in the war against Austria, in the famous Allocution of April 29.[3] Thenceforth the position of combatants, whether regulars or volunteers, who owed temporal allegiance to the Pope, was that of subjects fighting abroad contrary to the wishes of their sovereign. Durando's

[1] See p. 52 above.

[2] *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 205-206. *Errera*, p. 482. *Pagani*, pp. 484-488, 491. *Fulin*, pp. xxxiv-xxxv. *Durando, Schi.*, pp. 5-7. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 274-284. *D'Azeglio, Doc.*, pp. 13-24. *D'Azeglio, Corr.*, pp. 35-38. *La Forge*, ii. pp. 58-72.

[3] The ruling sentences of the Allocution have been thus translated (*Blue Book*, ii. p. 425): 'We willed no other command to our troops sent to the confines of the Papal territories than that they should protect the integrity of the Papal States. But when now some desire that we likewise with the other people and sovereigns of Italy should undertake a war against the Germans, we have at length thought it our duty that, in this your solemn assembly, we clearly and openly declare that it is wholly abhorrent from our counsels.'

soldiers were filled with anxiety lest the Austrians should treat them as bandits. But Radetzky, fearing to alienate the Pope now that he had played the Austrian game so far, treated the Papalini well enough whenever any of them were captured.

But the effect of the Allocution was far more serious and more widely spread than the discouragement it caused in the small Papal army. All Italy was struck with confusion and dismay. The war was being waged by an alliance of the various States of the Peninsula with the Church in order to form a Federation of free Italian States under the Pope as President. The spirit behind this political programme was the spirit of Liberal Catholicism, then a great force in Italy, in France, and in all Europe. The Allocution struck at the root of this whole scheme of ideas.

Massimo D'Azeglio, who most completely represented the Moderate party in Italy in '48, wrote to a French friend that spring, 'Rome and the Catholic principle can alone occupy the place of keystone' for the new Italian edifice. 'Pius IX and Charles Albert can alone save Italy.' Yet the same man three years later wrote to the same friend that clerical reaction had rendered the Pope 'impossible' without foreign bayonets.[1]

The fact which D'Azeglio and so many of his countrymen overlooked in 1848 was that religion could not be the motive force in a national rising of one Catholic country against another—especially when that other was Austria, the favourite child of Rome. The analogies which they quoted of Greece against Turkey, Poland against Russia, Belgium against Holland, Ireland against England, were nothing to the point, for there Christians were revolting Moslems, Romanists against Orthodox, Catholics against Protestants. The case of Italy against Austria could not, like these, be based on religion. The principle of the Italian national movement could not

[1] *D'Azeglio, Corr.*, pp. 35, 73.

therefore be Catholicism—indeed owing to the question of the Temporal Power it more nearly became anti-Clericalism.

The Pope's declaration of neutrality in the war was forced upon him by his position as head of a world-wide religious organization. He could not afford to quarrel with the German Catholic peoples who were eager to retain their rich Lombardo-Venetian estate: on that issue they were blindly at one with the Government against whom they themselves were in rebellion.[1] Irritated by the Pope's Italian nationalism, the German Catholics might drift towards the position of *los von Rom.* It was no fault of Pio Nono that he found it impossible to give satisfaction at once as an Italian patriot and as head of the cosmopolitan Church of Rome. He had a perfect right to prefer his duties as Pope to his duties as an Italian. Only if he could no longer be an Italian patriot, he could not in the new age expect to be an Italian Prince. That was the point that he and his failed to see. The Temporal Power must go, if the Pope as temporal ruler could not throw in his lot with the new Italy on account of his spiritual position.

The Roman mob was not slow to grasp that important piece of logic, and in its first rage at the Allocution demanded either a vigorous war on Austria or the end of the Temporal Power. The position was an impossible one for the Pope's lay Ministers, holding office under the newly granted Constitution. Moderate men though they were, Pasolini and Minghetti were Italian patriots, and resigned the moment they grasped the meaning wrapped up in the tortuous Latin of the Allocution.[2] The Pope, frightened at its reception, published a few days later another document meant to qualify what he had done. The matter was tided over for the moment, because no one wished an open quarrel in the middle of

[1] Ponsonby wrote to Palmerston from Vienna on April 10: 'There continues to be a strong feeling in the masses against the Italians, and the insult offered the other night to the Nuncio is an evidence of it.' *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 342, 353.

[2] *Pasolini*, chap. vi.

a war against Austria. The Papal troops remained to fight on the Piave in a curiously equivocal position, and there was for some months no revolution in the Papal States. But in reality the doom had been pronounced of Italian Federalism, of Liberal Catholicism and ultimately of the Temporal Power.[1]

The quarrel between the Catholic world and the Italian national movement became a governing factor in religion and politics between 1848 and the end of the century. Traces of the feud could still be detected during the World War of our own day, but it is now apparently healed, to the advantage of both sides. The long contention between Italy and Catholicism was mainly, though not entirely, due to the Temporal Power. It was in defence of this heritage that Pio Nono, once the champion of Italian nationality, became for the rest of his life its principal enemy. The change in his mental outlook when he took refuge among the reactionaries had results of immense importance, not only to the political but to the religious life of the whole world.

We are now far enough away to see back across the 'seventies, the 'sixties and the 'fifties of the last century, and to behold the 'forties as they really were. So looking, we perceive what was forgotten in the fierce conflicts of Cavour and Garibaldi against the clerical reaction, that the Liberal Catholic movement had played a great part in popularizing the national cause. Pio Nono did in the first twenty-two months of his pontificate what he failed to undo in as many years—he made the national cause popular with great classes of men and women whom no radical or intellectual propaganda would have touched. His adhesion to the cause sanctified it to the peasant and made it respectable to the *bourgeois*. It is true that the peasantry in 1848, taken as a whole, were

[1] The Pope's Allocution had some analogies to the King of Prussia's refusal a year later to put himself at the head of the Liberal Federal movement in Germany. The two refusals together wrecked the European movement of 1848-1849.

half-hearted, but it was largely owing to Pio Nono that they were not actively hostile to Italy. The test of the strength of the national movement was this—that Pio Nono did not carry back with him into the reactionary camp those whom he had once led out.

CHAPTER X

THE PIAVE CAMPAIGN, MAY, 1848. FALL OF BELLUNO. BATTLE OF CORNUDA AND ITS RESULTS. THE CRISIS AT TREVISO. NUGENT'S ARMY JOINS RADETZKY. THE TWO FIRST BATTLES OF VICENZA

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;
The eagle with his black wing flouts
The breadth and beauty of your land.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune which is in God's hands,
By strength, which yet shall spring from you.

CLOUGH, *Peschiera*, 1849.

THE Piave campaign of May, 1848,[1] in its geographic problems of mountain, river and plain, recalls many circumstances of the war fought over the same ground from November, 1917, to November, 1918, though the number of those engaged in the earlier war was so much smaller and the result so different.

The rival armies on the opposite banks of the Piave at the beginning of May were not unequally matched in mere numbers, but the proportion of trained and veteran troops was much greater among the white-coats. Nugent, who was perpetually receiving reinforcements from the east, had perhaps 15,000 men at the beginning of the month, and certainly had not less than 18,000 before the end.[2] Durando led into the field 7,000 Papal regulars, half of them Swiss of first-rate quality, and about 8,000 Papal and Venetian volunteers. He kept the Swiss under

[1] See Map V. for this chapter.

[2] *Schoenhals*, pp. 172, 191. *Fabris*, ii. p. 332. *Welden*, p. 17. *Ellesmere*, p. 111.

his own immediate command, leaving a few of the regulars and most of the volunteers to the subordinate command of General Ferrari, and the rest of the volunteers to that of General Guidotti. Many of the *Crociati* still wore civilian clothes and carried pikes, but all were full of enthusiasm, and their reception by the populace as the deliverers of the Veneto had warmed their blood.[1]

Nugent's appointed task was to join forces with Radetzky in Verona, and so enable the Field Marshal to take the offensive on the Mincio against Charles Albert. On his way he might attack cities like Belluno or Treviso, but it ought only to be done if it helped to clear his way to Verona.

Durando, on the other hand, was distracted between two duties—the barring of Nugent's path to Verona, on which his commander-in-chief, Charles Albert, laid most stress, and the defence of the Veneto, and particularly of the Trevisan, regarded as no secondary object by the Venetian Governments and populations on whom he depended for money and supplies. The strange collection of units which he called his army was divided by personal and regional jealousies and political factions. The mutual distrust natural between volunteers and regulars was aggravated by the fact that many of the *Crociati* were ardent Republican politicians, who, since the Pope's Allocution, regarded Durando and his Swiss as possible tools of reaction, either Papal or Piedmontese.

In this atmosphere of suspicion, Durando was not free to act on purely military considerations in defence of the route to Verona without paying some regard to the defence of the Trevisan. If he had been free, he would have done well to concentrate nearly his whole force at some strategic point, probably at Quero or Bassano, whence he could have struck north into the vale of Feltre to block the mountain route to Verona, or south to block

[1] *Fabris*, ii. p. 314. *D'Azeglio, Relazione*, pp. 12-13. *Montecchi*, p. 19. *D'Azeglio, Doc.*, p. 34. *Durando, Schi.*, p. 14. *D'Azeglio, Corr.*, pp. 36-38.

the route across the plain. The supposed necessity of defending the Trevisan is his only excuse for scattering his inadequate force along the lower Piave, leaving unguarded the upper course of the river through the mountains of Belluno. He would not renounce the attempt to hold the line of the Piave, yet he failed to cover its whole length.

Nugent took prompt advantage of this mistake. When he reached the Piave near the point where it debouches from the Alps, he found his advance across the plain blocked by the destruction of the Ponte Priula and by the presence of Durando's troops at the foot of the Montello on the further bank. But the key of the northern route through the mountains had been left in his hands: Vittorio Veneto was his.[1] Thence he could traverse the low range of Alps to Belluno and cross the Piave there. From Belluno and the Vale of Feltre he could either debouch on the plain along the farther bank of the Piave, or proceed through the mountains of Primolano and Borgo to Trent and so enter Verona from the north, as it were by the back door.[2]

On May 3 to 5 his advance guard successfully crossed the mountains from Vittorio Veneto to Belluno. The local Civic Guard, without help from Durando, could only for a time hold the main pass at Fadalto and the Santa Croce Lake. Another Austrian column dropped on to Belluno from a foot-path over the higher mountains by way of St. Ubaldo and Trichiana. The provincial capital surrendered, and its stone bridge that spanned the Piave gorge fell intact into Nugent's hands. By the 7th of May

[1] The final victory of October-November, 1918, consisted strategically in the Italians re-crossing the Piave and seizing Vittorio Veneto (viz. the road from Conegliano to Belluno), thus cutting communications between the Austrian armies in the plain and the Austrian armies depending on the Brenner. Thus the importance of the route over the hills from Conegliano to Belluno was equally great in 1848 and in 1918. (Lord Cavan's army corps effected its passage of the river a few miles below the Ponte Priula.)

[2] He was precluded from going from Belluno to Verona by the still longer routes to north of Trent, because Calvi had raised the Cadore, Val d'Agordo and Val di Zoldo, and was holding the passes of that region. See Maps IV. and V.

he had brought the main part of his force across the hills to Belluno and Feltre.[1]

The Austrians had now substantially moved out of the plain, but Durando did not act as if he was aware of it, for he still occupied the lower Piave in force. Nugent, in possession of Belluno and Feltre, threatened either to advance on Verona by Trent, or to return to the plain by Primolano and Bassano, or as a third choice to return to the plain by Quero and Cornuda. He was thus able to play the game of a boy dodging behind a tree, threatening to come out now on this side, now on that. Such tactics are bewildering, and may easily succeed against an irresolute adversary.

Having lost Belluno, Durando would have done best to concentrate his force at Quero, ready to strike up the gorge into Feltre or down it into the plain, according as the enemy's next move might dictate. Unfortunately he still left the troops of Ferrari and Guidotti on the lower Piave; having only his Swiss at Quero, he dared not attack the Austrians now massing in the Vale of Feltre, and on May 7 he fell back to Bassano. Thence he intended to defend Primolano, which Nugent must pass through on the route either of Borgo-Trent or of Bassano-Vicenza.[2]

The retreat from Quero has been severely censured both by Austrian and Italian critics, but there was something to say even for the Bassano position if Durando had even then abandoned the line of the lower Piave and concentrated a formidable striking force at this new centre. But, again falling between two policies, he still left the forces of Ferrari and Guidotti straggling along the line of the lower Piave, with vague orders to Ferrari to prevent any Austrians debouching from Quero. Ferrari was negligent in taking steps for

[1] *Ulloa*, i. p. 186. *Ellesmere*, pp. 100-101. *Schoenhals*, pp. 175, 184. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 286-287. *Blue Book*, ii. p. 441. *D'Azeglio, Doc.*, pp. 147-148.

[2] *D'Azeglio, Rel.*, pp. 10-11. *Montecchi*, pp. 17-18, 100-101. *Schoenhals*, p. 184. *Ellesmere*, p. 107. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 289-293. *Borel-Vaucher*, p. 85.

this purpose. On May 8, Nugent's advance guard, under General Culoz, came down the Quero gap thus vacated, and re-entered the plain, this time on the same side of the river as the Italians. The Austrians proceeded to roll up Ferrari's volunteers in detail, driving them back southwards first to Onigo and thence to the wooded hills around Cornuda. There a stand was made on the evening of the 8th, behind a little brook called the Nassone.

The crisis had come. The mismanaged skirmish of twenty-four hours that ensued, called the battle of Cornuda, though it cost scarcely 200 casualties, sealed the fate of the Veneto, and perhaps of all Italy, by rendering possible the junction of Nugent with Radetzky. The field of battle was a tract of undulating ground, buried in chestnut groves, sprinkled with woodland farms and resounding to the song of nightingales. In that paradise, at the foot of the stark walls of Monte Grappa then accounted too high to be a cockpit for contending armies, Italy showed that she had not yet developed the cohesion, experience and discipline with which seventy years later she saved herself in that same region.

The fighting on the banks of the Nassone, which stopped during the night, was renewed on the morning of May 9 and went on till 5.30 that evening. The volunteers, most of them under fire for the first time in their lives, held their ground against an approximately equal number of Austrians. The most gallant episode of the day was the charge of a handful of Papal dragoons down the road that ran at right angles to the thickly wooded line of battle. Very few of the horsemen returned.[1]

The day was lost by the inability of the Italian Generals to concentrate their forces. Ferrari was too

[1] The Italian dragoons and the Swiss infantry were the best part of the Papal regular army. The native infantry had very tall shakoes, but were not regarded as very formidable troops.

slow in bringing up his reserves from Montebelluna. Another body only started from Treviso as the battle was coming to an end. Guidotti had been left with several thousand men wasting their time along the banks of the Piave. How much this failure to concentrate was Ferrari's fault, how much Durando's, became a subject of recrimination between rival politicians in the *cafés* of Italy for months and years to come. But the loudest blasts of controversy raged round the marches and counter-marches on that day of Durando himself and his faithful Swiss.

At four in the morning of May 9, Durando was aroused at Bassano by a message from Ferrari to the effect that the enemy had begun an attack on Cornuda the evening before. He started for the battlefield, a distance of fourteen miles by road. Some of his troops he sent to Cornuda by way of Casella; the rest he himself led by Crespagno, between the Asolo hills and Monte Grappa, so as to fall on the right rear of Nugent's attacking force. If he had made haste he could have been there by noon or soon after, and his trained Swiss coming up like the Prussians at Waterloo, should have won a victory which, in that day of small things, might have had its effect on the issue of the whole war.

Unfortunately, as he entered Rovo just short of Possagno, he was overtaken by an aide-de-camp from the upper Brenta: Colonel Casanova, whom he had left with a small force to guard the narrow passage at Primolano, sent him word that scouts had sighted several thousand Austrians with artillery advancing from Feltre by way of Arsié. Durando had received no information to satisfy his mind that the attack on Cornuda was Nugent's serious effort, or that the Italian defence there was in real peril. He had ridden all morning with one eye behind him. The news of the advance on Primolano at once convinced him that Cornuda was a feint, and that Nugent was really breaking out farther to the west. In that case Primolano was the key to Verona, and Casanvoa

had only a thousand men there and no guns. In an evil hour Durando turned back to save them, five miles from the real battlefield where his arrival would have brought victory.

On his way back to Bassano he met Casanova himself, riding hot with the news that the dreaded Austrian column, as it marched on Primolano, had been overtaken by an aide-de-camp, had turned round and was marching back to Feltre!

Durando had been duped, like many generals before and after him, by the boy dodging from side to side of the tree. Probably on May 8 Nugent himself had not known at which side he would eventually come out. But finding the resistance at Cornuda not very strong, he had chosen on the 9th to break through that way.[1] Meanwhile the demonstration at Primolano had served his turn admirably at Cornuda.

Durando, shortly before his fatal decision to turn back, had sent to Ferrari from Crespano a despatch of two words '*Vengo correndo*'—'I am coming at a double.' This Caesarean brevity, that cannot be reproduced in English, had tempted Ferrari to circulate the encouraging message among his troops. But when, as the afternoon wore on, no Swiss appeared either 'at a double' or otherwise, the discouragement was proportionately great, among volunteers who fought on their emotions rather than on habit or discipline.

The Austrians, raised by successive reinforcements to 6,000 men, turned the right of the Italian position in the hills by marching round through the cultivated plain along the banks of the Piave. They had already the night before secured the monastery height of Madonna della Rocca, that dominated the Italian left.[2] Shortly after five in the evening of May 9, Ferrari, fairly out-

[1] *Willisen*, p. 98.

[2] Ferrari had abandoned it, probably fearing lest its defenders should be cut off and made prisoners when the right wing was pushed back somewhat on the evening of the 8th.

numbered, ordered a retreat. It was effected in good order as far as Montebelluna, the Austrians not pressing hard. But in the course of the night march back to Treviso—whither Guidotti's bands as well as Ferrari's were now in full retreat—panic, mutiny and political faction spread through the undisciplined ranks. The failure of Durando to keep his promise was given a political interpretation that was certainly unjust. But the disappointed men, knowing that they had been ill led, believed that they had been betrayed. It was a sorry stream of disgruntled humanity that in the early hours of the morning poured in through the old Venetian gateway at Treviso.[1]

May 10 and 11 were days of danger and disgrace. The volunteers were out of all control. Many had disbanded and were making off, some to their homes, others to Venice where next week they were seen thronging the cafés and openly selling their muskets.[2] In Treviso itself the better men, including some of the best of the future Garibaldini, were angry and helpless, seeing no leader in whom they could trust. It was a golden opportunity for the bad elements, and it was generally admitted that volunteers from the Papal States contained 'convicts and men broken with every vice.'[3] On the 10th a band of them murdered in the open streets of Treviso three Italian travellers whom they took for spies, but who appear to have been at worst only Austrian sympathizers.[4] Except the case of Marinovich, this was the only political murder committed by Italians in Venetia

[1] *D'Azeglio, Rel.*, pp. 10-17; *Doc.*, pp. 33-34. *Durando, Schi.*, pp. 11-21. *Montecchi*, pp. 17-27, 106-110. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 291-313. *Errera*, pp. 482-483. *Schoenhals*, pp. 184-185. *Willisen*, pp. 95-98. *Ellesmere*, pp. 107-108. *Kunz*, p. 36. *Radaelli*, pp. 108-114. *Ravioli*, pp. 26-32. *Marescotti*, pp. 10-11. *Donzelli*, pp. 9-11. *D'Agostini*, pp. 82-87. *Ulloa*, i. pp. 173-175. *Borel-Vaucher*, pp. 77, 82-83. *Pinelli*, iii. pp. 395-397. *Santalena*, pp. 62-68 (including report of Austrian General Culoz).

[2] *Della Marmora*, p. 200.

[3] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, No. 2890.

[4] *Santalena, Treviso*, p. 123. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 499, 526-527. *Radaelli*, p. 171.

of which I have found record throughout the year and a half of revolution. Considering the frequent arson and robbery and occasional worse outrages by the Austrian troops, the Italians deserve credit on the score of humanity, especially in view of the imperfection of their civil and military discipline. The kind treatment of Austrian wounded was then, as in our own day, a marked feature of Italian warfare.[1]

On May 11 General Ferrari, hoping to restore the morale of the armed bands crowded into Treviso, led out a strong reconnaissance across the plain northwards. At Castrette they ran into the enemy, drawn up, with cannon unlimbered, along a road running at right angles to that in which the Italian column was imprisoned by the deep, broad ditches that flank the highways of the Venetian plain. A disaster took place. The Papal line regiment behaved worse than the volunteers, and the whole expedition fled back to Treviso. There the citizens, misled by rumours of a victory, were assembled by the old gate of S. Tommaso, now Porta Mazzini, to watch the victors and their prisoners file in. It was a very different sort of procession that they had to witness. The foe, it was clear, might be at the gates at any moment. The Civic Guard was called out to man the walls, but many of the elder citizens refused to risk their lives. Demoralization had reached its furthest point.[2]

That evening Ferrari left Treviso with a large part of his troops. Such were Durando's orders, and indeed it was the truest wisdom. There were more armed men in the city than were needed for its defence, and their very numbers made them more difficult to control. Besides, if Nugent was not to be allowed to walk into Verona at his pleasure, Durando must concentrate farther to the west, as he should have done long before.

[1] *D'Azeglio, Corr.*, p. 37.

[2] *Ravioli*, pp. 35-36. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 323-324. *Borel-Vaucher*, pp. 89-93. *Treviso, Broad Sheets*, proclamation May 15, bears out *Borel-Vaucher*, p. 93, *re* Civic Guard.

But to the excited imagination of the Trevisans and many of the volunteers, Ferrari's departure was another betrayal. As his men filed out of the southern gate they were hooted, and a cannon was fired from the walls at the tail of the retreating column.[1]

Left to themselves, the Trevisans and the 3,600 troops remaining as a garrison under Guidotti's orders, quickly recovered their tone. That night the better elements in the Civic Guard manned the northern walls and the redoubt in front of the S. Tommaso gate, and there, next day, May 12, they repulsed an attempt of Nugent to carry the city by a *coup-de-main*. The Austrian General had been tempted away from his goal at Verona by the apparently easy prize of the city of Treviso.[2] But it proved less easy than he hoped. A spirited sally was made from the Porta S. Tommaso, headed by forty Italian volunteers from Paris, and led by General Guidotti himself with Father Ugo Bassi riding by his side. Guidotti, a nobleman and an old soldier of Napoleon, had made up his mind to be killed to wipe out the disgrace of the last three days. The Austrians were driven away from the suburb. Guidotti was carried back into the city dead and Ugo Bassi severely wounded. It was a dramatic appeal to the better side of patriotism that so often succeeds with Italians. The Mayor Olivi had no more trouble either with his fellow-citizens or with the volunteers inside the walls, and if Nugent had renewed the assault he would probably have met with a gallant resistance. For several days he lay in front of the city without making any such attempt, but preparing for a more leisurely investment.[3]

At last Durando was doing the right thing. He had

[1] The scene took place at the Porta Altinia, now closed up. *Piva*, p. 60. *Rizzoli*, p. 862. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 324-325. *Errera*, p. 483. *D'Azeglio, Rel.*, pp. 18-19.

[2] *Schoenhals*, p. 186. *Ulloa*, i. p. 177.

[3] *Borel-Vaucher*, pp. 96-99. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 325-326. *Arch. Frari*, busta 372, *Antonini MSS. Lante*, docs. 5-6. *Ugo Bassi*, p. 75. *Ellesmere*, p. 110. *Marciana Misc. A.*, 1255, Olivi's broadsheet, June 1. *Treviso, Conv. Bailo.*

concentrated his forces at Piazzola behind the Brenta, whence he could throw them across the path of the Austrian army whenever it renewed its attempt to reach Verona. His own army had suffered both in numbers and morale as a result of Cornuda, but with luck it might yet serve to prevent the junction of Radetzky and Nugent. Unfortunately public opinion would not leave well alone. Not only was the Mayor Olivi bitter in his protests that Treviso had been 'deserted,' but Manin himself wrote to Durando upbraiding him, and imploring him to take his regulars back to save the patriot city. At the same time he actually ordered Ferrari to carry back his volunteers to Treviso, on the assumption that they were at the disposal of the Venetian Government rather than of Durando himself.[1] It was a false step. But Durando, dependent as he was on Manin for supplies, and with the opinion of the public and of the volunteers against him ever since his '*vengo correndo*' of Cornuda, had no choice but to yield. On the afternoon of May 14 he left Piazzola, reorganized his own and Ferrari's troops at Mestre, and on May 18 approached Treviso from the south. That evening the Austrians, at Radetzky's repeated and peremptory orders, broke up from before Treviso and marched off westward by Castelfranco, Cittadella and the Fontaniva bridge across the Brenta, along the straight road to Verona. It had been left open by Durando's last false move, for which indeed others were more to blame than he.[2]

The Austrians in the Veneto had passed under command of Lt. Marshal Count Thurn, Nugent being now on the sick list. As soon as they had crossed the Brenta they encountered the last obstacle on their way to Verona, the city of Vicenza, where the spirit of patriotism was more energetic and better led than anywhere else in the

[1] *Durando, Schi.*, p. 27, Manin's letter of May 14. For Olivi's appeals to Durando and Manin see *Treviso Broadsheets*, May, 13-18, and *Errera*, p. 486.

[2] *Willisen*, pp. 99-101. *Kunz*, p. 39. *Schoenhals*, pp. 186-187. *D'Azeglio, Relazione*, pp. 18-21. *Ulloa*, i. pp. 177-178. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 330-334. *Ellesmere*, pp. 110-111.

Venetian *terra firma*.[1] The citizens were prepared to resist. Durando, once he found that the enemy had broken up from before Treviso, had succeeded in sending a detachment of his volunteer troops by rail from Padua in time to join the Civic Guard of Vicenza in the action of May 20.

The white-coats attacked the suburb of Santa Lucia, attempting to force their way into the town by a *coup-de-main*. But the barricades and houses were vigorously defended, and a Croat battalion was repulsed with an admitted loss of about 100 men, the Italians losing only a few less.[2]

Thurn abandoned the hope of taking the city and hastened on to Verona. He made a circuit to the north of Vicenza at a distance of two or three miles out, in a difficult night march along by-lanes and across torrents; his troops drove off or slaughtered the cattle of the villages through which they passed.[3] Next day he rejoined the Verona highway on the other side of Vicenza at S. Lazzaro and Olmo. Meanwhile Durando with the main body of his force had reached Vicenza at midday on the 21st. He, too, had had to make an arduous night march, for the railway service had been interrupted, apparently by parties of Austrians.[4] If Durando had reached Vicenza with his whole army on the 20th instead of the 21st he could have occupied the villages to the north and prevented the difficult circuit made that night by Thurn. He had now missed his last chance of blocking the way to Verona. All he could do on the afternoon of the 21st was to harass the rear of the Austrian army at Olmo. In this action, where the volunteer General Antonini lost his arm, Manin and Tommaseo came under fire; they

[1] See p. 132 above. For Vicenza see Map VI.

[2] *D'Azeglio, Doc.*, p. 100. *Kunz*, p. 39. *Pimodan*, pp. 71-81. *Ellesmere*, pp. 111-112. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 334-336. *Ravioli*, p. 45. *Meneghello*, pp. 77-78. *Guardia Nazionale*, p. 18.

[3] *Pimodan*, p. 80, confirms *Vicenza Giornate*, p. 9, about the cattle. The villages on the night march were Monticello, Rettorgole, Maddalene and Ca Biron.

[4] *D'Azeglio, Relazione*, p. 22. *Durando, Schi.*, p. 100. *Fabris*, ii. p. 334.

had taken the last train out from Venice, to encourage the resistance at Vicenza and to endeavour to revive the rapidly waning enthusiasm of the *terra firma* for the mother city. Some hundred of the leading men in Vicenza signed an address to Manin cordially expressing their gratitude for his visit.[1]

The Austrians had won the Piave campaign—they had reached Verona. Radetzky now had 18,000 men added to his striking force against Charles Albert on the Mincio. A few battalions had been left behind by Nugent in the Belluno valley and in Udine, or before Palmanova and Osoppo, where they were soon joined by another army from Gorizia under Welden. It became Welden's task not only to secure and complete Nugent's conquests, but to overcome the stubborn resistance of Calvi in the mountains of Cadore.[2]

The essential defeat of Italian strategy by the junction of the Austrian armies of Verona and Gorizia was concealed from popular consciousness by the repulse of another attempt on Vicenza, which Radetzky compelled Thurn to make before allowing him actually to enter Verona. The old Marshal, closely confined in the Quadrilateral with increasing numbers, wanted a larger area for supplies and another pass to the interior of the Empire by way of Schio and Trent. The capture of Vicenza would supply both these needs. Probably for these reasons, he sent back Thurn and his 18,000 men from S. Bonifacio to take Vicenza from Durando's army.[3]

On the night of the 23rd to 24th of May, a little after midnight, the attack began by the capture of the suburb of San Felice and the bombardment of the city from the west. More than forty cannon were playing, and it was computed, perhaps with exaggeration, that three thousand

[1] *Ulloa*, i. p. 180 *Kunz*, p. 40. *Meneghello*, pp. 82-89. *Ellesmere*, p. 112. *Schoenhals*, p. 189. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 231-232. *Vollo*, p. 86. *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, 500. *Errera*, 277 note. *Fantoni, Il Braccio.*

[2] *Welden*, pp. 17-20. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 147-153.

[3] *Schoenhals*, p. 191. *Fabris*, ii. p. 339.

shells fell into Vicenza. But the houses in the city of Palladio are solidly built, and the gentle art of shell-making was still in its infancy; neither buildings nor people suffered anything serious. The town was in an uproar of enthusiasm. The bells in every tower rang the tocsin, the streets were illuminated as for a *festa*, the ladies leaned out of the windows cheering the men as they hurried to the gates. Nor had the more serious side of the defence been neglected. The banks of the Retrone torrent had been cut and the land to the north of the Berici hills flooded, so that the Austrians failed in their effort to attack those heights, the key to the city beneath them. Secure on that vantage ground near the Casa dei sette Venti, some cannon under the able Swiss artillery officer, Captain Lentulus, silenced enemy batteries near the railway station in the plain below. At dawn the Austrian infantry attacked the gates of Castello and S. Croce in the old town wall, but were repulsed. Before nine o'clock regulars and volunteers, sallying out from those gates, decided the fate of the day at the bayonet's point. The Austrians had lost several hundred men including prisoners. Thurn gathered up his army and returned to Verona. This time Radetzky allowed him to enter, thankful to have got him on any terms.

The repulse of the second attack on Vicenza shed a last gleam of joy and success over the Veneto before the dark days and years that followed. Durando and his Swiss were popular once more, and hope ran high. Nevertheless, the campaign on the Piave had been lost.[1]

[1] *Molon*, pp. 33-38. *Vicenza, Giornate*, pp. 10-16. *Meneghello*, pp. 90-111, 228 (Durando's report). *Kunz*, pp. 40-41. *Schoenhals*, p. 190. *Fabris*, ii. pp. 340-344. *D'Azeglio, Corr.*, pp. 39-40; *Doc.*, pp. 101-102, 186.

See Map VI. below.

CHAPTER XI

GENERAL PEPE. THE COUNTER REVOLUTION IN NAPLES. RECALL OF THE NEAPOLITAN ARMY. THIRD BATTLE OF VICENZA, JUNE 10, 1848. CAPITULATION OF DURANDO. FALL OF TREVISO AND PADUA. RADETZKY STOPS THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

> Immortal Mother of a mortal host!
> Thou suffering of the wounds that will not slay,
> Wounds that bring death but take not life away!
> Stand fast and hearken while thy victors boast:
> Hearken and loathe that music evermore.
>
> GEORGE MEREDITH, *France*, 1870.

THE revolution in Sicily had for the time achieved its purpose and expelled the Neapolitan garrison from the island, but the revolution in Naples had only resulted in a compromise of unstable equilibrium between an inexperienced Liberal Parliament and a secretly reactionary King. Ferdinand II's attitude towards the Constitution which he had signed resembled, quite consciously on his part, that described by Swinburne:

> Have we not fingers to write,
> Lips to swear at a need?
> Then, when danger decamps,
> Bury the word with the deed.

In Naples as in Rome the test question that spring was the military aid to be given or refused to the national war against Austria. Ferdinand was little inclined to help the King of Piedmont to increase his territory, all the less because Charles Albert would offer him no 'compensation' and would not even promise to help him in return to recover his Sicilian possessions.[1] But in

[1] *Paladino*, 1917, p. 728.

April it was necessary to make some show of obeying the will of Parliament and the popular enthusiasm of the hour. He must send Neapolitan troops to the north. It was, however, in his competence, as head of the executive and master of a weak-kneed Cabinet, to send the expedition late and to the wrong place. General Pepe, who was to be in command, would have had it sent to Venice by sea in time to stop the march of Nugent across the Veneto. But the King, taking advantage of a fever that kept Pepe in bed for a few days, vetoed a project only too likely to prove successful, and shipped the troops to Ancona whence they marched on foot to the Romagna. to await developments on the south bank of the Po.[1] Like the Pope, Ferdinand would not declare war on Austria or give orders for the troops to cross the river.

The Neapolitan troops were royalist in sympathy. Their traditions were those of a partisan police force, not those of a national army. They were the King's body-guard for repressive purposes at home. Ferdinand, whose personal *bonhommie* endeared him to members of his own party, was for ever attending drills and parades, discussing uniforms and peace manœuvres with the generals, talking familiarly with the rank and file, giving this soldier a pension, and that sergeant's wife a dowry to marry her daughter.[2] Except the artillery and engineers and some of the more intellectual of the officers, the army was devoted to the King whom the majority of his subjects detested. The soldiers received with sullen resentment the new general whom the King had been forced to set over them, Guglielmo Pepe, one of the oldest and most honoured of Italian exiles.

This man, who was destined to play the part of Commander-in-Chief in Manin's defence of Venice, was one whom in the retrospect it is difficult not to laugh at and impossible not to love. He was a survival from the romantic age. A Calabrian of good family, he had

[1] *Pepe*, i. pp. 144-145. See Map I. below.

[2] *Pepe*, i. pp. 134-139.

attached himself while still a boy to the idea of Italy a nation, at a time when that idea was even younger and seemed even more foolish than himself. At seventeen, as a lieutenant in the Italian volunteer Legion, he shared in the Marengo campaign. On that occasion he and his comrades re-entered their native land, sliding down the slopes of the Alps, now on their stomachs, now rolling over and over—their horses glissading behind them, sometimes to be buried and lost in the snow. When Buonaparte reviewed the Legion, he singled out Pepe:

'You are a Neapolitan.'

'How do you know that, Citizen Consul?'

'By your nose.'

And so, with much laughter, duelling and Gascon gaiety they had swept down into the Lombard plain. The long years of Pepe's youth were a series of adventures in European war and Italian conspiracy, a modern film drama of perpetual motion in and out of dungeons and palaces.

In the middle period of his life he had played a great part in the Neapolitan revolution of 1820-1821, as Carbonaro chief and leader of the Calabrian militia. His life-long regret was the failure of his plot to arrest the King of Naples, the Emperor of Austria and Metternich all together at a review. An old soldier of Napoleon would hesitate as little to carry off a Kaiser as to deport a Pope. And now in his old age he was still the same simple-minded, warm-hearted patriot, the same vain, fearless boy that he had been when he came rolling down the snow slopes into Italy forty-eight years before. His whitening hair was crowned by a cocked hat with an enormous white feather, and he still dragged clanking at his heels a sabre of the size that had been fashionable when the world was young in the days of Joachim Murat, *fils d'aubergiste* and King of Naples.[1]

[1] *Pepe*, and *Pepe Memoirs*, *passim*. *Flagg*, ii. p. 340.

General Pepe

Although Pepe's first act on taking command of the Neapolitan expeditionary force was to abolish flogging, the Royalist rank and file grumbled even at that,[1] and cursed his continual proclamations full of reminiscences of Marengo and Murat, and talk about Italy as their fatherland. They were in ill humour at being sent north to fight Austrians, as they had been recruited to stay at home and shoot Liberals. However, by the middle of May some 14,000 of them had arrived in the Romagna. It was Pepe's object to get them across the Po, and the King's to prevent their passage of the river. For they were at any rate well drilled troops, and their interference might easily decide the balanced issue of the campaign between the Piave and the Mincio.

At this most critical moment of the war against Austria, the counter-revolution took place in Naples. The Papal Allocution had rallied the priesthood of the Neapolitan mainland to the reaction. At the beginning of May, the blood of S. Januarius would only liquefy under strong pressure from the *bourgeois* National Guard. The priests of the capital stirred up the *lazzaroni* to march under the white flag against the free thinkers, and the terrible cry of *Viv' o Rre* in the streets of Naples, ever the presage of massacre of the professional classes, sent a thrill down the spines of the Liberals in the Parliament House. In many country districts agrarian communist risings succeeded in turning popular sentiment against the landlords who were the backbone of the constitutional movement.

In the capital the Parliamentarian party was ill led when the reaction began; one section did nothing, while another raised a futile revolt with barricades, easily suppressed by the regular troops and *lazzaroni*, who enjoyed an orgy of destruction and massacre.[2]

The events of May 15 left Ferdinand master once

[1] *Pepe*, i. p. 156.

[2] *Settembrini*, i. pp. 282-302. *Nisco*, ii. pp. 176-187. *King*, i. pp. 238-240.

more in his mainland dominions. The Parliament and the National Guard were dissolved. Now that one half of his army had given him victory at home, the only kind of victory he coveted, he hastened to recall the other half from the front. The unwelcome order reached Pepe at Bologna on May 22. He resigned his command to General Statella, telling him to lead the army back to Naples, while he himself went on to Venice as a simple volunteer. But the people of Bologna, when they realized that the Neapolitan troops were preparing to march out by the wrong gate, rose in anger at the betrayal of the Italian cause. When Pepe saw the hot-blooded city once more in tumult under its old arcades, the contagion of revolt seized him and he determined to lead the Neapolitan soldiers to war against Austria, in spite of their own wishes and in defiance of the orders of their Government.

Pepe resumed command and instructed the regiments scattered between Ferrara and Bologna to turn north again and cross the Po. But his original acceptance of the King's orders had destroyed whatever chance his plan of bold disobedience might have had. After several days of confusion, with orders and counter-orders, mutinies and counter-mutinies, the city populations of Romagna working on one side and the Pope's Cardinal Legates on the other, the bulk of the army insisted on returning to Naples. But Pepe succeeded in carrying across the river to Rovigo on June 10 two battalions of Neapolitan volunteers who still had the King's nominal leave to go forward, a battalion of regular infantry, a few officers and sergeants who had deserted from other regiments, a battery of guns and a fine corps of sappers. Not all even of this remnant were enthusiastic patriots, for physical force had been used on both sides to compel unwilling comrades to join in the retreat or the advance. But Pepe's remnant contained a number of first rate officers, particularly of the artillery and engineers, the pick of Neapolitan soldier Liberalism, destined to supply the

civilian defenders of Venice with the military experience and training they so sorely needed.[1]

It was indeed only to defend Venice that the Neapolitans could any longer be of use. It was already too late to save the mainland. On June 10, while Pepe was crossing the Po, the decisive blow had fallen at the third battle of Vicenza.

When the army that Nugent had led across Friuli arrived safely in Verona, the whole Italian campaign was contracted into one set of operations. Thenceforth, Radetzky stood with a considerable striking force in the middle of the two Italian armies, Durando's at Vicenza and the Piedmontese on the Mincio.[2] The general who stands between two adversaries can strike down first one and then the other with the bulk of his own force, if he is more active than they and obtains better information. On the other hand, he may be caught between two fires, like Napoleon at Waterloo. That fate would probably have overtaken the Austrian army, if Hess and Franzini had changed places, if the former had been Charles Albert's military adviser, and the latter had been Radetzky's chief-of-staff.

Franzini's despatches during the last half of May show a want of grasp and decision. He was perpetually changing his mind on the all-important point whether or not to withdraw Durando to the Mincio, and abandon the Veneto in order to secure a junction of military forces. He was further deceived in his expectation of aid from the Neapolitan army, on which he had counted to fill the gap. The crisis, when it came, found the Papal army still in Vicenza, waiting there to be cut off from its base of Padua and Venice, as soon as Radetzky could amuse Charles Albert for a few days and so gain time to attend to Durando.[3]

[1] *Paladino*, 1919, pp. 135-157. *Ulloa*, i. pp. 217-222, 253-258. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 74-83. *Pagani*, p. 502. *Pepe*, i. pp. 163-198, 228.

[2] See inset of Map I.

[3] *Fabris*, iii. pp. 127-131. *Durando, Carteggio, Rass. Naz.*, vol. xlvii. pp. 292-305.

This in the end was exactly what occurred. But the first effort of the Austrians was made against Charles Albert himself, Durando's immobility being taken for granted. In the last days of May Radetzky crossed the Mincio and tried to roll up the Piedmontese army on the west bank, starting from Mantua northwards. He was repulsed at Goito, retired into Mantua in pouring rain, and in the first days of June re-crossed the Mincio, having lost some three thousand men by wounds, sickness and desertion. At the same time the fortress at Peschiera surrendered to Charles Albert, and another students' and workmen's revolution in Vienna seemed to threaten Radetzky's army with complete isolation from further material or moral reinforcement. The expectation of victory rose high in the Italian camp, and if the Neapolitans had crossed the Po, or if the Piedmontese had had a good general, the national hopes might well have been realized.[1]

But Radetzky's army was by no means retreating across the Alps, as many in Venice and Vicenza believed. In one sense it was not retreating at all. Hess had conceived the brilliant idea of turning defeat to victory by marching away from Charles Albert, who was as yet too strong for them, to fall with full weight upon Durando. That general remained inactive in Vicenza, while the main Austrian army under its redoubtable leaders moved round by the south between him and Padua, hopelessly cutting off his retreat. The Piedmontese headquarters sent him no warning of Radetzky's movements till the Marshal was already upon him, and even at the last moment ordered him to remain where he was to protect Vicenza, out of consideration for its inhabitants.[2] The

[1] The repulse at Goito was, by Austrian confession, largely due to the steady valour of the Tuscan volunteers at Curtatone, which must be borne in mind in calculating the value of the volunteers in 1848. The volunteers were that year at their best when they were allowed to fight as a part of the Piedmontese army. *Ellesmere*, pp. 129-133. *Radetzky, Biog. Skizze*, pp. 367-368. *Schoenhals*, pp. 196-205. See Map IV.

[2] *Durando, Schi.*, pp. 43-44. The despatch, dated June 7, reached Durando on June 10, the day of the Austrian attack.

populace and the statesmen of Venetia thought of the war too much in terms of the protection afforded to their cities. They would have raised a terrible outcry if Durando had retreated from Vicenza to Padua in time to save his army. The sacrifice of Vicenza would have been denounced as a worse political crime than his 'desertion' of Treviso a few weeks before, and a large part of the volunteers under Durando's command might have actively resented the order to abandon the most patriotic city in the Veneto.[1] The Italian armies, in short, were wanting in unity of command and in the necessary subordination of political to military considerations.

Since Durando was to stay and bear the shock in Vicenza, victory could only be secured if Charles Albert followed close on Radetzky's heels, or else seized the opportunity of his absence to attack Verona. But the unfortunate monarch was engaged in singing *Te Deums* for his recent success, and in conducting minor operations on the heights of Rivoli. Until June 7, at earliest, the King and his advisers supposed that Radetzky had re-entered Verona, because he had ostentatiously sent thither a part of his force. When at last they were convinced that he had gone to Vicenza, they began in a leisurely manner to think about attacking Verona, flattering themselves with a story that Durando had said he could hold out for five or six days, though he had really named three or four as an outside figure. In fact his resistance came to an end less than twenty-four hours after the first shot was fired against him; he had never really supposed that he would have to deal with the main Austrian army.[2]

But it was Radetzky in person who was coming to Vicenza with 30,000 men and 124 cannon. Durando had 11,000 men and 36 cannon.[3] Half of this force were

[1] *Ulloa*, i. p. 247.

[2] *Schoenhals*, p. 208. *Ufficiale Piemontese*, pp. 75-79. *Radetzky*, *Studie*, p. 19. *Durando*, *Carteggio*, *Rass. Naz.*, vol. xlviii. p. 306. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 91-92, 133. *Durando*, *Sforza*, *N.A.V.* *Durando*, *Scki.*, pp. 31-36.

[3] *Schoenhals*, p. 213. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 89, 98. *Ravioli*, p. 98.

regulars, including the Papal Swiss. The volunteers, too, were more to be trusted than the undisciplined *Crociati* of April; misfortune had weeded out the baser elements from their ranks, and two months in the field had hardened them and taught them much. The spirit of the army and of the inhabitants of Vicenza was high on the morning of June 10, for they had twice already repulsed an Austrian attack on the city, and they did not realize how great the odds were to be this time.

Radetzky, whose object was not only to take Vicenza but to cut off the escape of Durando's army, had gone a long way round and was approaching from the south and east. Half his brigades were to attack the suburbs on the Treviso and Padua roads, along which lay Durando's line of retreat. But the main assault was to be directed to the capture of the Berici hills which overhung the city on the south. General Culoz was to advance along the crest of that narrow range. In close touch with him, in the plain below, the columns of Generals Clam and Wohlgemuth advanced up the two banks of the Bacchiglione, to seize the southern gates of Vicenza known as Monte and Lupia, thereby cutting off the defenders of the Berici hills and forcing them to retreat into the town.[1]

Durando disposed his slender stock of men and guns as best he could to repel this plan of attack. Santa Lucia and the other eastern suburbs were barricaded and were entrusted to Civic Guard, volunteers and a stiffening of Swiss regulars. All the attacks made on that side of the town were successfully repulsed. But most of the Swiss and the pick of the volunteers were placed on the Berici crest itself, and in the villas Rotonda and Valmarana at its foot to guard the approaches to the Monte Gate.

The Berici crest, along the top of which a country road winds to Vicenza, is at some places so narrow as to

[1] See Map VI.

PALLADIO'S VILLA ROTONDA, OUTSIDE VICENZA

THE SANTUARIO, MADONNA DEL MONTE, ABOVE VICENZA

be little broader than the road itself. On both sides the ground falls away steeply into the plain several hundred feet below, yet not so steeply but that rows of mulberries wreathed together by vines are able to flourish on its terraced declivity. The inner ravines are densely wooded. But here and there the crest broadens out into a considerable acreage, and it was the business of the Italians and Swiss to hold these hill platforms, while the Austrians forced their way along the sides of the difficult scarp below, or tried to rush the bottle-neck passages on the crest.

A wooden fort had been erected by the Italians on the top of a mound called Bella Vista, which stood between two of these bottle-necks. It was a commanding position, but it was too far from Vicenza not to be easily turned and was therefore only to be held as an outpost. The real resistance would be made in the fine eighteenth century Villa Guiccioli and its wooded grounds, that commanded the bottle-neck lying between itself and the Bella Vista.[1] If the Guiccioli grounds and the Rotonda and Valmarana below them could be held, all would be well. But a final position, in case of need, would be the Santuario or Madonna del Monte, the great church and monastery immediately overhanging Vicenza. The road drops steeply from the sanctuary to the Monte gate of the town, and alongside it for half a mile runs the eighteenth-century portico or covered way.

At dawn on June 10, destined to be a broiling summer day, Culoz began operations by clearing the Italian outposts from S. Margherita. His batteries and his infantry then assailed the Bella Vista and before seven o'clock its defenders retired, leaving the wooden fort in flames.[2] The Austrians had successfully passed

[1] The Bella Vista is marked in some maps Bella Guardia. The Villa Guiccioli is marked in some maps as Ambellicopoli and in others again Baricoccoli. The latter is a popular corruption of Ambellicopoli, the name of the Greek merchant who built the villa, a friend of the last Doge, Ludovico Manin. All this ground is just the same to-day (1923).

[2] It is now (1923) a bare hill-top surrounded by brushwood.

the first bottle-neck. Shortly after this, Radetzky ordered Culoz to pause in his operations, while the rest of the Austrian army moved round to its distant battle posts to east and north. At about two in the afternoon a simultaneous attack, supported by over 100 cannon, was begun all round the town, from the Berici Hills to the Santa Lucia suburb.

For a long while the grounds at the Villa Guiccioli were held by the Swiss and Italians; the Austrians found progress under fire very difficult on the precipitous sides of the hill, and impossible on the exposed bottle-neck of the crest. The first real Austrian success was won down below, where Palladio's elegant Rotonda was stormed after bombardment; the University volunteers defending the place had no cannon.[1] They retired up a small hill to the Villa Valmarana, containing some of the finest Tiepolo frescoes in all Italy, where, with the volunteers from Schio and Faenza, they defended its wooded grounds with spirit against overwhelming numbers. Finally Clam captured the Valmarana, while Wohlgemuth's brigade on the other side of the Bacchilione made parallel progress. The heads of the two columns arrived at the Monte gate and began to fight their way along the railway cutting to the Porta Lupia. The flank and rear of the defenders of the Berici hills had been turned.

Meanwhile the fight on the crest had come to a crisis. The Swiss made a gallant but unwise attempt to recover the Bella Vista by a charge across the bottleneck, with the result that they were mowed down by the hidden batteries and chased back into the Guiccioli grounds by pursuers who entered with them, while the cannon could not fire for fear of hitting the Swiss. The Villa Guiccioli fell. The two Colonels, Cialdini and Massimo d'Azeglio

[1] The repairs were done so well that I doubt whether the many Italians and British who visited the Rotonda in 1918 when it was the B.R.C. Headquarters in that region, ever suspected that it had been subjected to bombardment seventy years before. But one great flight of outside steps was blown away and much other damage done.

who had been in command of the position, were both borne away severely wounded. Durando himself came up to encourage the defence of the last position at the Santuario of Madonna del Monte. The battle raged round and through the great church, men shooting and bayoneting each other amid the altars. According to the Austrians, the Servite fathers joined in the defence at the sanctuary; several of them perished, and next day, when the fighting was all over, the enraged and ignorant Croats cut into thirty-two pieces the great Paul Veronese in the refectory—the Banquet of San Gregorio.[1] In art-loving Vienna, the press exposed the scandal and Austria did what she could to repair the damage. In those days there were still limits to the vandalism of war.

By this time the infantry of Clam and Wohlgemuth were coming up the long arcades of the portico to cut off the retreat of the last defenders on the hill top. There was nothing for the remaining Swiss and Italians to do but to make their way down into the city while there was yet time.

It had been a gallant defence. The Swiss had, as ever, 'followed their mercenary calling' like heroes. But neither the Austrian regulars nor Italian volunteers ever showed to better advantage in 1848 than on that day. The Emperor Francis Joseph erected behind the Madonna del Monte a monument in gratitude to the soldiers who had fought so well 'to preserve the integrity of the Austrian Empire.' The monument remains, but Emperor and Empire are no more.

As soon as the last defenders of the hill had been driven down into the city, Durando ordered the white flag to be hoisted on the slender campanile that rises from the Piazza de' Signori high above the roofs of Vicenza. But the citizens, though they knew that more than a hundred cannon were being dragged into position on the heights overlooking their town and in the plain

[1] For the truth about this incident see *Rumor, Santuario*, pp. 326-331, more reliable in its interpretation than *Fantoni Risorg.*

around it, clamoured to continue the fight. Shots were fired from the Piazza at the white flag till it was replaced by the red flag of defiance. The Vicenza Committee of Defence remonstrated angrily against all thought of capitulation.

The attitude was not unbecoming in the men of Vicenza, who had most to lose by a continuation of the conflict. But it was Durando's duty to consider how best he could save his army for future service. It had lost in killed and wounded about one man in six. A resumption of hostilities would mean its complete destruction, for the town could by no possibility be held. He must either capitulate or else he must march out by the northern gate; south and east were blocked. But he was certain that, if he marched out in the direction away from his base, his tired troops, mostly volunteers of indifferent discipline, would be cut off and captured by an enemy three times their number, especially as Radetzky had 3,000 cavalry on the spot and he had practically none. On the other hand, he might obtain good terms by treaty though he was far from sanguine on the point.

About midnight Durando sent out an officer named Albèri to the Austrian camp. D'Aspre[1] gave him a cordial welcome, praised the valour of the defenders and offered them a free passage to Padua with arms in their hands. This seemed too good to be true, and indeed, when Albèri came back, just before dawn, to get Radetzky's ratification of the *terms*, he was met by Hess, who swept D'Aspre aside and claimed a promise from all the Papal troops that they would never again fight against Austria. Albèri refused, and finally a compromise was reached. The Papal troops were to march out with the honours of war, on condition of not bearing arms against Austria for three months. Massimo D'Azeglio, who was having his thigh dressed in hospital at the moment, declared two months later that the Austrians

[1] See p. 133 above.

might have insisted on complete surrender and that the terms of the capitulation were a compliment to the Pope—Austria's deferred pay for the Allocution. But Radetzky had strong reasons of a purely military character to disengage himself from Durando's army as quickly as possible, for fear of a sudden spurt of energy on the part of Charles Albert. And if the Papalini were out of the way for three months he would settle accounts with Piedmont before they could again take the field. Some of Durando's troops actually returned in September to take part in the defence of Venice. But the Papal Swiss were never again in arms against Austria.

And so on June 11, Durando's army defiled out of the town by the Porta Monte. The Austrian officers who had come to watch, laughed at the irregular appearance of the volunteers, which was increased by the number of refugee families escaping with them from the fallen city. Vicenza had seen its last day of liberty for eighteen years to come.[1]

On June 13, three days after the battle of Vicenza, Charles Albert at length assembled his forces in front of Villa Franca for an attack on Verona. Its well-known walls and towers rose clear before the eyes of the Piedmontese outposts, only three miles away. Hope ran high, for it was believed that Radetzky was still at grips with Durando, and that in his absence the lair of the Austrian power in Italy might be stormed. But as men waited for the signal to attack, a rumour spread like a blight through the army that Vicenza had fallen, that Durando had capitulated, and that the victors had returned to Verona in force. *'C'est trop tard, Sire!'* Franzini was obliged to say. With bitterness beyond all speech, the gallant army turned back within sight of the goal.[2]

[1] See Ap. H below, *The Third Battle of Vicenza*, for the authorities for my narrative.

[2] *Fabris*, iii. pp. 134-144. *Ufficiale Piemontese*, p. 79. *Della Marmora, Carlo*, p. 328. *Radetzky, Studie*, p. 19.

The immediate effect of Durando's capitulation was the reconquest of the whole Venetian *terra firma*. Welden, in command of the second of the armies from Gorizia [1] co-operated with a small force under D'Aspre to reduce Treviso and Padua. Padua, in obedience to orders from the Government of Venice,[2] was not defended. In spite of the anger of the Paduans, who had no wish to surrender their city without a blow, Pepe and his Neapolitans, together with about 4,000 Venetian and other volunteers, the true garrison of Venice, retired into the lagoon. If they had stayed they would have been lost for future service. That fate befell three or four thousand other volunteers who insisted on defending Treviso in spite of orders to retreat to Venice. After a short bombardment they were reduced, on June 14, to capitulate on the same terms as Durando had obtained at Vicenza.

D'Aspre and Welden treated the inhabitants of the reconquered cities with leniency and respect. The Municipal authorities, though again subjected to Austria, were permitted to function, and even to employ the Civic Guard as the town police. The truth was that, until Piedmont was beaten, the Austrians could only afford to leave small garrisons in the cities, while at Vienna there was still talk of constitutional Government for the Italian Provinces. It was only after the defeat of Charles Albert that reaction had full leave, and the era of military oppression began in earnest.

Although the army of occupation was very thinly scattered over large areas, such was the Austrian prestige after Vicenza that an officer in the Imperial uniform could safely travel alone from the Adige to the Isonzo. On June 24 Zucchi capitulated at Palmanova. Calvi and his mountain militia had at length been overcome in

[1] See p. 152 above.

[2] Armandi's despatch of June 12 (given in *Fatti di Padova*, p. 12, and *Pagani*, pp. 508-509) was apparently unknown to *Ulloa* (i. p. 259) and *Fabris* (iii. 159).

Cadore. The rock of Osoppo held out till October, but otherwise, by midsummer day, 1848, Venetian freedom was confined to the lagoon, where it was destined to maintain itself for another fourteen months.[1]

Since the middle of May the Emperor's Court had been held at Innsbruck, whither he had gone to put himself beyond the range of the students and workmen of Vienna. North of the Alps the first half of June was the moment of greatest danger for the Imperial Power, and the more liberal of the Austrian statesmen seized the opportunity to try to save the ship by lightening its cargo. They yielded at length to the constant solicitations of Palmerston, who was sincerely anxious to put an end to Austrian despotism in Italy, provided it could be done without a French invasion. In the middle of June the Austrian Government approached Charles Albert and the Lombard Committee with a proposal for peace, on the basis of Austria surrendering all Italy west of the Adige and granting Home Rule to Venetia.

Both the Milanese patriots and the King of Piedmont were embarrassed by the offer, because for two months past they had been urging the Venetians to 'fuse' in the new Kingdom of North Italy. They had indeed actually persuaded the inhabitants of the *terra firma*, just before Austria reconquered them, to vote the fusion by a plebiscite; and even in the lagoon a party daily increasing in strength was pressing Manin to follow suit. With what face, then, could the Piedmontese and Lombards, after suing Venetia so hotly to join her fortunes to their own, agree to purchase security for themselves by handing her back to the Austrians by a new treaty of Campo-Formio? The Milanese Committee, composed of high-minded, if not always wise, men, refused the suggestion as dishonourable, and on June 17 charged their representative, Antonio Beretta, to inform Charles Albert of

[1] *Padova*, pp. 39-49. *Fatti di Padova*, pp. 1-14. *Ulloa*, i. pp. 259-261, 270; ii. p. 95. *Pepe*, i. p. 231. *Welden*, p. 25. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 159-162. *Radetzky, Biog. Skizze*, p. 369.

their decision. The King, who secretly longed for peace on these terms,[1] replied with caution that the generous attitude taken up by Milan was worthy of the city which had expelled the Austrians in the immortal 'five days'; but in dismissing Beretta, he invited him to see the Piedmontese generals, whom he would find in the antechamber. These gentlemen told the envoy with military directness that the terms ought to be accepted, because, since the capitulation of Durando and the defection of Naples and the Pope, Piedmont was bearing the whole burden of the war, and would not be able much longer to resist Radetzky's arms.[2]

Meanwhile the Emperor's Ministers had ordered Radetzky to negotiate an armistice, as a preliminary to negotiations for peace on this basis. The old soldier, who believed that he and his army were the only sure prop of the throne, and that the Liberal Ministers were traitors in disguise, was guilty of an act of military disobedience for which his name was idolized by successive generations of Austrian military men. He refused to propose an armistice, and sent Prince Schwarzenberg, still suffering from a wound received at Goito, straight from the camp to Innsbruck, to remonstrate there with the Emperor and to promise him complete victory. Almost on the same day, Marshal Windischgrätz, by taking Prague from the Bohemian rebels, began the reaction north of the Alps, and greatly encouraged the Court at Innsbruck to trust to the men of the sword. Schwarzenberg's expostulations were successful, and the Italian negotiations were broken off before the end of June.[3]

Thenceforth compromise was banished from the

[1] See Ap. G below, for his letter of June 7, written before the battle of Vicenza.

[2] *Venosta*, pp. 122-124. *Pagani*, p. 441. A somewhat similar deputation, described in *Blue Book*, ii. p. 516, had taken place more than three weeks earlier.

[3] *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 532, 589-590, 596-598, 618, 623. *Pagani*, pp. 439-442. *Luzio, Radetzky*, pp. 6-7, 31. *Radetzky, Biog. Skizze.*, p. 369. *Hübner*, p. 471. *Schoenhals*, pp. 225-226.

thoughts of Austrian statesmen for years to come. The unity of the Empire was preserved by force, not by constitutions or Home Rule, or by listening to the voice of Hungary and Bohemia. The alliance with reactionary Russia, a natural corollary of this decision, next year put an end to any remaining chance of real progress resulting from 1848 in Austria-Hungary. After 1866, under the teaching of disaster, the path of constitutionalism and Home Rule was again trodden in an age too late. But always the spirit and tradition of Radetzky was present in the background, urging the masters of Vienna to solve their problems as they had solved them in the brave days of old. In July, 1914, as in June, 1848, Austria stood once more at the parting of the ways.

> Heard are the Voices,
> Heard are the Sages,
> The Worlds and the Ages:
> Choose well; your choice is
> Brief, and yet endless!

True to the memory of her grand old soldier, she chose the sword once more, and by the sword she perished.

CHAPTER XII

VENICE AFTER THE LOSS OF THE MAINLAND. FUSION WITH PIEDMONT VOTED, JULY 4. RETIREMENT OF MANIN. CUSTOZA AND THE ARMISTICE OF SALASCO. THE REPUBLIC OF S. MARK RESTORED, AUG. 11, 1848. MANIN'S SECOND GOVERNMENT. THE WINTER IN VENICE. FRANCE, ENGLAND AND AUSTRIA. CAVEDALIS, PEPE AND THE NEAPOLITAN OFFICERS. THE SORTIE OF MESTRE, OCT., 1848. THE SECOND VENETIAN ASSEMBLY, MARCH, 1849. NOVARA. 'RESISTANCE AT EVERY COST'

At the beginning of the revolution I said to Toffoli, who was boasting of my popularity, 'This people which now cries *Viva Manin* will soon be crying *Morte a Manin*.' And this I said in the full belief that it must be so. I was wrong. The survival of my popularity to the very last has astonished me, moved me and saddened me. Manin's Notes, *P. de la F.*, ii. p. 418.

ALTHOUGH the capitulation of Durando at Vicenza and the fall of Treviso and Padua gave back the whole Venetian *terra firma* to the Austrians by the middle of June, the war was not yet lost. For another month and a half the Piedmontese were still facing Radetzky on the Mincio. On the land side the lagoon was blockaded by an Austrian army, but at sea the Piedmontese and Venetian fleets rode outside the harbour of Trieste, blockading the Austrian squadron.[1] They did not attack, partly on account of British shipping in the port and a British fleet at anchor outside. Diplomatic pressure was brought at Turin by Great Britain and by the German Confederation to deprecate any interruption of the commerce or any injury to the city of Trieste; no advantage was therefore

[1] For a few weeks the Neapolitan fleet had acted with the Piedmontese and Venetian, till withdrawn in consequence of the counter-revolution in Naples. (See pp. 185-186 above.)

taken of the brief period during which the Italian squadron was mistress of the Adriatic.[1]

During these weeks of midsummer the question of 'fusion' with the rest of North Italy came up for decision in Venice. The proposal was more favourably regarded than in April, for the city now stood dangerously alone. Her mainland provinces, after breaking away from her to join the Kingdom of Lombardy and Piedmont, had been reconquered by Austria. The Neapolitan army had been withdrawn from the war. The Roman army had capitulated. France, whom Venice desired to call in, was every week less likely to interfere. Piedmont alone held the field against Austria. And though the Venetians were sore with Charles Albert and the Milanese for having balked the appeal for French aid, they could not but be grateful for the recent refusal of Milan to negotiate for her own liberties at the price of surrendering Venice by a new Campo-Formio. And in that refusal Charles Albert had at least acquiesced.[2] The Provisional Government of Milan was engaged in raising a loan for Venice, and took every opportunity of displaying a generous friendship towards her ancient rival.[3]

For all these reasons, but mainly to secure the help of the Piedmontese forces, opinion in the lagoon was moving round towards 'fusion' with the Kingdom of North Italy. Manin, though opposed to fusion, had pledged himself to Charles Albert to leave the choice to a freely-elected Assembly; the *terra firma* could no longer be consulted, but the election was held in June for the more restricted area of the lagoon and city.[4] It was

[1] *Blue Book*, *passim*, e.g., ii. pp. 529-533, 536-540, 604, 621-622; iii. p. 1. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 167-175. *Della Marmora*, pp. 269-270. *Radaelli*, pp. 151-152. *Le Masson*, pp. 103-107. *Ufficiale Piedmontese*, pp. 135-136.

[2] See p. 198 above.]

[3] *Pagani*, pp. 516-520.

[4] During the period of the preparations for the election General Alberto della Marmora, a devoted servant of Charles Albert, wrote to his sister from Venice: 'La noblesse, les négociants et la marine militaire sont pour l'union et la fusion; la république a pour elle quelques avocats ambitieux et la canaille. . . . Je n'approuve pas qu'on ait posé en ce moment ces questions qui lèvent du Roi tout

quietly conducted, and no pressure was put on the voters. Manin discouraged noisy demonstrations by his own followers. On June 3, as he sat at dinner in his house at San Paternian,[1] a crowd of workmen from the Arsenal came into the square below and cheered for the Republic and its President, only to be dismissed with a curt rebuke as a 'handful of noisy fellows. The sovereignty of the people resides in the Assembly of deputies which it is going to elect, and nowhere else. I see among you strong young men. Go and enlist, and and fight for liberty instead of shouting for it.'[2]

Party strife in Venice was a tame affair beside the factions of Monarchists and Republicans in Milan, for in Venice the question was one of expediency, not of principle. Even leaders of the Fusionist party, like Castelli, confessed that they were still in their hearts attached to the Republic of S. Mark, but were sadly convinced that only by giving themselves to Charles Albert could they hope to escape reconquest by Austria.[3] On that issue they were opposed to Manin, but they had more respect and affection for his person than was felt by some of his fellow-Republicans who, like Tommaseo and the small Mazzinian group, could not reconcile themselves to his dictatorship.

On July 4 the newly-elected Assembly, sitting in the Doges' Palace, decided the question of fusion with Piedmont. At the end of the debate Manin went up into the tribune to speak the last word. He had known for some days past that fusion was inevitable—the Civic Guard had petitioned for it, and there was a decided majority in the Chamber. He determined that since the change which he so much regretted must come, it ought to be accepted by all.

le chevaleresque de son entrée en campagne." *Della Marmora*, p. 202. Many of the best soldiers were in favour of fusion with Piedmont as the best chance of getting a capable regular army. *Galateo*, p. 795.

[1] He seems to have dined—possibly also slept—at his own house, but he worked in the Governor's palace, in the Nuove Procuratie on the Piazza.

[2] *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 255-259. *Calucci*, p. 377.

[3] See Castelli's letter of June 15, *Calucci*, p. 437.

'I am going to ask a great sacrifice,' he said, 'and I ask it of my own party, the generous Republican party The enemy is at our gates, counting on our divisions. Let us give him the lie. Let us forget all parties to-day. Let us show that to-day we are neither Royalists nor Republicans but that we are all Citizens. To the Republicans I say—The future is for us. All that has been done or is being done is provisional. The decision belongs to the Italian Diet at Rome.'

As he returned to his seat a gust of enthusiasm swept over the Chamber. Castelli and the Fusionist chiefs rushed across to embrace him. Venice was voted into the kingdom of Charles Albert by 127 votes to 6.

Some of the Republicans, including Tommaseo, considered that Manin had betrayed them, while the Monarchists of Piedmont and Lombardy objected on their side to his declaration that everything now done was 'provisional.' But his speech had accomplished its purpose of preserving unity of spirit in the population of the lagoon. Next day, on the ballot for the new Ministers, Manin received seventy votes, Paleocapa forty-two and Castelli nine. But Manin refused to resume office, on the ground that he must make some sacrifice to his Republican faith. He retired from public life, and a few days later a spectacled private of the Civic Guard, doing sentry-go on the Piazzetta, was recognized as the ex-President of the late Republic.[1]

For a month Venice was governed by an interim Ministry of Castelli and Paleocapa, whose business it was to hand everything over to Charles Albert as King. While this operation was proceeding, by a bitter irony the great disaster took place on the Mincio. Defeated at Custoza on July 23-25, owing to bad generalship and commissariat, the Piedmontese army rolled back to Milan and thence home across the Ticino, during the very days

[1] *Tommaseo*, iii. p. 321. *Rovani*, pp. 68-74. *Autodifesa di Manin*, pp. 9-12. *L'Avvenire d'Italia* (Milanese journal), article of July 13, 1848. For the debates in the Assembly see *Raccolta*, ii. and *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 289-315. *Errera*, pp. 74-81.

when Piedmontese authority was being established in the lagoon. On August 5 Charles Albert lost Milan; two days later he was officially proclaimed sovereign of Venice.

The Royal Government, which lasted in the lagoon exactly five days, August 7-11, 1848, consisted of three Commissioners named by Charles Albert—General the Marchese Colli and Conte Cibrario, representing the best type of Piedmontese public servant, and the Venetian statesman Castelli. Seldom have public men been put into so false a position. The news of the Piedmontese defeats had already made it clear that Venice had given away her independence for nothing. Not even the presence of 3,000 Piedmontese soldiers, whom the King had sent, could make any difference. The lower orders, grieved at Manin's retirement and never enthusiastic for 'fusion,' had watched the ceremonies of the change of government in ominous silence. When it was rumoured that Milan had fallen, they only required a lead to rise in revolt, and the lead was soon given.

The *Circolo Italiano* or Italian Club, had been organized by a group of Mazzinian Republicans, most of them not Venetians at all, and more inclined than true Venetians to political agitation and conspiracy. In alliance with Tommaseo, the Club had denounced Castelli for 'Austrian' methods of despotism, because in the last days of Manin's Government he had suppressed the *Stafetta* newspapers for a brutal libel on Charles Albert.[1] The agitators now saw in the Piedmontese defeats the opportunity for overthrowing the Royal Commissioners and establishing a Democratic Republic fashioned after their own ideals. It should be less conservative and less provincial than Manin's Republic of S. Mark, and should hold up the Mazzinian banner of *Dio e Popolo* as a rallying-point for all Republican Italy.

Manin stood apart and waited. He did not like the

[1] See under *La stafetta del Popolo* in Bibliography, Pt. III., below. Also *Marchesi*, pp. 259 and 517. *Castelli*, pp. 51-52, and *Fatti e Parole* newspaper for July.

Club, its aims or its methods. Its members had been and were again to be the principal opponents of his dictatorship, which they found at once too autocratic and too moderate. But for the present they were heading a movement against the new Piedmontese Government, which he could not prevent and by which he could not fail to profit. He had no understanding with them, but the situation was such that they could not help playing into his hands. For it was certain that when they had pulled down Colli, Cibrario and Castelli, all Venice would cry aloud for Manin to restore harmony and order.[1]

Meanwhile he did nothing to embarrass the three unfortunate Commissioners. He contented himself with going on August 9 to Cibrario and asking him whether in case the King was unable to defend Venice his Commissioners would feel bound to hand the city over to Austria. When the Piedmontese Count replied that he and Colli would be torn in pieces first, the ex-Dictator declared himself satisfied, and returned to the privacy of San Paternian.[2]

Venice got the news from Lombardy but slowly, and was long in realizing the full extent of the military disaster.[3] At length, in the course of August 11, the truth became known that, two days before, General Salasco had signed an armistice with Radetzky, by which Charles Albert undertook to withdraw his naval and military forces from Venice, as the necessary price of saving Piedmont from enemy occupation. It was only towards nightfall that the Royal Commissioners themselves came to believe in the certainty of the armistice; even then they had heard nothing from Charles Albert. The thought of surrendering Venice to the Austrians never entered their minds, but until they received official orders the two Piedmontese Commissioners declared that they could not resign their posts; Castelli, on the other hand,

[1] *Rovani*, pp. 79-83. *Marchesi*, pp. 270-271.

[2] Cibrario's narrative in Fulin, pp. xciii-xciv, and *P. de la F.*, i. p. 356.

[3] See the Venetian newspapers, e.g., *Sior Antonio Roba*, Aug. 11-12.

knew Venice well enough to see that only immediate retirement in favour of Manin could avert a violent revolution. He was already in friendly communication with the ex-President and had warned him to be ready to act that night.

By nine in the evening the Piazza was thronged by an angry mob shouting, 'Tell us the news!' The Commissioners came to the window of the Nuove Procuratie where the Austrian Governor and Manin had stood before them, and bit by bit confessed to the crowd the truth of the situation so far as they themselves understood it. Meanwhile the members of the Italian Club stormed the staircase, broke into the room and made the Commissioners captive, demanding their instant resignation with threats and outcries, while the Venetians in the Piazza outside shouted themselves hoarse against the traitor Charles Albert. At the head of those who had seized Colli and Cibrario was the Lombard ex-priest Sirtori, a dozen years later one of the sanest political advisers and coolest military lieutenants of Garibaldi,[1] but at this time of his life one of the most hot-headed Republicans in Venice.

As the two Piedmontese Commissioners were not the men to be bullied by a mob into deserting their post without orders, and as the mob was getting more angry every minute, Col. Cavedalis had almost made up his mind to call in the troops whom he was holding in readiness in their barracks, when to his immense relief Manin arrived in the nick of time as the *deus ex machinâ*. Warned by Castelli, he had been waiting in the neighbourhood of the Piazza, and now made his way into the room where Sirtori and his fellow-enthusiasts were shouting their discordant concert into the ears of the Commissioners.

Castelli seized Manin by the hand and led him to the balcony. His appearance at once appeased the mob, and he was soon able to announce that Colli and Cibrario,

[1] See *Trevelyan's Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 187.

without formally resigning, had promised to desist from all further acts of government. 'The day after to-morrow,' Manin declared, 'the Deputies will meet and elect a new Government. For the next forty-eight hours *I govern.*' At the words '*governo io*' the whole Piazza set up a roar of delight. Manin bade them all go to their homes, and bade the Civic Guard muster in its sections and march out over the bridge to the defence of Fort Malghera, against which the enemy batteries had opened fire the day before. By thus recalling to men's minds the active presence of the enemy on the farther shore of the lagoon, Manin extinguished the spirit of internal faction; in a few minutes the Piazza was as empty and silent under the stars as the waters that surrounded Venice.[1]

While the last demonstrators were filing out of the square, Manin sat down and began constructing his new Ministry and dictating his new policy. Before midnight he had already written a letter to Bastide, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, praying for the military intervention of France, and had sent for Tommaseo to ask him to go to Paris to represent the restored Republic of Venice. Fetched by Manin's friend, Casarini, Tommaseo came grumbling, repeating to all who chose to hear, 'I am not coming to make myself a footstool (*sgabello*) for any man's ambition.' But as he entered the room Manin embraced him cordially, and he was soon persuaded to accept the important mission to Paris, where the last hope of Venice was now conceived to lie.[2]

On August 13 the Assembly met and ratified by 103 votes to 9 the Dictatorship which Manin had assumed

[1] For the events of August 11 see *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, ii. pp. 65-75. *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, Nos. 1627, 1633, 3816. *M.C.V.*, *Cicogna MS.*, *Diario*, p. 83. *Fulin*, pp. xci.-c. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 341-360 and 367-369. *Marchesi*, pp. 263-277. *Assedio*, pp. 33-38. *Castelli*, pp. 65-66. *Rovani*, pp. 81-83. *Flagg*, ii. pp. 101-104. *Errera*, pp. 95-107. *Peverelli*, ii. pp. 278-279. *Ulloa*, ii. p. 132 *re* Malghera.

[2] *P. de la F.*, i. p. 343. *Manin MSS.*, No. 3816, Casarini's narrative. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, ii. p. 71.

at the moment of public peril. At his own request two colleagues of naval and military experience were associated with him, Admiral Graziani and Colonel Cavedalis. But the so-called 'Triumvirate' was a Dictatorship of one man based on the popular affection and confidence.

Manin had supplanted Castelli in the government of the State, yet his relations with Castelli and his friends were warmer than with Tommaseo and the Club. The very day after the revolution of August 11 Castelli wrote most affectionately of the action and policy of '*nostro Manin*,' and a week later Manin wrote of '*l'amico Castelli.*' In the Assembly on August 13 they had each spoken up for the other, and the Dictator of the restored Republic mollified the fallen party by announcing that all political arrangements were provisional, and that the Government was purely one of defence. When the war was over, he declared, the Assembly must meet again to decide whether or not it wished to be fused with any other State in Italy.[1]

Manin was less uncompromisingly Republican than when he had proclaimed the Republic in March. The five days of Royal Government by the House of Savoy had been a great *fiasco*, but it had also been a great fact. It remained in the minds of men as another milestone on the road of Italian unity, and the day was coming when Manin in exile would pronounce in favour of the union of Venice with the rest of Italy under the Monarchy of Charles Albert's son. Meanwhile all parties supported the Republic of S. Mark, the only possible form of Government after the armistice of General Salasco. So long as Austria was strong enough to compel the House of Savoy to renounce all its ambitions east of the Ticino, the monarchical party in Venice remained in a state of suspended animation.

The brave resolves taken on the Piazza on August 11 and in the Assembly on August 13, 1848, were desperate

[1] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, Nos. 1627 and 1633. *De Giorgi*, pp. 26-27. *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 366-373.

counsels, for the expectation of French aid, on which Manin bade his countrymen rely, was a hope too like despair. Few indeed foresaw that the lagoon would hold out in isolation for another twelve months, and that the Republic of S. Mark would survive every other revolutionary Government in the Peninsula. Such perseverance on the part of a city long thought of as degenerate aroused the admiration not only of Italy but of Europe. Resistance could not have been so long protracted by the physical features of the lagoon without courage and unanimity in its population, freely submitting themselves to Manin's guidance. It argues high moral qualities in rulers and ruled that order was maintained and confidence in the Government prolonged for more than a year after the chance of ultimate success had passed away, and that thousands should have been willing to sacrifice their property and their lives for a cause already lost. The stones of Venice were the same as in 1797, and her shoals and tides afforded her no better protection than of old, but a new spirit had been breathed into her men.

It was not until the following spring that strict siege operations were begun against Venice. During the autumn and winter of 1848, she suffered only an intermittent blockade. At the end of August Lt. Marshal Welden, with a third of his 21,000 soldiers sick in hospital, could but indifferently maintain the land blockade, stretching round from the mouth of the Piave to the mouth of the Brenta; fortunately for him, the defenders were reduced in at least equal proportion by the fever that raged in the insalubrious forts of the lagoon.[1] At sea the Piedmontese warships were slow to withdraw in accordance with the terms of Salasco's armistice, and even when they had gone the Austrian squadron was very weak. A maritime blockade of Venice was, however, established after a fashion at the *porti* of the Lido.

During all that autumn and winter England and

[1] *Welden*, pp. 41-43. *Della Marmora*, p. 219. *Flagg*, ii. p. 118.

France continued to demand in vain that operations should cease by sea and land while the future state of Italy was decided at a Conference of the Great Powers. Manin found that there was no relaxation in the enemy's activity. For while Austria amused France and England by a show of negotiations on the future status of North Italy, she had no longer, after the reconquest of Milan, the smallest intention of granting any real concessions either to Venetia or to Lombardy. Palmerston, inspired by genuine good will to the Italians, still hoped to obtain independence for the Lombards and Home Rule for the Venetians. He did not yet realize that since the defeat of the Piedmontese army nothing could secure such a settlement, except the French invasion of North Italy, which it was his prime object to avert. That was the fatal self-contradiction in England's well-meaning policy for 1848. Meanwhile all Tommaseo's efforts at Paris to stir up intervention won him nothing more substantial than a personal *succès d'estime*. He gained also some insight into the new President Louis Napoleon's deep sympathy for Italy, as well as his want of power under the Constitution to give effect to his personal wishes in the matter.

If until the following spring Austria was unable to lay close siege to Venice, or to tell Palmerston plainly to mind his own business, it was not due to any fear of action by England or France, but was owing to grave events in Hungary and Vienna.[1]

In the first week of October a second Viennese revolt, a second flight of the Emperor from Schönbrunn, and the outbreak of regular war between Hungary and Austria, cut off for many months all reinforcements to the army in Italy. Indeed the situation north of the Alps became such that if Radetzky had not had his foot firmly replanted

[1] *Blue Book*, *passim*. *Bianchi*, v. pp. 375-377. *Palmerston*, i. pp. 107-109 and *passim*. *Martin*, ii. pp. 1-3. *Errera*, pp. 121-123, 129-189. *M.C.V.*, *Manin*, Nos. 2198, 2401-2416, corresp. of Manin with Tommaseo in Paris. *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 62-64, 71-72, interviews with Louis Napoleon.

on the neck of Lombardy, the Empire must have fallen to pieces or made terms with its component nationalities. It was again rescued by its army and by Jugoslav support. At the end of October Windischgrätz crushed the Viennese rising, as he had crushed the rising of Prague in June.

The Hungarian war was a more serious matter, for Kossuth was using one part of the fine army that Austria had trained to fight the other part. But the Croat regiments willingly marched under their *Ban* Jellačić against their Hungarian oppressors, and sustained the Imperial cause until Russia was called in next year to decide the issue.

At the crisis of the Custoza campaign Kossuth had refused to recall the Hungarian soldiers from Italy. He had held the clothes while Radetzky had beaten Piedmont to the ground, and he was now to rue the consequence. But in Venice that autumn the best construction was put on the new turn of affairs in Hungary, and Kossuth was hailed as an ally. An 'Hungarian legion' of deserters was formed, and though it numbered only a few dozen men by no means all of Magyar origin, it helped the Venetians to conjure up a vision of friendly foreign Powers signalling over the heads of the besiegers. At sunset the distant Alps were often to be seen from the lagoon; surely some day help would come from behind their mystic barrier.[1]

The spirit of the people after the restoration of the Republic could not have been better. Since the Fusionists had tried their panacea and it had failed, Manin emerged from his eclipse with redoubled prestige. The fishermen and artisans had always been his devoted personal adherents, and the wealthier classes, after the failure of the Piedmontese Government in which many of them had put their hopes, rallied to him loyally. On August 20

[1] *Martin*, i. p. 225; ii. pp. 3-4. *Jäger*, p. 330. *Debrunner*, p. 142. *Ellesmere*, p. 241, on the fidelity of Radetzky's Hungarian troops.

he wrote to Tommaseo, whom he continued on his side to treat with deference and affection :—

'Dear friend, the conduct of this good people is admirable. It pays back the full confidence the Government shows towards it. The very grave sacrifices which are imposed on it, as for instance in the matter of taxation, are borne with resignation and even with joy, as a welcome burden. The Civic Guard are being reorganized and are full of enthusiasm. They go out to the defence of the forts as if to a holiday. A busy awakening has followed the sleep which was caused by the distrust shown by the late Government. There is active zeal for the public welfare, combined with perfect order.'[1]

The only discordant element in the little commonwealth of the lagoon was the group of non-Venetian refugees gathered together in the Italian Club. Typical Mazzinian politicians and soldiers from the other cities of Italy, many of them sincere and able patriots, they were not content, like the people of Venice, to leave everything to a popularly chosen Dictator. Since the Assembly trusted Manin too implicity to mount guard over his actions, the Club determined to take over the work of supervising the executive and dictating more vigorous policies. Like the Jacobin Club of old, it aspired to inform public opinion from day to day, and keep the weak-kneed Government up 'to the height of the circumstances.' Committees of the Club were appointed to report on war, politics and finance. The Clubbists invited their Lombard friends to come over in greater numbers to help govern and defend Venice. They complained that operations were not pushed on more actively by land and sea ; that the people at the lagoon were too religious ; that the priests, many of them Austro-phil at heart, were allowed too much influence in the State. They drew up lists of suspects and demanded arrests of bad citizens.

But it turned out that the only people Manin felt inclined to arrest were the Club leaders themselves. After adopting in August some of their suggestions on

[1] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.* No. 2124.

the higher military organization, the Dictator soon got tired of their interference. He determined that Venice should be governed by Venetians and for the Venetians, and should not, like Rome in the following year, be made the rallying point for a pan-Italian Mazzinian democracy. In Rome next year, with Mazzini and Garibaldi present to lead the movement, such a scheme was possible, useful, and even magnificent, for Rome was the capital of the Italy to be. With the Roman Republic Manin observed the friendliest relations. But in Venice, where the Venetians themselves, in their own quiet way, meant business much more thoroughly than the native Romans and had got a great native leader of their own, the pan-Italian experiment would have been out of place.

Manin at least thought so. On the first of October he deported the chiefs of the Club, Mordini, Revere and Dall'Ongaro, first to the Lido and afterwards to the Papal States. On October 3 Cavedalis followed up the *coup* by forbidding military men of all ranks from attending political clubs without special leave from Government. A petition signed by one hundred names was presented against the deportations, but very few of the names were those of inhabitants of Venice. The public opinion of the city supported Manin. The Club for the rest of the winter drew in its horns; it continued to debate public affairs and occasionally to petition Government, but without throwing out a challenge to its authority.[1]

The Triumvir Cavedalis, who had so effectively supported Manin against the Club influences in the army, was a territorial magnate of Friuli, an old soldier of Napoleon and a distinguished military and civil engineer; he feared and disliked the democratic atmosphere of 1848, desiring more discipline and fewer speeches. On August 11 he had urged Manin to take over the government alone,

[1] *Marchesi*, pp. 307-313. *Raccolta*, vii. p. 433. *Errera*, p. 126, note. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 145-146. *Soler*, pp. 20-21. *Rovani*, pp. 96-107, 185-186. *Arch. Frari MSS.*, busta 821. *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, Nos. 3064, 3089-3103. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, ii. pp. 202-219. *M.C.V., Doc. Pat.*, ix. for the more modest advices of the Club to Government in November and December.

and had refused to be associated with him in Dictatorship. But in the Assembly two days later he had unwillingly consented to act as military adviser in the Triumvirate, because Manin had made Cavedalis' acceptance of this post a condition of his own return to power. Cavedalis' trained ability and sense of discipline were invaluable among the military amateurs of Venice, where the volunteers were ten to one of the regulars. No wonder he disliked the Club.[1]

While Cavedalis represented the military element on the Triumvirate, General Pepe[2] was the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the lagoon. They were an ill-assorted pair, but Manin kept the peace between them, and the special qualities of each made up for the deficiencies of the other. Both were genuine soldiers of the Napoleonic school, but whereas Cavedalis shrank from publicity, display and sentiment, these were the meat and drink on which the Calabrian Liberal and *beau sabreur* of the school of Murat had supported himself for fifty years, and of which he enjoyed a glutton's feast as head of the patriot forces in Venice. His gigantic figure became well-known and popular on every public occasion. His fame in the world of Italian soldiers and patriots was older than that of any other man still on the active list; the charm of his conversation, based on wide studies and on romantic experiences, the old-world courtesy of his manners and his warm-hearted and still boyish enthusiasm did much to promote harmony in the beleaguered town. In dealing with volunteers he showed tact and understanding, specially valuable as things then stood.[3]

In the course of the autumn and winter Cavedalis and Pepe between them turned the chaotic militia of 20,000 men shut up in the lagoon into a reasonably disciplined fighting force. Very few regular troops were left, for the Piedmontese had necessarily withdrawn under the

[1] *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 372-373. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, ii. pp. 69-70, 803. *Rovani*, pp. 109-110. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 142, 153-154.

[2] See pp. 183-186 above for Pepe.

[3] *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 61-62.

armistice, in spite of a characteristic attempt on the part of Pepe to make them throw over their allegiance to Charles Albert as a traitor and join the Republican army. They had deeply resented the proposal.[1] Most of the Neapolitan regulars whom Pepe had managed to bring with him to Venice[2] also insisted on being sent home.

But there remained the pick of the Neapolitan officers, the Liberals of the staff, the artillery and the engineers. In the Austrian army, Italians had been purposely kept out of these branches of the service, and the Southerners were therefore almost the only men in Venice trained in the higher intellectual studies of the art of war, particularly in engineering, so essential in siege operations.[3] It was they who drilled the Venetian citizens into soldiers capable of defending the lagoon for so many months against the full weight of Radetzky's attack. The best of the former Neapolitan officers, Poerio, Rosarol, Cosenz and Ulloa, became the military heroes of the defence of Venice. Ulloa, still a young man, was Pepe's right hand; he had more common-sense and more professional ability than his romantic chief, but he was completely loyal to him as subordinate throughout the siege and as historian in the years to come.

The value of the Venetian volunteer forces was put to the test in the autumn by a number of sorties from the lagoon against various points of the Austrian land blockade. The most important of these sorties was the successful attack on Mestre, made on October 27 by about 3,000 volunteers, led by Pepe and Cavedalis in person. Mestre was surprised in the mist, and after a sharp fight in which the Italians lost about 120 men, the Austrian force was expelled with a loss of 500 prisoners and several cannon. Ulloa and the two future Garibaldian

[1] *Della Marmora*, p. 219. *Ufficiale Piedmontese*, p. 137. Manin never approved this attitude and refused to call Charles Albert a traitor because of the Armistice of Salasco. *P. de la F.*, ii. p. 422.

[2] See pp. 186-187 above.

[3] *Debrunner*, p. 243. *Bandiera-Moro*, pp. 13-14. The guns of the forts were, indeed, often well served by the naval officers.

chiefs, Cosenz and Sirtori, distinguished themselves as leaders in the assault. The Calabrian poet-soldier, Alessandro Poerio, brother of Gladstone's friend, the martyr-statesman Carlo, was mortally wounded and died in Venice a few days later in Pepe's arms, one of the noblest men who gave their lives for Italy that year. It had been no part of the plan to hold Mestre against the superior forces in the neighbourhood; the Italians retired triumphant to the fort of Malghera, the *pied à terre* held by Venice on the far side of the lagoon, whence this successful enterprise had been launched. The affair made no difference to the military situation, but it put fresh heart into the Venetians for the winter, for it had proved the value of the volunteers and the ability of their leaders.[1]

In the last month of 1848 and in the January and February of the new year, Manin and his military advisers engaged in secret negotations with Piedmont, which held out more dazzling hopes than the endless cycle of French and English diplomatic notes on Italy, or the uncertain issue of the war in the Hungarian plains. Charles Albert had at length been driven by remorse and worry into the desperate resolve which brought immediate ruin for himself and ultimate renascence for his dynasty and for the land he loved: he was about to attack Austria once more.

The new Piedmontese Ministry of Gioberti, immediately on taking office in December, put itself in correspondence with Manin through his friend Sebastiano Tecchio, an exile of Vicenza, who had become the new Minister of Public Works at Turin. There was no longer talk of 'fusion' nor was any political price demanded for military aid. This time they would kill the bear before quarrelling over his skin. The two Governments tacitly

[1] *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, ii. pp. 364-378, largely printed in *Mestre* and *Secrétant*. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 562-563, 669. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 164-185. *Radaelli*, pp. 223-230. See also *Martinengo Cesaresco*, her fine essay on the Poerios.

entered into an unwritten alliance; Turin undertook to give Venice a subsidy of 600,000 *lire*, and sent over General Olivaro to concert plans for the coming war. Unfortunately, Pepe's schemes for joint action were fantastic; he suggested the despatch to Venice of 12,000 Piedmontese regulars, as a preliminary to taking Radetzky between two fires! What did he expect the old Marshal would be doing meantime? Charles Albert, whose plans for the coming campaign were risky enough without further stripping the Piedmontese frontier, let the matter drop. But it was understood that when the time came the defenders of the lagoon would make a sortie in force by way of diversion.[1]

Meanwhile, the Democratic parties that were establishing Republics in Tuscany and Rome were looking forward to joining in the war against Austria, although they were not, like Venice, on good terms with Piedmont. Manin remained friends with them all, so far as it was possible to befriend Republican Rome and Tuscany without estranging Charles Albert and Gioberti. He refused to listen to Tommaseo's pious denunciations from Paris of the Roman rebellion against Pio Nono, and in this matter at least he had the support of the Club against Tommaseo. The standard by which Manin judged Mazzini's strange Republic and all other Italian States was the simplest patriotic test, their usefulness in the struggle against the common foe.[2]

In January, 1849, elections for a new Venetian Assembly took place, again on the basis of manhood suffrage and secret ballot. Some two-thirds of those registered voted. Manin received the enthusiastic support of the working class, especially of the gondoliers, who in Venice were the 'aristocracy of labour.' They had an orator of their own calling, named Galli, who

[1] *Isotto* and *Pascolato Tecchio, passim. Pepe*, ii. pp. 20-35, 109. *Marchesi*, pp. 356-357. *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 147-148.

[2] *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, No. 2402. *Marchesi*, pp. 363-368. *M.C.V.*, *Doc. Pat.*, xvi.

seems, from his only recorded election speech, to have been a very sensible fellow.[1]

But in spite of the loyalty of the working class to the Government, a movement was afoot among various persons and parties to reduce the dictatorial power of the Triumvirs. Manin stood in the way of lawyers with political ambitions, of soldiers with ideas of their own about the conduct of the war, of citizens who had begun secretly to sigh for peace through surrender. The Mazzinians, in their campaign against him, found allies among Albertists and Conservatives. Tommaseo had returned from his mission in Paris more than ever bitter against his former friend and rival. The men of the Club, rallying from the blow that Manin and Cavedalis had dealt them in October, looked to recover power through the newly elected Assembly and its natural instinct to assert itself against the executive.

The Assembly met in the middle of February, 1849, in the Doges' Palace. Sirtori was the principal spokesman of the malcontents. Manin from the first took the high line that he would not hold office with restricted powers; with the enemy encamped on the edge of the lagoon, he must, he said, have authority to decide at once on all occasions and to put his decisions into effect. He was loyally supported by Cavedalis, whom some of the army had wished to put up against him as a rival. Cavedalis dreaded any recrudescence of the Club and the talkers; a besieged city, he told the Chamber, must not be turned into a debating society.

The dispute was perfectly honourable to all parties, but it wore out the patience of the people of Venice. As the weeks went by with still nothing settled, they began to ask each other, why could not the Assembly give effect

[1] Another gondolier composed an election song, beginning:—

'Se Manin e Cavedali	'If Manin and Cavedalis
Al governo resterà	Can but in power remain,
I colori neri o zali	The black and yellow colours
Qua mai più se vederà.	Will not be seen again.'

Marchesi, p. 381. *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 75-79.

to their known wishes? Manin was their man, whom they had chosen to govern them: who were these Lombards who wanted to share out his powers? On March 5 the Piazzetta was filled by an angry mob beating at the doors of the Doges' Palace. The Civic Guard refused to oppose the riot, and ostentatiously sheathed their bayonets. The doors leading into the Palace were broken open, and half Venice burst into the magnificent courtyard and surged round the foot of the Giants' Staircase. There they were opposed by Manin himself, who stood with his sword drawn, and his son and a handful of Civic Guards behind him. He told his too fervent admirers that in order to get into the Chamber they would have to pass over his body. At length he prevailed on them, as a favour to himself, to go home without more mischief done.

Two days later the Assembly discussed the incident with dignity and moderation, and then voted Manin all that he required, reserving its own position as the ultimate source of power. He was to have full executive authority, including the right of adjourning the Assembly for fifteen days; he was even to have the power of making emergency laws, subject to ratification by the Assembly at its next meeting. The Triumvirate disappeared: it had never been more than a cover for Manin's dictatorship.[1]

A week after the riot in Venice, Charles Albert denounced the armistice. War between Piedmont and Austria was to begin again on March 20. Before that day the Piedmontese squadron, which had lain at Ancona since August, sent four warships to lie in the lagoon. The very ecstasy of hope took possession of every one in Venice. A sortie in force was to be made from fort Brondolo into the Polesine, and when General Pepe

[1] *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 98-108, 130-144. *Errera*, pp. 215-248. *Blue Book*, iv. p. 213. *Marchesi*, pp. 360, 371-382. *Bollati*, i. pp. 870-871. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, ii. pp. 817-824. *M.C.V.*, *Doc. Pat.*, ix. Nos. 39, 40, for the feeling in the army for Cavedalis.

went on board the steamer for Chioggia, a vast concourse followed him to the quay, cheering as if he had already raised the blockade, and joined Charles Albert in Milan. But the Austrian army masking Venice had not been reduced, nor was it easy to penetrate the borderlands of the lagoon, intersected by innumerable canals and waterways. The village of Conche, a few miles north of Brondolo, was occupied, lost and retaken in a series of sharp skirmishes. Then the news of Novara put an end to the little campaign.[1]

Charles Albert, who had replaced Franzini only to find a worse general in the Pole Chrzanowsky, had met with sudden and total defeat on the borders of his kingdom. His troops had fought splendidly and his sons had distinguished themselves, not in vain for the fortunes of their family, but vainly for the fortunes of the day. Charles Albert himself sought for a bullet at Novara as earnestly as Frederic the Great at Kunersdorf. Deserted even by death, he abdicated to save his kingdom from Austrian occupation. France also threw her shield over Piedmont; so much at least the new President was allowed to do for Italy. Charles Albert passed out of history, solitary and sad as he had entered it, and Victor Emmanuel reigned in his stead. He struck the right note from the first, refusing to listen to the flattering blandishments of Radetzky and tear up the newly granted Constitution in order to pacify Austria. But east of the Ticino 75,000 veterans, flushed with anger against the Italians, and bursting with pride in themselves and their grand old chief, were lords and masters of the land. And Radetzky's first operation would assuredly be the reduction of Venice.

Such, after all their high-soaring hopes, was the spectacle with which, at the end of March, the Venetians found themselves faced. It was the testing of a people. Were they the new Venetians whom Manin had boasted that he alone understood, when he made the revolution

[1] *Pepe*, ii. pp. 44-49. *Blue Book*, iv. p. 222. *Marchesi*, pp. 384-388.

'RESISTANCE AT EVERY COST'

(Scene in the Venetian Assembly, April 2, 1849, in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, Doges' Palace)

of March 22, or would they revert to the Venetians of 1797? They raised no coward cries, sought no victim for a scapegoat, parted into no factions, uttered no word of surrender, but silently prepared to resist to the last.

On April 2, 1849, the Assembly met again in the splendid hall of the Maggior Consiglio, looking out over the wide lagoon. It was the same room where, only a year and a half before, the Scientific Congress had been held.[1] The members seemed to have forgotten all that had divided them in March. Personal jealousy was as dead as political faction. Manin told the whole bitter truth of the situation. 'Does the Assembly wish,' he asked, 'to resist the enemy?' 'Yes.' 'At every cost?' 'Yes,' shouted every one in the room. By this time every member had risen from his seat. Then said Manin, 'You must have a strong Government with unlimited powers.' The following decree was then voted without a dissentient voice:—

'Venice will resist Austria at all costs. President Manin is invested, for that purpose, with unlimited powers.'

This simple resolution was at once published. Every one understood it, and it filled the hearts of the people with a noble satisfaction which their conduct during the next five months made good.

[1] See p. 54 above.

CHAPTER XIII[1]

The Siege of Venice, May-August, 1849

FORT MALGHERA. THE BRIDGE OVER THE LAGOON. THE BOMBARDMENT. THE SURRENDER

> You said (there shall be answer fit),
> 'And if our children must obey,
> They must; but thinking on this day
> 'Twill less debase them to submit.'
>
> You said (Oh! not in vain you said),
> 'Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
> The hours ebb fast of this one day
> When blood may yet be nobly shed.'
>
> CLOUGH, *Peschiera*, 1849.

ALTHOUGH the Assembly had on April 2 voted without a dissentient voice for 'resistance at every cost,' and although, as events were to prove, those words represented the settled purpose of the great majority of the lagoon population, Manin did not feel himself absolved from personal responsibility to obtain, if he could, any tolerable compromise with Austria. Valentino Pasini had been placed in charge of the negotiations with the Western Powers ever since Tommaseo's return to Venice; on April 22 Manin wrote to him bidding him accept the status of Home Rule for a separate Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom under the Austrian Crown.[2]

To the author of the revolution of March 22 it was bitter to sue for a settlement which he had so often denounced as insufficient and illusory. And he sued in vain. Austria, already in treaty with Russia for aid against Hungary, saw her way to re-establish avowed

[1] See Map III. for this chapter.

[2] *Errera*, pp. 181-182.

despotism in every part of her dominions, without making any more promises meant to be broken. France and England told Manin that they could do nothing more for Venice and that she must make her own bargain with the conqueror.

Meanwhile the army blockading the lagoon had been raised to 30,000 men and transferred from the command of Welden to that of Lt. Marshal Haynau, an officer well known in England in the following year for his encounter with Barclay's draymen and for Palmerston's small sympathy with him on that occasion. He came hot to Venice from suppressing the revolt of Brescia, where he had begun to earn an European reputation for cruelty, which he shortly afterwards brought to perfection in dealing with Hungarians. It was he who began serious operations against Venice.

In April the first approaches were made against Fort Malghera at the end of the railway bridge, but heavy rains turned the spongy ground into a lake, and the trenching work went forward but slowly. At length, however, on May 4, all was ready, and a fierce bombardment was suddenly opened on Malghera. In a few hours 7,000 projectiles were thrown into the confined area of the fort, where there was hardly any bomb-proof shelter. The Austrians counted on frightening the volunteers into surrender that evening. Radetzky and a bevy of Grand Dukes looked on from a tower in Mestre, while on the other side of the lagoon the inhabitants of Venice watched the spectacle from their house tops. The garrison in the fort, under the vigorous young commander Colonel Ulloa, stood the ordeal well, and the gunners gave back shot for shot. The Austrian chiefs confessed themselves disappointed.[1]

Next day Radetzky sent in to Venice a demand for her surrender, with no political conditions attached beyond a pardon for mutineers and leave for all who

[1] *Feldzug*, iii. pp. 48-55. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 224-226. *Schoenhals*, pp. 407-408. *Ellesmere*, pp. 334-336. *Haynau*, pp. 48-49.

wished to emigrate. The representatives of the French and British Governments urged Manin to make the best of the offer. But he refused, again asking to negotiate with Vienna on the subject of Home Rule. Radetzky replied that Austria would not treat with rebels, and the siege went forward to its end.[1]

The besieged lagoon was ninety miles in circumference; it contained nearly sixty forts large and small requiring to be garrisoned, an army of about 18,000 men, of whom several thousand were always down with fever, and 200,000 inhabitants requiring to be fed. The blockade by land and sea, though stringent ever since April, was not completely effective. Cattle and foodstuffs were still occasionally smuggled into Venice. But the supply of food and ammunition would clearly be the most difficult problem of the defence. Considerable stores had been laid in by Government, but not as much as if Venice had had money to buy more.

Radetzky, who by no means intended to wait for famine to do its slow work, aimed at striking an immediate blow at the city along the railway bridge. To clear his way he must first take Malghera. This fortress, reckoned one of the third order, had been built at Napoleon's command about the time of the Wagram campaign. It had—and still has—low earthworks lined with turf.[2] It was surrounded by a network of canals and on three sides the ground was downright marsh of the *laguna morta* or lay so low that it could easily be flooded at will. The defenders of Malghera, by cutting certain dykes, let water over the whole of the eastern approaches. Since the *laguna morta* protected the

[1] See Ap. I. below, *Manin, England, France and Austria.* It was just at this crisis that Kossuth got into touch with Manin, offering Venice a formal alliance with Hungary, promising a large loan and holding out hopes that the Hungarians would soon arrive on the Adriatic and occupy Trieste and Fiume. *M.C.V., Manin MSS.* Nos. 970, 978.

[2] Visitors to Venice can see it at close quarters on their left, as they travel by train from Mestre to Venice.

south side, the Austrian trenching operations were confined to some relatively dry ground to north and west of the fort. On part of this front the besiegers were sheltered from the fire of the fort by the railway embankment. But where the embankment entered the *laguna morta* it became an advantage to the Italians, who could use it as a causeway through the marshes to the head of the lagoon bridge. Their communications with Venice for supplies and for retreat depended partly on the bridge, partly on boats, and were protected by the outlying fort Rizzardi, erected by the Republicans in 1848 as an essential addition to the system of defence of the main fort. The older fort 'O,' re-christened Fort Manin, lay among the unapproachable marshes out to the east and was therefore of less importance. The Republican officers had done something to strengthen Malghera and to bring its defences up to date, but not as much as could have been done if the previous twelve months had been wisely employed.[1]

The defenders of Malghera and its subordinate forts consisted of some 2,500 Venetian volunteers under Neapolitan and other Italian officers. The only non-Italian force of any military value was a company of one hundred German-speaking Protestant Swiss, whom their countryman Captain Debrunner had the year before enlisted to fight for the Venetian Republic, partly for pay, partly out of political sympathy. The pressure of Austrian diplomacy in Switzerland had prevented the enlistment of larger numbers, or Italy would have been full of these stalwart adventurers. The gunners in Malghera were many of them young Venetians of education and means who had enlisted in the select Bandiera-Moro company and received there a thorough training as artillerists. They fell in scores that summer, first in the fort, and afterwards on the bridge, but they did severe execution among the Austrian batteries.

[1] See Map III. below. The best maps of Malghera and surroundings will be found in *Carrano* and *Bandiera Moro*. The map in *Ulloa* is not accurate.

Such were the defenders of Malghera, who, in a state of high patriotic exaltation, withstood bombardment by the main Austrian army for the space of three weeks. There were over 130 cannon and mortars of one sort or another in Malghera and its dependent forts, but they were outclassed. Lt. Marshal Thurn, who had now succeeded Haynau, boasted that on May 25 alone 15,000 projectiles were thrown into the fort, and 60,000 between May 4 and May 27. By the end, most of the cannon in the fort had been dismantled, every sixth man had been hit and every third artilleryman, the west side of the fortifications had been breached, and in the fort Rizzardi only two cannon out of sixteen were in a state to be fired. Worst of all, ammunition was running short.[1] Disease had been raging equally among besiegers and besieged.

It was decided that Malghera had no chance of resisting the assault that was about to be launched against it by enormously superior numbers. Fort Rizzardi must inevitably fall, and its loss would prevent the return of the garrison of Malghera to Venice, even if the main fort and all in it were not taken by direct attack. The garrison, indispensable to the further defence of the bridge, the lagoon and the city, must be brought back at once or their retreat would be cut off.

To evacuate the fort was no easy operation, for the Austrians on the night of May 26 had already massed their men in the trenches ready for the assault next day; if they learnt what was afoot, they would come rushing over the breaches, while their cannon would sweep the lagoon bridge over which the main body of the retreating forces had to pass. But the enemy were successfully deceived and all went well. Although there was anger and

[1] The gunners had fired away too much ammunition in April before the real attack began. Antonio Paolucci, then in charge of the fort, had forbidden this waste of powder and the volunteers had therefore accused him of being in league with the Austrians! Manin had been compelled, while defending his honour, to replace him by Ulloa, who had the confidence of the volunteers, though he resented the base aspersions on his predecessor.

some panic when the news of the retreat was broken to the garrison that night, and much confusion followed, every man, whole or wounded, was got away either over the bridge or by boat. Sirtori and Cosenz were the last to leave. They spiked many of the guns, and Sirtori set a mine in Fort S. Giuliano on the edge of the lagoon, which subsequently blew up a number of the enemy.

When the Austrians, with Radetzky in their midst, swarmed over the empty ruins of the fort, they were filled with admiration for the work of their own gunners and for the endurance and valour of their adversaries. Since they had learnt that the Piedmontese, Neapolitan and Papal regulars had been withdrawn from the service of the Republic, and that they had only to deal with Venetian volunteers, they had expected to encounter a mob of *Crociati* like those whom they had defeated in the Veneto the year before; they had met instead with resolute and disciplined valour.[1]

The fall of the bridge-head on the mainland in no way shook the determination of the citizens to resist. So long as they could hold the bridge and obtain food, Venice, they believed, was safe. And the bridge was not ill-adapted for defence. The traveller, as he glides along it into Venice to-day, can still notice that at certain intervals the narrow track widens into small platforms; in the summer of 1849 they were fitted up as forts to hold batteries, and thence the city was defended for three months after the fall of Malghera.

The largest of these improvised fortresses on the bridge was christened the Batteria S. Antonio. It was a platform 40 feet wide and 100 deep, and was able to hold five cannon. It was the point nearest to the enemy

[1] *Feldzug*, iii. pp. 62-66. *Ulloa*, ii. chaps. ix-xi. *Pepe*, ii. chaps. vii and ix. *Bandiera-Moro*, pp. 23-64. *Ellesmere*, pp. 333-338, 344. *Schoenhals*, pp. 405-413. *Carrano*, pp. 178-183, for further Austrian evidence, including Lt. Marshal Thurn's Report. *Debrunner*, pp. 181-229. *La Forge*, ii. p. 178. *Rosarol Lettere*. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, iii. pp. 49-50, 114-122, 138, 424-425. *Arch. Frari MSS.*, busta 638, reports from Malghera by Ulloa and by Lupati.

which the Venetians occupied. In front of it five arches had been completely removed and many more partially ruined by zealous civilian volunteers working under fire. Preparations for breaking the bridge had been somewhat neglected prior to the evacuation of Malghera, but though the work was imperfectly done it served its purpose, for it was not by the bridge that Venice was ultimately taken.

Behind the Batteria S. Antonio was another bridge platform, called later the Batteria Rosarol; near it was the island fort of S. Secondo, and closer to the city was the Batteria Roma.[1] Other batteries, some on island forts, some on rafts, took part in the long artillery duel that summer. The battery of S. Antonio, which drew to itself the fire of all the Austrian batteries on the shore opposite, was protected by sand-bags daily blown away and nightly replaced. The replacing was done under hot fire, which took its toll of the fishermen and other civilian volunteers who crowded out every evening to the work. One after another of the artillerymen of the Bandiera-Moro Company were shot down by the guns of S. Antonio. Cosenz, spectacles on nose, ever modest and imperturbable, was the presiding genius of the battery for week after week of that truceless midsummer war above the shimmering lagoon. His two predecessors in command of S. Antonio, his fellow Neapolitan Rosarol, and the Venetian Coluzzi, had both been borne away mortally wounded, but Cosenz was preserved to become in later years one of the most attractive figures of the Garibaldian cycle.[2]

It was an amphibious war. The contest for naval supremacy in the closed waters was carried on between small craft manned by Austrian soldiers and Venetian boatmen, the latter retaining the upper hand among their native waterways. But the Austrians were enterprising,

[1] Originally called the Batteria Pio Nono, till the Pope fell out of favour with the patriots. See Map III.

[2] For Cosenz see *Trevelyan's Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*, pp. 88-89 and *passim*.

SIEGE AND BOMBARDMENT OF VENICE

(Operations against Forts S. Antonio and S. Secondo in foreground)

and on the night of July 6-7 managed to land a storming party on S. Antonio; they captured the battery for a while, but only to be driven out again by reserves under Cosenz, who received a sabre cut on his face, his fourth wound during the siege.[1]

Operations were not confined to the neighbourhood of the bridge. Every island fort in the lagoon had to be supplied, and protected from over-water attack. And in every Venetian fort, as well as in the Austrian lines, fever was raging and men dying by the hundred even before the final outbreak of cholera in Venice.[2] Down south, the great fort of Brondolo, which protected Chioggia and the land entrance on to the Lido, was assailed by an Austrian army from the south, while at other times the Italians issued from it to raid the Polesine and returned with cattle and stores. Chioggia, with its 50,000 inhabitants, and the other towns on the Lido, remained firm for resistance at every cost, although they suffered acutely from the closing of the Adriatic fisheries and coasting trade by the Austrian fleet outside. It was not the city of Venice alone that made sacrifices for the cause, but all who gained their living in the lagoon. If the peasants of the mainland had been equally enthusiastic, events in Italy that year might have taken a different course.

In June, the Austrians, perturbed at the unexpected strength of the resistance and the many thousands of sick in their own hospitals, tempted Manin to surrender by a delusive appearance of political negotiation. A civilian

[1] For the defence of the bridge see *Ulloa; Pepe; Feldzug*, iii. pp. 79-89; *Debrunner*, p. 226; *Bandiera-Moro; Carrano; Schoenhals*, pp. 418-419; *Flagg*, ii. chaps. xxiii-xxiv; *Cosenz* (*R.S. del R.*, ii. pp. 496-519); *Marchesi*, p. 530; and *Arch. Frari MSS.*, No. 638, notes of Rosarol from S. Antonio, show that in June some of the sailors and some of the civilian labourers in the battery were not up to the general level of courage displayed there.

[2] *Cf. Arch. Frari MSS.*, No. 638, officer's report from San Giorgio in Alga, July 4—'every man in the fort sick!' The Austrian official accounts admitted a loss of 7,000 Austrian dead by sickness during the siege, and 62,300 cases in the hospitals, many of them no doubt the same soldiers several times sick. *Feldzug*, iii. p. 124. *Kunz*, p. 108.

Minister from Vienna, De Bruck of Trieste, was sent to Mestre to talk things over with the Venetians. But in effect he offered nothing more than Radetzky's original terms of surrender, and on June 30 the Venetian Assembly, voting by secret ballot, rejected his overtures by 105 votes to 13.[1]

Meanwhile another internal crisis had been solved, thanks to the good sense and mutual forbearance of Manin and the other leading men of Venice. It was inevitable and right that, as the pressure of the siege came daily nearer home, a cry should be raised for more efficient military command, especially as Pepe, the Commander-in-Chief, though respected and popular, was too old to be as active as the situation required. On June 3 the members of the Italian Club resumed the type of agitation which Manin had suppressed in the previous October. They issued an invitation to all soldiers as well as citizens to come every Sunday to the Club to discuss the state of affairs. Manin replied the same day by closing the Club. This strong measure was the less resented because so many of its leaders were now members of the Assembly, and could speak their minds there.[2]

But the Dictator was wise enough to know that some change had to be made in the military command, and, though he suppressed irresponsible agitation in a besieged city, he worked with the Assembly and deferred to its views whenever feeling was strong and not in his opinion unreasonable. At the suggestion of the Assembly he appointed in the middle of June a Military Commission of three members—Ulloa and Sirtori for the land forces and Baldisserotto for the navy. Pepe, deeply hurt, at once resigned. But Ulloa intervened as peacemaker, and Manin solved the crisis by making the old man President of the Commission. Satisfied with this position, Pepe allowed his juniors to do most of the work. Ulloa took the lead among the four Commissioners. He

[1] *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 246, 294-303. *Marchesi*, pp. 419-423.
[2] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, iii. pp. 299-300. *Raccolta*, vii. pp. 327-328.

and Sirtori between them tightened up discipline and put the defence in a better state to face the dark days ahead. The person whose authority suffered most by the new arrangement was Cavedalis, who endured his eclipse in patriotic and soldierly silence. Manin, too, accepted with a good grace the practical limitations to his Dictatorial power implied by the Military Commission. On the whole the change was wisely made and worked well.[1]

And now Republican Rome had fallen, Mazzini was again in exile and Garibaldi in retreat.[2] Alone in all Italy, Venice still flew the flag of defiance. All through July the amphibious war was waged, with much the same incidents each day and night—save for an interlude, when a novel attempt to drop bombs on Venice from a fleet of balloons carried by the wind, ended in total failure that vastly amused the besieged, and confirmed their thousand-year-old belief that the island city could never be touched by the hand of war. At the end of July the tricolor still floated over Cosenz among the sandbags of S. Antonio, and the Austrians appeared to be no nearer to their goal. But all the while the blockade was exhausting the supplies of food and ammunition.

Perfect order reigned in Venice. Men and women were still of a cheerful countenance. Crime was less common than in peace time. Arrests and coercive measures were rare, for the closing of the Club put a stop to artificial agitation, and the mass of the people had the will to resist and were full of confidence in Manin and in the Military Commission. What slight disorders occurred were suppressed either by the personal intervention of Manin, which always acted like a charm, or by the ordinary police activity of the Civic Guard. Not for a day was martial law proclaimed. Meanwhile the

[1] *Pepe*, ii. pp. 225-228. *Debrunner*, pp. 240-243. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 289-292. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, iii. pp. 303-307.

[2] See *Trevelyan's Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.*

churches were thronged with popular processions and with men and women praying to be saved from the Austrians.[1]

The last days of July saw the beginning of the end—the bombardment of the city itself, followed by cholera and famine.

The Austrians had bethought them of a better way than balloons to make the rebel city taste of war. The cannon were dismounted from their carriages, and arranged on beds of timber with the breeches sunk in the earth, so as to give them an elevation of 45°. By firing high in the air a greater range was obtained, and projectiles could be thrown into two-thirds of the city—the regions of S. Mark's and the Arsenal remaining still out of range.[2]

On the night of July 29 this new device was sprung on sleeping Venice. The inhabitants of the landward quarters woke to find cannon balls crashing into their bedrooms. For the first time in history Venice was being bombarded. It was a night of alarm and horror, but not of panic. The poorest families in Venice gathered up their bedding and chattels and fled by alleys and canals, beneath the sky lighted with bursting shells and red-hot balls. They were much more angry than dismayed, and next morning the spirit of resistance was stronger than ever: it was not the bombardment that caused Venice to surrender.[3]

The fugitives were made welcome in the houses of their wealthier neighbours beyond range of the enemy's guns, and were gradually passed on to the islands beyond. But the overcrowding and confusion was an added cause of the spread of cholera and famine in the next three weeks.

As the projectiles could only reach Venice by falling

[1] *Flagg*, ii. pp. 349-351. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, iii. p. 297. *Fulin*, pp. cxxv-cxxvii.

[2] *Schoenhals*, pp. 420-421. *Ellesmere*, pp. 340-342. See illustration, Plate 6, of *Assedio di Venezia.*

[3] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, iii. pp. 361, 424-425.

from a height after their force was spent, they seldom penetrated beyond the top floor. The heated balls were dangerous in causing fires, but the firemen worked with a will and it was said that only one house was completely destroyed. Manin, who had slept little since the siege began and was only kept afoot by the unconquerable energies of his spirit supporting the long exhausted body, was seen wherever the missiles were falling thickest and the fire was blazing up most fiercely. His zeal and courage as a leader of firemen in the poorest quarters made the people love him more than ever before, and though they were now dying of cholera on every hand, scarcely anyone thought of attributing their miseries to 'Manin's tyranny,' except the British Consul-General sulking in his office. Manin afterwards confessed that he was deliberately seeking death during these days and nights of fireman's service under the falling shells, for he knew that Venice was doomed.[1]

For three weeks the bombardment continued, and the cholera grew worse. Men, women, and children, weakened by famine, fell an easy prey to disease. By this time medical stores had run out, wine and spirits were finished, fish and flesh were very rare, and the polenta and vegetables on which almost every one had to live could not last for many days. The just distribution of food and the necessary sanitary measures were well organized by Government, in spite of the difficulties created by the emigration of so many fugitives from the bombarded districts. The Swiss Captain Debrunner, who in ten days lost a quarter of his remaining men by cholera, admired the action of the authorities and the spirit of the people. As he hastened along the alleys, meeting a funeral at every turn, and reading on door after door the inscription 'closed for the death of the *padrone*,' he was astonished to observe nothing but *Viva Manin* and *Viva la Repubblica*, scrawled on the walls,

[1] *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 404-405, 419. *Debrunner*, pp. 275-276.

and never to hear or see a sign that anybody wished to surrender.[1]

The spirit by which nations are born again shone in the acts of the citizen army and the civilian population of Venice, but was not reflected in the fleet. Yet the fleet alone could have saved the situation by raising the maritime blockade in face of a not very powerful Austrian squadron.

Manin had never taken enough interest in the navy. During his first year of office he had made no serious attempt to revive it materially or morally. It may be his excuse that there was no man of outstanding quality among the naval officers, though several of them were enthusiastic patriots who had taken a leading part in the revolution of March 22. After Novara many of the officers and crews had been taken off the ships and sent to defend the forts of the lagoon. In June the new Military Commission too late reversed this policy and charged Achille Bucchia to fit out the fleet afresh, take the sea, drive off the enemy squadron, and re-victual Venice from the Dalmatian coast. Bucchia was not deficient in personal courage and professional skill, but he lacked altogether the higher qualities needed to dispel the miasma of sullen indifference or cowardice into which the crews and officers of the neglected navy had too generally sunk. He could not bring such men to face the odds and brave the fates against a demonstrably superior force. A touch of Garibaldi was wanted—such qualities as had enabled the inspired corsair to match the little fleet of Montevideo against the larger and better trained navy of Argentina.[2]

[1] *Debrunner*, pp. 277-278, 298. *Marchesi*, pp. 441-448. The Patriarch, by no means improperly, petitioned for surrender; his house where he lodged was consequently attacked by a crowd, chiefly of non-Venetians, on August 3. They threw the furniture of his landlord out of the window, but the disturbance was soon quelled. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MSS.*, iii. pp. 451-452.

[2] In November 17, 1848, Manin had written to Tommaseo (*M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, No. 2329) that Garibaldi would be more useful elsewhere in Italy than in

Now it chanced that Garibaldi himself, on his retreat from Rome, was trying to reach Venice on these very days, and was most eagerly expected there by the people. But at dawn on August 3 his flotilla of fishing boats that had started from Cesenatico was intercepted by the Austrian squadron off Magnavacca and run aground, his remaining comrades scattered or destroyed, while he himself bent his heavy steps inland, a hunted fugitive with his dying wife in his arms. For more than a week after his effort to reach the lagoon had been thus frustrated, his followers, or adventurers passing themselves off as such, kept dropping into Venice and haranguing excited crowds on the Piazza with promises of the speedy advent of their legendary chief. Even Manin on August 7 thought that he was coming and fed the people's hopes with the promise. The real news of the disaster of Magnavacca seems scarcely to have reached Venice at all.[1]

Bucchia was not Garibaldi. After more than a month of procrastination and excuses, he was fairly driven to sea by the Government on August 8. It was the last hope of re-victualling Venice, and every risk should have been run. But his crews were in the least heroic of moods; they alone of the Venetians seemed unable to feel the spirit of the hour. The Austrian and Venetian squadrons came in sight of each other but shunned closer contact. They were both bad fleets, and neither inspired confidence in its commander. But whereas the Austrian Admiral had no call to force an engagement, Bucchia's one object should have been to fight, even if defeat had been almost certain. Nothing but a naval victory would save Venice, and nothing but dishonour was to be gained by bringing his forces home intact to a city on the point of surrender. Yet on August 10 he did so return, to the general fury

Venice, partly for very sound political reasons and partly because his guerilla genius would not be adapted to the defence of the forts of Venice. It never occurred to Manin that he would be the very man to command the little navy.

[1] *F.O. MSS.*, 7, 371, *Austria*, Dawkins to Palmerston, August 9, 1849. *L'Operajo* newspaper for August 14. *Debrunner*, pp. 300-301.

and despair. On the 16th the unenterprising fleet was compelled once more to put to sea, but after hovering a few hours outside Porto Malamocco it returned once more and the fate of Venice was finally sealed.

Yet on August 7, the Austrian Admiral had written to the Minister of War : 'If Venice resists another month, I must reduce the vigilance of the blockade, because the three steamers are unserviceable. They were from the first in a bad state, and after three months of burning coal every ship becomes useless, most of all such steamers as these. . . . To avoid the raising of the blockade, I must have two real steamer warships.'[1] In view of this letter it seems reasonable to suppose that if Manin had done more for the Venetian navy from the beginning, the maritime blockade might have been raised and the fall of Venice postponed. But it is improbable that anything would have enabled the Republic to maintain its independence permanently after the defeat of the Liberal cause in every other corner of the Continent.[2]

By the middle of August the last hope had disappeared. The navy had failed. Garibaldi had not come. The Hungarian army had surrendered to the Russians at Villagos.[3] All hope of relief was therefore at an end. The cholera indeed might be endured, and the bombardment had not shaken the popular will to resist ; but food and ammunition would be exhausted in a few days. The plain choice lay between surrendering decently and in order on terms that would save many persons from the vengeance of Austria, or waiting till starvation bred anarchy, till external resistance and internal order collapsed in the same disgraceful catastrophe. The scenes that would then ensue would go far to wipe out the noble

[1] *Benko*, pp. 602-603.

[2] For the foregoing paragraphs on the navy and its operations of August see *Benko*, pp. 631-642. *Marchesi*, pp. 461-477, 528-529, 532-534. *Fogli Volanti*, i., Nos. 1026-1027; iii. No. 733. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 97-98, 103, 327-330.

[3] The news was officially published in the camp of the besiegers of Venice on August 18, see *Arch. Frari*, 389, xiv.

impression made on the mind of Europe by the conduct of Venice through eighteen months of revolution.[1] Manin determined to surrender.

On August 6 he had laid the case before the Assembly, and a majority of its members, in spite of the opposition of Tommaseo and Sirtori, had placed in his hands the power to capitulate when it became necessary :—

'The Assembly grants to the President Manin the full liberty of providing as he shall consider best for the honour and safety of Venice.'

Another ten days passed and no fresh hope appeared on the horizon. Then at last Cavedalis and two other Commissioners were sent to the mainland to treat with Austrian generals on the basis of the offers previously made by Radetzky and De Bruck. General Gorzkowsky, however, refused, on August 18, to make the terms definite, and Cavedalis, rather than surrender at discretion, boldly returned to Venice. Siege operations continued, and Manin, making the tour of the forts on the bridge, was cheered by the defenders. But on August 22, Cavedalis returned to the mainland and going to the Austrian headquarters near Mestre obtained definite terms which secured every one in Venice against the personal vengeance of Austria, and made arrangements for the partial redemption of the Republican paper money then in circulation.[2]

On August 22, the firing was hot on both sides, but at night the enemy's fire died down. At seven in the morning of the 23rd the defenders of the bridge saw a

[1] On September 1, 1849, *The Times*, then far from friendly to the Italian cause as a whole, wrote :—

'From February, 1848, to the present hour there has been no popular movement conducted with so much dignity and maintained with such unswerving decision as that of Venice. We know of no example in history of a State—for Venice isolated among her lagunes is a State—which after so long a period of prostration has risen from its torpor with such good effect.'

[2] *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.*, iii. pp. 506-521. *Schoenhals*, p. 422. *Arch. Frari*, 388, *Cavedalis MSS. Marchesi*, pp. 483-486.

gondola approach from the mainland. It bore Cavedalis, who, as he passed on to the city, shouted to them to cease fire and to haul up the white flag on S. Antonio. He had signed the capitulation, and the siege of Venice was at an end.[1]

The terms of surrender were signed but they had still to be carried out. Venice had to be handed over safe to the enemy—which proved a difficult as well as an ungracious task. On August 23 serious internal dangers threatened the lagoon from the mutiny of some of the troops. At Murano the starving garrison rose and began sacking the town.[2] In Venice Manin had agreed to a just arrangement by which extra pay was given to the Swiss and Neapolitan defenders of Venice who had to return to distant homes or to wander as exiles through the world. This preference for the non-Venetian element was resented by some of the ex-Austrian naval and military men who had done least to defend Venice but who now demanded more pay for which there was no money available. At the same time some of the wilder revolutionary spirits among the Lombards clamoured for a perfectly impossible *sortie en masse* of the whole of the population. Military anarchy threatened to take possession of the city.

Manin rose splendidly to the last call that was ever made on him as a ruler of men. Neither mortal disease, nor bodily lassitude, nor the destruction of all he had hoped for on earth, could prevent him from doing his duty to the end with the fiery energy he could always summon up at a crisis. He shamed one mob of mutineers by a straight talk to them on the Piazza, and in the evening, crying out, 'Let all true Italians follow me,' he led a band of loyal officers, Civic Guard and Swiss against some hundreds of desperate men who had entrenched

[1] *Arch. Frari MSS.*, 637. *Cosenz*, p. 518.

The Austrians officially acknowledged a loss during the siege of 236 killed, 454 wounded and 7,000 died of disease. *Feldzug*, iii. p. 124.

[2] *Arch. Frari MSS.*, 638.

themselves in the neighbourhood of the railway station and bridge, and had trained the cannon of the Batteria Roma on the city. Shots were exchanged, but no serious fighting took place; the mutineers surrendered at dawn to Ulloa, who disarmed them and let them go.[1]

But the people of Venice showed true dignity in the hour of their supreme affliction. No citizens seized the occasion of the soldiers' mutiny to join in the tumult. No voice was raised in reproach to the leaders. In front of Manin's house at San Paternian, as he made his simple preparations for departure, the crowd stood for hours, in silent testimony of their grief and love. One of them spoke, and he heard the words through the window and recalled them far away in exile—it was the voice of Venice to Manin for all ages to come:—'Quà sta el nostro buon padre, poveretto! Ha già tanto sofferto per me. Dio le benedissa!'[2]

The Austrians had given Cavedalis a signed promise that no one should be punished for his past action, except forty persons who must find means to depart from Venice. 'The forty' constituted the new moral patriciate, the '*libro d'oro*' of modern Venice: in time to come men were more proud to have their own or their father's names on that list hastily drawn up by Gorzkowsky at the Austrian headquarters, than to see them enrolled in any list of honours of the new Italy, when her great day arrived.[3]

The French Consul, M. Vasseur, who, unlike Dawkins, was more sympathetic than his Government with the Venetian cause, supplied a French steamer to take away 'the forty' and their families. Some one attempted to deny the hospitality of the ship to Sirtori, as being too 'revolutionary,' but Manin intervened on behalf of his

[1] *M.C.V., Manin MSS.*, No. 3821. *Ulloa*, ii. pp. 350-353. *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 394-395. *Debrunner*, pp. 286-312. *Marchesi*, p. 487.

[2] 'Here is our good father, poor man. He has suffered so much for me. God bless him!' But 'poveretto' is untranslatable in English.

[3] One of 'the forty' was Leone Serena, who settled in England and prospered there. His son, the late Arthur Serena, as a British citizen, did much for which both England and Italy have cause to be grateful.

old opponent, and secured that Government and opposition of the late Republic should sail together, all differences forgotten. The Municipality insisted on Manin taking 24,000 *lire* to start life in the foreign land; since he had drawn no salary during his Presidency and had not a penny left on which to support his family, he accepted the last gift of the city to whom he had given his all.

On August 27, Hungarian white-coats came in and mounted guard on the Piazza, amid the dignified silence of the people. On the 28th General Gorzkowsky made his formal entry, and on the afternoon of that day held a review in Venice. The yellow and black floated on the masts of S. Mark's, as the gutteral words of command and the tramp of the drilled races again filled the Piazza.

Meanwhile the French steamer *Pluton* bore away the late Dictator and his friends and rivals, reconciled in misfortune:—Tommaseo and Sirtori, Ulloa and Cosenz, Pincherle and Benvenuti, Degli Antoni and Avesani, Mengaldo who had swum against Byron, Pepe who had worked with 'four and twenty leaders of revolts' ever since revolts began in Italy, and Manin himself with his wife and son and his ailing daughter—a family over whom the hand of fate was already stretched out. Many of these exiles, and one above all the rest, so loved Venice that away from her, on the mere *terra firma* of the world, they must pine away in hopeless longing. They gazed at her houses, her domes, her towers, never to be seen again. The ship passed out by the Porto. The melancholy line of the Lido divided them from the lagoon; the dateless exile had begun.[1]

On August 30 Radetzky made his triumphal entry. 'During the passage down the Grand Canal of the boats containing the Marshal and his numerous staff,' wrote the British Consul-General, 'perfect silence was

[1] *P. de la F.*, ii. pp. 396-401. *Marchesi*, pp. 492-493. *Errera*, p. 387. *Mangini*, pp. 609-610.

maintained, scarcely any of the inhabitants appearing at the windows, though the houses were, by order of the Governor, decked out with hangings as is usual at festivals.'[1] One gondola after another came up to the landing stage of the Piazzetta and delivered up its freight of famous heroes of the conquering army—last of all Radetzky with Hess beside him. A great Te Deum at S. Mark's was performed with unction by the Patriarch, who welcomed back the old order of things with an effusion that patriots thought unnecessary. The Church had come back to her old political moorings. As 'Father Radetzky' came out of the door of S. Mark's, a priest, unable to control his enthusiasm, hurled himself forward and kissed the conqueror's hand.[2]

[1] *F.O. MSS.*, 7, 371, *Austria*, No. 43, Sept. 1.
[2] *Vater Radetzky*, pp. 201-203.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EXILE AND DEATH OF MANIN

> O, let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

In the week following the departure of Manin and the 'forty,' several hundred more of the defenders of Venice left the lagoon in merchant vessels chartered for them by the benevolence of M. Vasseur. They dispersed themselves over the Levant, where, in Egypt, Turkey and Greece many died in obscure poverty, unhonoured and unregarded.[1] It may seem enviable, read of in history or in memorial tablets on the municipio, to have suffered for the cause in evil days, but the reality was often grim enough; forgotten among aliens, sunk in squalor, their high hopes a mockery to the world, they asked themselves if all had not been sacrificed in vain.

For his part Manin turned westward. Pezzato, his secretary and closest friend, had died a few hours before he left Venice. A more terrible blow fell as soon as they reached Marseilles. His wife was stricken by the cholera and died in a few hours, and there, far from the lagoon, he buried her. His son and daughter took him on to Paris, where they settled for the rest of his life.

The ex-Dictator, refusing all offers of private aid, earned daily bread by going out to French families as a tutor of the Italian language. But half the time he was nursing his daughter, sinking slowly and with much bodily pain towards her grave. Manin's excessive sensibilities and unbounded affection for Emilia, caused him fresh

[1] *Martin*, ii. p. 249.

agonies every day that he watched her suffer. At length, in January, 1854, she too died.

Without Venice, without wife, without daughter, his happiness in life had gone, while beyond his own desolate hearth the forces of evil seemed wholly triumphant in the world. His health was failing fast, and he was assailed by that half physical melancholia against which his spirit had been fighting so gallant a battle ever since boyhood.[1] Dark clouds rested on him for a while. 'I cannot do wrong,' he said to a friend, 'because I have a natural horror of it; because I am born so. But where is the merit? Where is the law? What is the object of this world?' The presence of his son, bound to him by ties of mutual confidence and esteem, was a help in this terrible hour. By a strong effort of will he turned his face to the world once more until his release should come, went out again of mornings to teach Italian to *mesdemoiselles*, and again occupied himself of evenings with the affairs of his country.

He had settled in Paris with a definite public object. He had long believed that only French arms would give Italy the chance to free herself from Austria. He believed so more than ever now. At Paris he made it his business to form friendships with the more liberal-minded among the authors, journalists and public men. Many of the best Frenchmen of that day loved and revered him and their sympathy brought him some consolation even for Emilia's sufferings and death.[2] Manin helped to keep alight in France the flame of her Italian sympathies. He helped to lay the foundations for Plombières. For without some nucleus of pro-Italian feeling in the country, not even Napoleon III, for all his despotic power, could have ventured to shed French blood in a

[1] See p. 39 above.

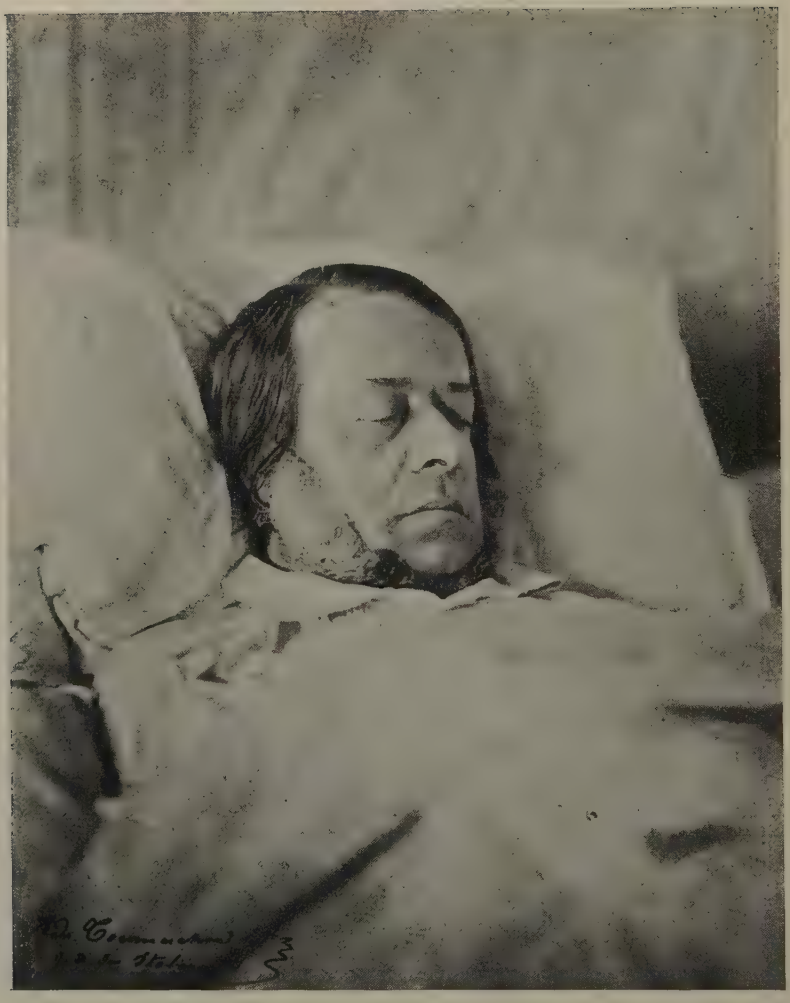
[2] The old poet Béranger wrote: 'What most affects me is Manin. I have seen his unfortunate daughter in a state which it is impossible to describe. . . . Can you picture to yourself this poor girl thinking of the pain her disorder gave her worthy father, clasping him with her withered hands, and asking his forgiveness for the martyrdom she caused him?' *Martin*, ii. p. 263.

cause that one part of his subjects regarded as impious, and most regarded with indifference.

But while Manin clung to his original belief that help must come from France, he abandoned his Republican faith and his Venetian 'regionalism' in view of the new circumstances of Italy and the new policy of Piedmont. He believed in Victor Emmanuel and Cavour as he had never believed in Charles Albert.

For the rulers of Piedmont had learnt to embrace and trust all Italy, instead of seeking to 'annex' the basin of the Po to their own subalpine Kingdom. The better part of the spirit of Mazzini had taken possession of the Royal Cabinet in Turin. And in return the Republicans and Federalists of all shades gave up their *credos*. Mazzinian Republicanism was abandoned by Garibaldi, Sirtori, Cosenz and many more. Federalism and Pio Nono were renounced by Gioberti, D'Azeglio, and even Tommaseo. Federalism was dead, and Republicanism died with it; the two movements rose and sank together. Mazzini's Unitarian Republican faith lingered in the verses of Swinburne but had little hold on Italy or on practical politics. Complete union in one State, but under the House of Savoy, became the programme of almost all patriots in all parts of the Peninsula and even in Sicily. It was the masterpiece of Italian good sense that Italians proved capable of taking an impression, of learning the lesson of their failure in 1848—not like the Germans abandoning their faith in free institutions and dreaming mere blood and iron, but finding a single policy on which to agree, and adhering to it in face of all Europe till it had become an accomplished fact.

In this great change, primarily due to the genius of Cavour and the good faith of Victor Emmanuel, Manin played no insignificant part. It is difficult to say whether his adhesion to the new programme, or that of Garibaldi, carried most weight in 1856-1857. Their common friend Pallavicino, the veteran martyr of the Spielberg, transacted the great affair and brought them out as public



Manin Dead

supports of Cavour and the programme of *Italia e Vittorio Emanuele.* Manin published the following declaration :—

'Faithful to my flag—independence and unification—I reject everything opposed to it. If regenerated Italy must have a King, there must be only one, and that one the King of Piedmont. The Republican party, so bitterly calumniated, now performs another act of abnegation, and makes a sacrifice to the national cause. Convinced that before everything else we must make Italy, as that is the principal question, superior to all others, it says to the House of Savoy: *Make Italy, and I am with you. If not—no.*'

On September 22, 1857, Manin's release came. He passed to his rest no longer hopeless of the future that he had done so much to shape. On his very death-bed he signed the articles of Pallavicino's and Garibaldi's Italian National Society, which gave a popular organization to the new movement of unity and hope. He passed away, wrote one who was with him at the end—'in the full faith of the excellence of his work and of its ultimate triumph. The greatest consolation of his friends is the remembrance of the profound serenity and contentment shed over the last days of the martyr by the firm conviction of having well performed his task, of having well served his country to the last.' But he had lost and suffered too much to regard death as anything but a friend.[1]

He left behind him his son Giorgio. In him the traditions of the household of S. Paternian were nobly maintained to the end. Wounded by Garibaldi's side among the Thousand at Calatafimi, he lived on to see Venice freed in 1866. With the frail health of all his family and a silent pride of his own, he lived withdrawn from the party strife of the liberated city, regarded with awe and respect as something apart, a living monument to his father's greatness.

[1] For this account of Manin in exile see *Martin*, ii. pp. 249-296. *Maineri, passim. Mangini*, pp. 609-613. *Castille*, pp. 3-5, 62-64. *Pascolato Com.*, pp. 25-31. *Errera*, pp. 389-409. *Legouvé. Trevelyan's Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 63-66.

On March 22, 1868, just twenty years after the day on which he had liberated Venice and made her worthy to be a part of the new Italy, Daniele Manin was brought back to Venice. A bright spring morning shone over the lagoon and all men's hearts were lifted up. As they landed at the Piazzetta, the veterans of 'the forty,' headed by Giorgio, followed the bier to S. Mark's, saluted by the sound of cannon, and welcomed by the whole population of Venice. It was less like a funeral than a triumphant homecoming.[1]

On the outer side of the north wall of S. Mark's, in the little square of 'the lions,' there stands a tomb. It is unique in Venice; no other man has played such a part in her history, which in her full mediæval noonday had been rather one of collective effort than of individual leadership; no other Venetian has been honoured by burial in a position so splendid. There in the heart of Venice lies the reunited household of San Paternian—Teresa and Emilia and Giorgio and Daniele Manin.

[1] *Pascolato*, 1868.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

ABERDEEN AND THE MAZZINI LETTERS. (See p. 50, above)

ON April 13, 1844, two months before the Bandieras' expedition from Corfu took place, Sir R. Gordon wrote to Lord Aberdeen from Vienna: 'Prince Metternich has charged me to express to your Lordship his best acknowledgments for the valuable assistance which has been afforded by H.M. Government in tracing out and denouncing the plans of the conspirators as far as they have come to their knowledge.' (*F.O.*, 7, 316.) The letters of Mazzini that were opened and the information that was given to Austria did not, however, refer to the Bandieras' expedition, as was for many years naturally but erroneously supposed. See documents published in *The Times* of August 22, 1907, also *The Times* of August 12 and 24, 1907. If further proof than those documents were needed that the British Ministry knew nothing of the Bandieras' intended expedition from Corfu, it will be found in the Record Office, *F.O.*, 7, 316, 317, 319, 320. Indeed the Austrian complaint was that the British authorities were negligent in allowing the expedition to start from their territory. The British had already in May refused to give up Bandiera and Moro when they were in Malta on the demand of the Austrian Admiral. (*F.O.*, 7, 320.)

APPENDIX B

MANIN'S PRISON. (See p. 68, above)

ALTHOUGH there has never been any doubt as to the block of buildings, there has been uncertainty as to the precise room where Manin was imprisoned. I believe it to have been the large room on the first floor with two windows on the Riva degli Schiavoni and one window on the canal and Ponte della

Paglia, now (1923) in the hands of the artists' club. To-day a prisoner would not have to climb up to get at a window, but this is because since 1848 a lower window with balustrades in front of it has been knocked out by the removal of the stones. Tommaseo's room, I believe to have been the corresponding room at the other side of the same floor, overlooking the Riva on one side and on the other the passage then known as the Calle dei Albanesi.

My reasons for this opinion are :—

1. The statement of *La Forge*, i. p. 170, derived from Manin's talks to him in Paris—'*une pièce immense* dont les fenêtres *donnent à l'un côté sur le quai des Esclavons et de l'autre sur le pont de Paglia.* Cette pièce *voutée et peinte à fresque* est l'ancienne salle on siégeait une magistrature criminelle appelée *I signori di notte al criminale.*' No room in the prison could possibly have answered to this description except the one I indicate, which answers exactly.

2. *Dalmedico MSS.*—By the kindness of Cav. G. Dalmedico I have been allowed to use a letter written by the under-gaoler Soldan in 1887, stating where Manin and Tommaseo were respectively imprisoned in 1848. Soldan had been 'assegnato in servizio di Manin e Tommaseo' during their imprisonment, and was in 1887 'usciere del Presidente del Tribunale civile e correzionale.' His letter, written to Gaetano Sannato in answer to a question, runs as follows :—

'La Carcere di Daniele Manin era sopra il Ponte della Paglia, un ramo della vecchia infermeria. E quella a Tommaseo vicino la calle dei Albanesi altro ramo della vecchia infermeria. Questa è quella informazione precisa che posso dare.'

The rooms I have described, and the large chamber connecting them were at one time the 'Infermeria.'

APPENDIX C

MURDER OF MARINOVICH. (See p. 105, above)

CONFORTI, who escaped to Mexico, never paid the penalty of his crime. But in 1852 the restored Austrian Government executed for participation in the murder Domenico Giai and Michele Garbrizza, both Arsenalotti, who in 1848 had been aged twenty-one and eighteen respectively. *Racc. Corr., M.P.*, 301.

The authorities for the circumstances of the murder are numerous and detailed, and all tell the same story except in quite minor details. The Austro-phil authorities bear out the story as told by Italian sympathizers with regard to the efforts of the Italian naval officers, the Guardia Civica and some even of the Arsenalotti to save Marinovich on March 21 and 22. No one, so far as I am aware, has ever denied this, still less charged Manin with complicity. The Austro-phil authorities are *Marinovich*, pp. 18-19. *Assedio*, pp. 11-13. *Helfert*, i. pp. 340-341. Pro-Italian are *Gazz. Ven.*, March 23 (Minotto's narrative). *La Forge*, i. pp. 278-282. *De Giorgi*, pp. 9-10. *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MSS.*, i. pp. 102-105. *E. and F.*, pp. 346-348 is well informed, but an example of the savage way in which one section of the patriots regarded the murder.

The oral tradition of the Arsenal is on all-fours with the events as narrated in my text. I wish to thank the Arsenal authorities most heartily for their friendly zeal in aiding my researches on the spot.

APPENDIX D

WANT OF CONNECTION BETWEEN MILAN AND VENICE, MARCH 17-23, 1848. (See p. 122, above)

'GOD willed that the revolt should break out in Milan and Venice on the same days. I say God willed it because there was no radical concert between us. For some months we had felt a common hatred for the Austrian. But here (at Venice) no one had thought of taking up arms.' *M.C.V.*, *Calucci MSS.* This is borne out by other evidence, negative and positive, too extensive to reproduce.

Radaelli, p. 57, and *Pascolato*, p. 36, state that the news of the victory at Milan only reached Venice on the 24th. This is borne out by the fact that there is no mention of Milan in the *Gazzetta di Venezia* till March 25, when not only the actual liberation of Milan but the mythical capture of Radetzky is announced! The *Gazzetta* would gladly have published good news from Milan on the 23rd or 24th if it had known them in time for press. See also *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 115-116, and *De Giorgi*, p. 8; the latter, correct in general, has the dates slightly wrong.

APPENDIX E

FINANCE AND CONSCRIPTION. (See p. 147, above)

FOR the story of Venetian finance in the able hands of Manin and the Jew Maurogonato, see *Pascolato Maurogonato*, pp. 9-10. *Varè*, p. 151. *Pascolato*, pp. 71-74, 155-162. *Blue Book*, iv. p. 195. Nevertheless Manin wrote in June, 'Our economic condition makes it necessary for us to disband troops.' *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.*, 1589.

For Manin's views on the conscription question, see his statement in *M.C.V.*, *Manin MSS.* 2329, 3823. The first serious proposal for conscription was made by Colonel Cavedalis on May 22; but he did not persuade Manin or his colleagues, *M.C.V.*, *Cavedalis MS.*, i. pp. 538-540. On June 1 the Government vaguely threatened conscription in a proclamation to improve recruiting—*Treviso Broadsheets*, Venezia, June 1. After that the question seems to have dropped. *Gloria*, p. 113.

APPENDIX F

COMBAT AT MONTEBELLO. (See p. 150, above)

AS to the numbers of the *Crociati* at Montebello, some first-hand authorities place it as low as 1,000; others as high as 4,000. By a comparison of narratives and documents I am convinced there were at least 2,000 and four cannon.

Della Marmora, pp. 15-17. *Marchesi*, p. 158. *Tiv.*, i. pp. 265-272. *Fabris*, i. pp. 370-375. *Jäger*, pp. 61-67. *Gloria*, p. 116. *Schoenhals*, p. 134. *Legnazzi*, pp. 25, 35, 38-42. *Meneghello*, pp. 30-50. *D'Azeglio*, *Doc.*, pp. 49-51, 155-158. *R.S. del R.*, iii. p. 692, etc. *Meneghini*, pp. 22-27. *Ellesmere*, p. 64. *Gonzaga*, pp. 36-38. *Marescotti*, pp. 5-6. *Radaelli*, pp. 85-86, 100-101. *Luzio*, *Radetzky*, pp. 26-27.

APPENDIX G

ATTITUDE OF CHARLES ALBERT, VENICE AND MILAN TOWARDS FRENCH INTERFERENCE AND PEACE TERMS. (See pp. 160-161, above)

(i) ON June 7, Charles Albert wrote to Franzini: 'Si nous pouvons obtenir par la médiation de l'Angleterre la cession de la Lombardie jusqu'à l'Adige, avec les deux Duchés, nous

aurons fait une campagne glorieuse. . . . Voila devant Dieu le fond de mon cœur, et ce que je vous autorise à confier a Mons. Abercromby.' *Carlo Alberto*, p. 61.

In the same letter of June 7, Charles Albert speaks of the danger of 'une intervention de la Republique Francaise, qui voudraient alors nous prendre la Savoie et Nice, et qui nous apporterait ses principes avec la perspective qu'ils nous engloutissent.' See also *Cattaneo*, p. 74; *Cattaneo Epist.*, p. 187.

(ii) Castelli wrote to Calucci on June 15 from Venice: 'Il mio convincimento è che senza il soccorso francese Italia non si libera; . . . lo manifestai dal marzo in qua sempre.' *Calucci*, pp. 436-437. *Marchesi*, pp. 418-419. For Manin's policy, based on a similar belief, see *Errera*, pp. 486-487.

(iii) The Milanese aristocracy, as fearful of Republicanism and of France as Charles Albert himself, dreaded the attitude of Venice as regards French interference. Thus on June 18, 1848, the Marchesa Costanza Arconati writes from Milan to Marchese Gino Capponi:—

'Ieri fu una brutta giornata, non tanto per le cattive notizie del Veneto, quanto per l'uso che ne facevano i fautori dell' intervento francese. Non si sentiva altro discorso che quello della venuta di 6,000 francesi, e i paurosi accoglievano quest' idea. La sarebbe troppo brutta. Si teme che se Venezia li chiamasse questo basterebbe perché venissero, e non c'é purtroppo da sperare che Venezia non li chiami.'

This letter, soon I hope to be published by Signor Aldobrandino Malvezzi with other documents, has been most kindly put at my disposal for immediate use.

APPENDIX H

THE THIRD BATTLE OF VICENZA, JUNE 10, 1848

(See pp. 188-195, above)

THE attempt of the more ill-conditioned of the enemies of Italy, such as the French Royalist *Pimodan*, to make out that the Italians left the fighting to the Swiss is contradicted by abundant evidence, including the impartial testimony of General Willisen, the Prussian Attaché with the Austrian army, who, speaking of the defence of the Berici hills, says 'the Austrians had to use 12,000 men to dislodge a handful

of brave sons of Switzerland and Italy,' and mentions specially the conduct of Cialdini and D'Azeglio as the soul of the defence there. *Willisen*, p. 122. In the other parts of the battle there were not many Swiss; none at all at Villas Valmarana and Rotonda.

The Austrian losses of June 10, according to the official account, were 140 killed, 541 wounded, and 140 missing. The Italian and Swiss losses in killed and wounded were a great deal over 1,000, perhaps nearer 2,000. *Feldzug*, ii. p. 61. *Kunz*, p. 59. *Fabris*, iii. p. 116. The Austrian losses in killed were put higher by some officers in the Austrian service, *Ellesmere*, p. 140.

The authorities for my account of the battle are *Feldzug*, ii. pp. 24-61. *Fabris*, iii. pp. 93-118. *Schoenhals*, pp. 208-216. *Willisen*, pp. 117-125. *Radetzky, Biog. Skizze*, pp. 366-369. *Durando, Schi.*, pp. 36-44. *Ulloa*, i. pp. 248-251. *Donzelli*, pp. 15-17. *Vater Radetzky*, p. 95. *Rustow*, pp. 220-223. *Sieben Monate*, pp. 85-92. *Radetzky, Studie*, pp. 17-19. *Kunz*, pp. 55-61. *Meneghello*, pp. 120-160. *Molon*, pp. 53-63. *Ravioli*, pp. 88-98. *Ellesmere*, pp. 143-150. *Rumor, Villa Ambellicopoli.* And especially for the capitulation the following: *D'Azeglio, Corr.*, p. 46. *Albèri* (printed in *D'Azeglio, Doc.*, pp. 81-98). *Durando, Schi.*, p. 47. *Tecchio. Calucci*, p. 430. *Belluzzi. Radetzky, Studie*, p. 19. *Blue Book*, ii. pp. 605-606; iii. p. 454. *Luzio, Radetzky*, p. 57, and illustration op. p. 80 (also ed. 1910, p. 28, for Austrian picture of the storming of the Rotonda).

APPENDIX I

MANIN, ENGLAND, FRANCE AND AUSTRIA, APRIL-MAY, 1849

(See p. 224, above)

THE *Blue Book* publication of papers ends at Novara. The F.O. papers, hitherto unpublished, for May, 1849, give the letters of Clinton Dawkins, British Consul-General, to Palmerston, describing his interviews with Manin at the critical moment when Manin decided to refuse Radetzky's terms of surrender and to stand the siege.

'*F.O.*, 7, 371 *Austria.*

'*Venice, May*, 1849. *To the Viscount Palmerston.*

'MY LORD,

'. . . On the morning of yesterday, the 5th, a summons was sent in to the Venetians by Marshal Radetsky, who had

arrived the day before in the neighbourhood of Mestre, giving them until 8 o'clock on the following morning, the 6th, to surrender.

'This summons contained an offer, I am assured, of a full and complete pardon to all non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and liberty to all those persons who chose, without exception, to leave the place, but neither these terms nor any others that it may have contained have been made public by the Government.

'In the afternoon of the same day, the 5th, Mr. Vasseur, the French Consul here, called upon me to inform me that a French steamer just arrived from Ancona had brought him a Despatch from Paris, dated the 17th April, a portion of which he read to me, desiring him to make clearly known to the Provisional Government of Venice, that notwithstanding the sympathy it felt for them, the French Government could not take any measures for their support; and that the mediation of the two Governments of England and France being now at an end, all that those Governments could do would be to urge the Austrian Government to show as much moderation as possible to the Venetians. . . .

'M. Vasseur, who fairly admits that his sympathies are with the Venetians, then left me to execute the instructions he had received, it being arranged between us that I should see Signor Manin afterwards. M. Vasseur returned to give me an account of his interview, from which it appeared that Signor Manin, although fully admitting the difficulties of his position, was nevertheless unprepared to take any steps whatever for a surrender.

'I then went myself to Signor Manin, and pointed out to him the perfect inutility of further resistance, the utter hopelessness of relief being afforded to him by any Foreign Government, the additional sacrifices which each day's opposition would infallably entail upon Venice, and lastly the immense responsibility which he personally would incur by causing the loss of so many lives.

'I found Signor Manin much cast down and disposed to receive my representations in a very friendly spirit, but although admitting the truth of them, I regret to say they entirely failed in producing the desired effect.

'Signor Manin said that on learning the total discomfiture of the Piedmontese Army, the Venetian Government addressed themselves again early in April to the French and English

Governments, entreating them to interfere in behalf of Venetian Independence; that the reply of the French Government had been received, in which, although stating that the time for such a project was gone by, allusion was made to the possibility (M. Manin did not say whether present or past possibility) of a Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom under the protection of Austria, and that the Venetian agent at Paris [Pasini] had been forthwith instructed to enter into communication with the French Government upon this point. To the Despatch sent to England, Signor Manin said he knew Your Lordship had replied in writing, but that the reply had not yet reached him.

'Although evidently not placing much reliance in the result of these appeals to the English and French Governments, Signor Manin still seemed unwilling to abandon all hope that something might result from them, favourable to Venice. He then returned to the language already used by him to me, viz.: that it was impossible to put any faith in Austria; that the utter ruin of Venice if it fell again into her hands was certain; that it would be better to die than to survive and witness such a state of things; that although under present circumstances resistance did appear hopeless, yet that, powerful as was the Austrian besieging force, the position of Venice gave it still the means, if well defended, of resisting for sometime longer; that the ill success of the French Expedition to Rome would probably produce a change of Ministry in France; that the successes of the Hungarians might require the entire withdrawal of the Austrian force from Italy, etc., etc.

'Admitting the possibility of these events coming to pass I besought Signor Manin to consider that Austria having now seriously undertaken the reduction of Venice would be only all the more determined to effect her object without loss of time, and again urged him to take some step in a conciliatory sense; I also begged him to consider his own position. I told him, what I have reason to know is perfectly true, that he was now accused by many of sacrificing them to his own ambition, that a very large portion of the inhabitants of Venice were most anxious to come to terms, and I entreated him to make use of the influence he possessed over the people while that influence yet remained in his hands, begging him to beware lest it should fall from him altogether.

'To all my representations, though received in a friendly and grateful manner, Signor Manin's constant reply was: "It

is impossible—I cannot surrender—I cannot surrender—I cannot trust the Austrians—I am here to resist."

'Then said I: "What is the reply you will send to Marshal Radetsky's summons?" "We shall send no reply whatever," answered he, "and the operations of the siege of Malghera must therefore be continued."

'Notwithstanding the determination expressed by Signor Manin to persevere in his resistance, a determination I believe him to have been perfectly sincere in expressing, I am inclined to suspect that if anything like a popular demonstration in favour of a surrender were to be made, Signor Manin would not oppose himself to it. His position is becoming daily more difficult.' . . .

'*May* 11.

. . . 'Signor Manin informed me that after I quitted him on the night of the 5th, an answer had been prepared and sent to the summons of Marshal Radetsky, which answer he read to me, and which was to the following effect:—That the Venetian Government had again appealed to the Governments of England and France to interpose their good offices with the Imperial Government in behalf of Venice, and that the Venetian Government were awaiting a reply to that appeal, but that, notwithstanding, if the Imperial Government were willing in the meantime to negotiate *at Vienna* with the Provisional Government of Venice, the latter was willing to enter into negotiations.

'To this answer a rejoinder had been sent by Marshal Radetsky, which Signor Manin also read to me, to the effect that the Imperial Government having constantly declined the interference of Foreign Powers between itself and its revolted subjects, Marshal Radetsky could in no way be influenced by the communications of the Venetian Government with those Powers, that he (Marshal Radetsky) had offered the Venetians the terms authorised by the Imperial Government, and that as the Venetians had not chosen to accept them the consequences must fall on them.

'Signor Manin said to me: You see how impossible it is to negotiate when such answers are returned; to which I replied: that I was by no means surprised at the answer given by Marshal Radetsky. I said to Signor Manin that he knew that the Imperial Government had at no time admitted the right of the two Powers to interfere for the independence of Venice, and that he must have been fully aware that any

allusion on his part to a dependence or reliance on those Powers could only be met by Marshal Radetsky in the manner it had been, and that, as the Marshal had full powers from his Government, the offer to negotiate at Vienna was useless, more especially as Signor Manin intended, as it seemed, only to negotiate for the independence, quasi or real, of Venice.

'Signor Manin then read to me a plan which he said had at one time met the approval of the French Government, by which the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom was to be governed by a Vice-Roy, to pay a fixed tribute to Austria, but to be in other respects entirely free, with Italian troops, Italian Civil Servants, and a Constitution on the model of the Belgian Constitution.

'"This," said Signor Manin, "we would accept, but even for this we should require a Guarantee."' . . .

'*May* 19.

'I am sorry to say my efforts continue to be fruitless, although I think were Signor Manin alone, and were he uninfluenced by what passes out of doors, he would not be so obdurate.

'He fairly confessed to me, however, that as things stood at present, he could not, were he so disposed, enter upon any negotiations upon such terms as Marshal Radetsky had offered. He said he should lose all influence over the people by so doing, and though such a loss was personally indifferent to him, it would lead to consequences he shuddered to think of. He added that if the Austrians gained any decisive success, anything that produced a disheartening effect on the people, then perhaps it might be practicable to offer some counter-propositions, or enter into some kind of negotiation, but that up to this moment the efforts of the Austrians against Venice, especially against Malghera, had rather encouraged the people than otherwise. . . .

'In speaking of those who support the present state of things, I by no means intend to imply any change in my opinion already expressed, viz.: that the great majority of the peaceable inhabitants are but too ready to yield'. . . .

'*May* 29.

'I must take this opportunity of acknowledging that, during this siege of three days and two nights,[1] the garrison of

[1] Alluding to the intensification of the bombardment from May 24-26; the whole siege of Malghera lasted three weeks.

Malghera displayed a courage and firmness which I did not anticipate, and which the opinions I have frequently expressed may not have led your Lordship to expect.'

Clinton Dawkins' conduct in these interviews was perfectly straightforward and unobjectionable, but his Austro-phil leaning deceived him when he supposed that 'the great majority of the peaceable inhabitants' were in favour of surrender. The event proved him to be as wrong in supposing this as he admits himself to have been wrong in expecting a feeble resistance by the defenders of Fort Malghera. In July and August he got more and more angry with Manin for not surrendering, and being unable to sympathize with the character of his motives, regarded him finally as almost insane.

'*August* 14.

'Cholera is raging here. Manin, our President, is I fear going mad, or at least acting like a madman, and am driven nearly mad and get no comfort from anyone.'

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(A close and valuable study of the 'Fusion' question, made with the aid of the Manin documents now in the Museo Civico, some of which are printed only in *Fulin.* On pp. xci-c is reprinted *Cibrario*'s report of the Piedmontese Government in Venice, and the events of Aug. 11, 1848. On pp. cxxxiv-cli is printed a diary of 1849 attributed to Jacopo Zennari, but really kept by Alessandro De Giorgi; see his article in *Arch. Ven.* 1876, xi. pp. 42-43. On pp. clxix-ccxxvii reports of the secret sessions of the Venetian Assembly.)

Galateo = *Risorg.* (*q.v.*), 1909, pp. 788-806. *Dalle Memorie di Giuseppe de Galateo Luog. Col. comandante il 4° reggo di Linea Veneta*, 1848-49.

Giustinian = Augusto Giustinian. *La prima epoca della rivoluzione Veneziana. Reminiscenze.* Torino. 1850.

Gloria = *A ricordo ad onore di Andrea Gloria. Bollettino del Museo Civico di Padova*, 1912. Pp. 101-171. By Giuseppe Solitro, *Scritti inediti di Storia del Risorgimento.*

(An epitome with comment of Gloria's MS. memoirs.)

Gonni = G. Gonni. *L'Austria navale.* In *Rass. Stor. del R.* (*q.v.*). April to June, 1918.

Gonzaga = *Memorie e lettere di Carlo Guerrieri Gonzaga.* Published by Alessando Luzio in the *Rass. Stor. del R.* (*q.v.*). Jan. to Feb. 1915.

Guardia Civica = *Istruzione necessaria servibile tanto per la Guardia Civica quanto per la guardia Mobile.* Venezia. 1848.

Guardia Nazionale = Gabriele Fantoni. *I fasti della guardia nazionale del Veneto*, 1848-9. Venezia. 1869.

Guardione = Franceso Guardione. *Il Dominio dei Borboni in Sicilia.* 3 vols. Palermo. 1901.

Haynau = *Biographie des M. M. Feldzeugmeisters J. von Haynau.* 1853.

Helfert = Joseph von Helfert. *Geschichte der öst. Revolution.* Freiburg. 1907.

Hübner = Le Comte de Hübner. *Une année de ma vie* 1848-49. 1891.

Isotto = Isotto. *Lettere inedite di Daniele Manin.* Venezia. 1904.

(Correspondence of Manin with the Piedmontese Minister Tecchio, before Novara. For Tecchio see *Pascolato, Tecchio.*)

I tre colori. Augurio per l'anno, 1849. Venezia. 1849.

(A small volume of patriotic poetry, old and new.)

Jäger = Edoardo Jäger. *Storia documentata dei corpi militari Veneti*, 1848-49. Venezia. 1880.

Kovalevsky = Maxime Kovalevsky. *La fin d'une aristocratie.* Traduit du russe par Casimir de Krauz. Turin.

Kriegs-Chronik = *Kriegs-Chronik Österreich Ungarns. Militärischer Führer auf den Kriegsschauplätzen der Monarchie, Kerfasst im K. K. Kriegs-Archive.* Wien. 1885. Pp. 186-190 on Italy, 1848.

Kunz = Major Hermann Kunz. *Die Feldzüge des Feldmarschalls Radetzky* 1848 *und* 1849. Berlin. 1890.

La Forge = Anatole La Forge. *Histoire de la République de Venise sous Manin.* Paris. 1852-53. 2 vols.

(Good on Manin personally. La Forge knew him well in exile and learnt much from him direct. The first part of the book, up to March 22, is best. For Manin's opinion of the book see *P. de la F.*, ii. 421-422.)

Lamartine = A. de Lamartine. *Histoire de la Révolution de* 1848. Bruxelles. 1849, tome ii.

Lampertico = Lampertico, Fedele. *Scritti storici e letterarii.* Vol. i. pp. 40-105. *Delle scienze nel Veneto*, 1815-1860.

Lampertico, Vicenza = Fedele Lampertico e Jacopo Cabianca. *Vicenza e il suo territorio.* Milano. 1859.

Lante = Giuseppe Sazana. *Don Filippo Lante Montefeltro a Treviso e Venezia.* Roma. 1848.

Legouvé = Legouvé (Ernest) de l'academie française. *Un souvenir de Manin.* 1858.

(A poetic dialogue, representing very beautifully the feeling of some of the best French men and women for Manin in exile and poverty in their midst.)

Lee = Vernon Lee. *The Eighteenth Century in Italy.* 1880.

Legnazzi = E. N. Legnazzi. *Sorio e Montebello.* Padova. 1892.

Le Masson = Al. Le Masson. *Venise en* 1848 *et* 1849. Paris. 1851.

L'ultima dominazione = *L'ultima dominazione Austriaca. Memorie.* Pubblicate a cura del Comitato Regionale Veneto per la storia del Risorg. It. Chioggia. 1916.

Luzio = Alessandro Luzio. *Le cinque giornate di Milano nelle narrazioni di fonte Austriaca.* 1897. (*Bibl. stor. del Risorg. It.* i. 9.)

Luzio, Radetzky = Alessandro Luzio. *Studi e bozzetti*, 1910. Vol ii. *Radetzky.*

Maineri = B. E. Maineri. *Daniele Manin e Giorgio Pallavicino Epistolario politico*, 1855-57. Milano. 1878.

Malamani = Vittorio Malamani. *Daniele Manin, Tommaseo, Il Barone Avesani. dall' Archivio della Censura Austriaca.* In the *Rivista Contemporanea* 1888, May, June, Aug. Sept.

Mangini = Adolfo Mangini. *Ricordi di Daniele Manin*, 1840 *al* 1852. In *Risorg.* (*q.v.*), i. Sept. 4, 1908.

Manin, Giorgio = Gabriele Fantoni. *Giorgio Manin*, in *R.S. del R.* (*q.v.*), ii. 440-453.

Manin, Giurisprudenza = Daniele Manin. *Della Veneta giurisprudenza, civile, mercantile e criminale.* Venezia. 1848. Reprinted from *Correr* (*q.v.*), Venezia e le sue lagune, 1847.

Marchesi = Vincenzo Marchesi. *Storia documentata della rivoluzione e della difesa di Venezia negli anni* 1848-49. Opera premiata dal Municipio di Venezia. Venezia. 1917.

(The most learned work on the subject—the latest of many scholarly works based on the Venetian documents. The Appendix prints valuable documents previously unpublished, including some from private papers of Castelli and Fincati.)

Marchesi, Settant'anni = Vincenzo Marchesi. *Settant'anni di Storia Politica di Venezia*, 1798-1866. Torino. 1892.

Marescotti = Angelo Marescotti. *Guerre recenti del Veneto*, dated Venezia, 28 giugno, 1848.

Marinovich = *Il 22 marzo*, 1848. *Cenni biografici e sul massacro di Giovanni Marinovich.* Venezia. 1850.

(An impartial study of Marinovich's career and character, and of his quarrels with the Arsenalotti, and a detailed account of his murder. Published under the restored Austrian regime in Venice from a professedly Austrian point of view.)

Martin = Henri Martin. *Daniel Manin and Venice in* 1848-49, translated by Charles Martel, with an introduction by Isaac Butt, M.P. 2 vols., 1862.

Martinengo Cesaresco = Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. *Italian Characters* (*No.* 5, *Manin*), 1901.

(The best essay on the subject.)

Medin = Dataico Medin. *Schiarimento relativo ad una storia vecchia.* Padova. 1885.

(Most important for March 22. Medin was a member of the Municipality and took an active part in the revolution.)

Meneghello = Vittorio Meneghello. *Il Quarantotto a Vicenza.* Vicenza. 1908.

(Accurate and well-documented study, especially of the military events, largely composed of quotations from MSS. and rare books, Austrian and Italian, most of them noted elsewhere in this bibliography.)

Meneghini = Pietro Meneghini. *Bozzetti di un crociato.* Vicenza. 1879.

Mestre = *Mestre Numero Unico.* Venezia. 1898. Contains account of the sortie of Oct. 1848, by Cavedalis, printed from *M.C.V., Cavedalis MSS.* (*q.v.*).

Metternich. Mémoires = *Mémoires, documents, etc., laissés par le Prince de Metternich.* Paris. 1881.

Militaer-Schematismus = Austrian Army List for 1848. Wien.

Molmenti = P. G. Molmenti. *La storia di Venezia nella vita privata.* Torino. 1885.

Molon = Francesco Molon. *Un ricordo del* 1848. Lonigo. 1883.

Montecchi = Mattia Montecchi, segretario del Generale Costante Ferrari. *Divisione Ferrari.* Fasc. 11 of *Documenti della guerra santa d'Italia.* Capolago, marzo, 1850 (*cf.* to *D'Azeglio, Relazione.*)

Monterossi = *Memorie storiche biografiche di D. Manin, dettate da P. H. Monterossi.* Venezia. 1848.

Monti = Antonio Monti. *L'idea federalistica nel risorgimento Italiano.* Bari. 1922.

Murray = *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in North Italy.* 3rd ed. 1847.

Nisco = Niccola Nisco. *Gli ultimi trentasei anni del reame di Napoli.* Napoli. 1897.

Norme = *Norme sulla amministrazione militare.* Venezia. 1849.

(Regulations issued by Cavedalis as to supply of Venetian army and its medical and other services.)

Numero Unico = *Venezia* 1848-49. *Numero unico edito a cura del comune nel cinquantesimo anniversario.* Venezio. 1898.

Nuovo Archivio Veneto. For articles in this periodical see under special headings, e.g. *Paladino, Rovigo.*

Padova = Domenico Legrenzi. *Cinque giorni del mese di giugno*, 1848 *in Padova.* Padova. Settembre, 1848.

Pagani = Carlo Pagani. *Uomini e cose in Milano del marzo all'agosto*, 1848. Milano. 1906.

Paladino = Giuseppe Paladino. *I Napoletani a Venezia nel* 1848. In *Nuovo Archivio Veneto*, 1919. N. 115-116, tom. xxxviii. pp. 148-178.

Paladino, Rass. Stor. del R. = Articles by Giuseppe Paladino in *Rass. Stor. del R.* (*q.v.*).

1. 1917, Nov. to Dec. *Il governo napoletano e la lega Italiana nel marzo e aprile*, 1848.

2. 1919, Jan. to March. *Guglielmo Pepe e il ritorno delle truppe napoletane dall' Alta Italia nel*, 1848.

Palmerston = The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, *The Life of Viscount Palmerston*, 1846-65. Vol. i., 1876.

Pascolato = Alessandro Pascolato. *Manin e Venezia.* Milano. 1916. Posthumously published by Signora Pezzè Pascolato.

Pascolato 1868 = Alessandro Pascolato. *Manin e Venezia.* 1868.

(A pamphlet of the same title as Pascolato's later book of 1916, but different. Account of the bringing back of Manin's body to Venice, 1868.)

Pascolato Com. = Alessandro Pascolato. *Daniele Manin. Commemorazione Tenuta nel primo centenario della sua nascita.* Venezia. 1904.

Pascolato, Maurogonato = Alessandro Pascolato. *Isacco Pesaro-Maurogonato.* Venezia. 1894.

Pascolato. Profughi = Alessandro Pascolato. *I profughi veneti e lombardi a Venezia nel* 1848. Venezia. 1901.

Pascolato. Tecchio = Alessandro Pascolato. *Sebastiano Tecchio.* Venezia. 1887.

Pasini = Ruggiero Bonghi. *La Vita di Valentino Pasini.* Firenze. 1867.

Pasini, Questione = Valentino Pasini. *Sulla questione politica Lombardo-Veneta.* Venezia. 1848; dated Vicenza 22 maggio, 1848.

Pasolini = *Giuseppe Pasolini*, 1815-76, *Memorie.* There is an English translation, 1885.

Pepe = General Pepe. *Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy*, 1848-49. 2 vols. 1850.

Pepe, Memoirs = Memoirs of General Pepe, written by himself. 3 vols. 1846.

(For his life up to 1831.)

Perlbach, Manin = M. Perlbach. *Daniel Manin und Venedig*, 1848-49. Griefswald. 1878.

(A lecture, based on a careful study of the sources.)

Peverelli = Di P. Peverelli. *Storia di Venezia del* 1798 *sino ai nostri tempi.* Torino. 1852.

Pimodan = *Souvenirs du général Marquis de Pimodan* 1847-49. Paris. 1891.

Pinelli = Maggiore Ferdinando Pinelli. *Storia Militare del Piemonte.* Torino. 1854-55.

P. de la F. = Planat de la Faye. *Documents e pièces authentiques laissés par Daniel Manin.* 2 vols. Paris. 1860.

(Still the most valuable of the various collections of documents, although most can now be found scattered about in other works. A few of the documents published in this collection have important paragraphs omitted without indications of omission, *cf. P. de la F.*, i. 276-278 to *Errera*, 487, and i. 262-263 to *Errera*, 461-462.)

Piva = E. Piva. *Un generale Garibaldino, Domenico Piva.* In the *Rass. Stor. del R.* (*q.v.*), 1917 Jan. to Feb.

Poerio = Gilberto Secrétant. *Alessandro Poerio.* Genova. 1912.

Poerio a Venezia = Vittorio Imbriani. *Alessandro Poerio a Venezia.* Napoli. 1884.

Raccolta Andreola = *Raccolta per ordine cronologico di tutti gli atti, decreti ecc., del governo provvisorio della repubblica Veneta, non che scritti, avvisi ecc. dei cittadini privati.* Venezia. Andreola, tipografo del Gov. provv. 1848-49.

(Chiefly though not entirely reprints of documents also to be found in the *Gazetta di Venezia*, of which it is in some sort a résumé.)

Radaelli = Col. C. A. Radaelli. *Storia dello assedio di Venezia.* Napoli. 1865.

(Valuable first-hand authority on many events, especially those of March 22. The author, brought up at Venice as an Austrian naval cadet and officer, distinguished himself on land in the defence of Venice against Austria.)

Radaelli, Manin = Col. Carlo Alberto Radaelli. *Cenni biografici di Daniele Manin.* Firenze. 1889.

(The author knew Manin well after 1841.)

Radetzky, biographishche Skizze = *Der k.k. österreichische Feldmarschall Graf Radetzky. Eine biografische Skizze nach den eigenen Dictaten.* Von einem österreichischen Veteranan (General Heller).

Radetzky, Studie = *Studie über den Feldzug des F. M. Grafen von Radetzky*, 1848. 1907.

Radetzky, Tochter = *Briefe des Feldmarschalls Radetzky an seine Tochter Friedericke*, 1847-57. Wien. 1892.

Radetzky a Verona = Gaetono Polver. *Radetzky a Verona nel* 1848. Verona. 1913.

Rass. Stor. del R. = *Rassegna storica del Risorgimento.* From 1914 onwards. Città di Castello. (To be distinguished from *Risorg.* and *Riv. S. del. R., q.v.*) See *Gonzaga; Piva; Paladino Rass. Stor. del R.; Gonni.*

Ravioli = Camillo Ravioli. *La campagna nel Veneto del* 1848. Roma. 1883.

Reuchlin, Manin = Hermann Reuchlin. *Daniel Manin als Führer des moralischen Widerstands gegen Metternich.* Series 4, year 2 of Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch.* Leipzig. 1861.

(A well-informed essay.)

Revel = Genova di Revel. *Dal* 1847 *al* 1855. *Ricordi di un Commissario Militare del Re.*

Revel, Cessione = Genova di Revel, Commissario Regio Militare. *La Cessione del Veneto.* Firenze. 1906.

(On the handing over of the Veneto in 1866.)

Risorg = *Il Risorgimento Italiano.* An historical review from 1908 onwards. Torino. See under *Mangini; Fantoni, Risorg.; Galateo; Malamani, Risorg.; Rizzoli.*

Riv. Mil. It. = *Rivista Militare Italiana.*

1. 1880, vol. iv. pp. 322-341. *Calvi in Cadere nel* 1848. Capitano T. Mariotti.

2. 1886, vol. ii. pp. 5-39. *Custoza*, 1848. Col. S. Zanelli.

R.S. del R. = *Rivista Storica del Risorgimento Italiano*, 1895-1900.

Vol. ii. (1897). 1. pp. 211-216. *Giovanni Gerlin.*

" " " 2. pp. 440-453. *Giorgio Manin*, by Gabriele Fantoni.

" " " 3. pp. 496-519. *Diarii di Cosenz, Difesa del ponte sulla laguna in Venezia.*

" " " 4. pp. 553-570. *L'Intervento francese in Italia nel*, 1848.

" " " 5. pp. 692-726. *La censura Austriaca nelle provincie Venete.* Vittorio Malamani.

Vol. iii. (1898). 1. pp. 19-47. *Biografie di dieci patrioti Veenziani.* Fantoni.
" " " 2. pp. 479-488. *Il braccio del generale Giacomo Antonini.* Fantoni.
" " " 3. pp. 692-723. *Alcuni difensori di Venezia.* Fantoni.
" " " 4. pp. 726-728. Proclamation of Haynau, Feb. 27, 1849, defining area of the land blockade of Venice and lagoon.

Rizzoli = Giuseppe Solitro in *Risorg.* (*q.v.*), 1912, pp. 845-879. *Un valoroso dimenticato, Pietro Rizzoli,* 1827-51.

Rosaroll = Cesare Cimegotto. *Cesare Rosaroll.* Padova. 1913.

Rosaroll, Lettere = *Assèdio di Malghera* 1849. *Lèttere del Colº. Barone Cesare Rosaroll-Scorza, comandante la lunetta n.* 13. Padova. 1894.

Rota = Etore Rota. *L'Austria in Lombardia.* Milano. 1911. Serie VI. No. 10 of *Bibl. Stor. del Risorg. It.*
(On eighteenth century Lombardy.)

Rovani = G. Vittorio Rovani. *Daniele Manin,* fasc. 8 of *Documenti della guerra santa d'Italia.* Capolago. 1850.
(A supporter of the *Circolo Italiano* and of Tommaseo; attacks on Manin's conduct. See *Autodifesa.*)

Rovigo = Edoardo Piva. *La cacciata degli Austriaci da Rovigo.* In *Nuovo Archivio Veneto,* 1916, n. 104, vol. xxxii., pt. ii. 481-528.

Rumor, Bibliografia = Mons. Sebastiano Rumor. *Bibliografia storica della città e provincia di Vicenza.* Vicenza. 1916.
(This excellent bibliography and its index (see in it under *Quarantotto*), and the Biblioteca Civica Bertoliana in C. di. Riali, in connection with which it has been made, will be found no less useful for Risorgimento studies at Vicenza than the Fantoni collection at the Museo Civico.)

Rumor, Fogazzaro = Mons. S. Rumor. *Don Giuseppe Fogazzaro.* Vicenza. 1902.

Rumor, Santuario = Mons. Sebastiano Rumor. *Storia documentata del Santuario di Monte Berico.* Vicenza. 1911.

Rumor, Villa Ambellicopoli = Mons. Sebastiano Rumor. *Villa Ambellicopoli ora dei Marchesi Guiccioli.* Vicenza. 1897.

Rüstow = Rüstow, W. *Der italienische Krieg von* 1848 *und* 1849. Zürich. 1862.

Santalena = Antonio Santalena. *Memorie del quarantotto. Il fatto d'armi di Cornuda.* Treviso. 1898.

Santalena, Treviso = Antonio Santalena. *Treviso nel* 1848.

Schoenhals = Le Général Schoenhals, aide-de-camp de Radetzky. *Campagnes d'Italie de* 1848 *et* 1849. Paris. 1859.
(Valuable on account of its author's relation to Radetzky.)

Scritti di Manin e Tommaseo che furono causa della loro prigionia. 1848.
(All reprinted subsequently in other publications.)

Secrétant, Radaelli = Gilberto Secrétant. *Un soldato di Venezia e d'Italia: Carlo Alberto Radaelli.*

Secrétant = Gilberto Secrétant. *Nel* 50 *anniversario della sortita di Mestre.* Mestre. 1898.

Seignobos = Ch. Seignobos. *Histoire politique de l'Europe contemporaine.* Paris. 1903.

Serena = Augusto Serena. *Inaugurandosi il monumento di morte di Cornuda.* Montebelluna. 1898.

Settembrini = Luigi Settembrini. *Ricordanze della mia vita.* Napoli. 1881.

Sieben Monate = *Sieben Monate aus meinem Leben. Episoden ausden italienischen Revolutions.* 1861.

(Said to be by Swinburne, a relation of the poet's, serving in the Austrian Army 1848-49. There is a Robert Swinburne in the Austrian Army List for 1848, p. 60.)

Simpson = Simpson, F. A. *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France*, 1848-56. 1923.

Soler = G. Soler. *Una Giustizia di Daniele Manin e suoi portamenti in Venezia.* Torino. 1850.

(A bitter attack on Manin.)

Sorel = Albert Sorel. *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, vol v. *Bonaparte et la Directoire.* 1903.

Steinbüchel = Anton V. Steinbüchel. *Der Fall Venedigs in den Marztagen.* Wien. Mai, 1848.

(Author present in Venice in March.)

Sunto Storico = *Sunto Storico critico degli aveenimenti di Venezia dal Marzo* 1848 *al Agosto* 1849. Vicenza. 1850. By "X. Z. veneziano."

(Careful to show no sympathy with either side. Adds little if anything to the story as told by patriotic writers when not under Austrian duresse.)

Tecchio = S. Tecchio. *Sulla convenzione di Durando a Vicenza dell'* 11 *giugno.* Milano. 1848. (Dated Ferrara il 26 giugno.)

Tivaroni = Carlo Tivaroni. *l'Italia durante il dominio austriaco.* 3 vols. 1892.

(The standard history of the Risorgimento.)

Tommaseo = Niccolò Tommaseo. *Il secondo esilio.* Milano. 1862. 3 vols.

(Vol. III., pp. 321-322, gives his famous account of his relations with Manin, March 21-22 and afterwards.)

Tommaseo, Appel = Niccolò Tommaseo. *Appel à la France.* Paris. Août 1848.

Tommaseo, Barbaro = Giuseppe Barbaro. *Niccolò Tommaseo.* Venezia. 1882.

Tom. e Cap. = N. Tommaseo e G. Capponi. Carteggio inedito. Bologna. 1911.

Tommaseo e Manin = *Tommaseo e Manin. Memorie della Repubblica di Venezia.*

(Anonymous attack on Manin, in favour of Tommaseo, just after Assembly of July, 1848.)

Tommasi = F. D. Tommasi. *Anni storici sulla vita di Daniele Manin.* Venezia. 1868.

Trentino = Livio Marchetti. *Il Trentino nel Risorgimento.* Vol. i. (*Bibl. Stor. del Risorg. It.*, vii. no. 4.)

Ufficiale Piemontese = *Memorie ed osservazioni sulla guerra dell'indipendenza d'Italia nel* 1848-49, *raccolte da an ufficiale Piemontese.* Torino. 1850.

(Composed partly from Charles Albert's notes: it is the nearest approach to an account of events by him.)

Ugo Bassi = L. Gualtieri. *Memorie di Ugo Bassi.* Bologna. 1862.

Ulloa = Général Ulloa. *Guerre de l'indépendence Italienne*, 1848-49. Paris. 1859.

(Much the best authority on the military aspects of the siege and the character of the defending forces of Venice. The only failing, perhaps, in his military judgments results from a fine loyalty to the memory of his chief, Pepe, whose virtues he states truly, but whose deficiencies he omits to mention.)

Varé = G. B. Varé. *Rimembranze dell'assedio di Venezia.*

Vater Radetzky = F. J. Schneidawind. *Aus dem Hauptquartiere und Feldlebendes Vater Radetzky.*

Vecchi = C. Augusto Vecchi. *Storia di due anni.* Torino. 1856.

Vénétie 1864 = *La Vénétie en* 1864. Paris.

Venice under the Yoke = *Venice under the Yoke of France and Austria. By a Lady of Rank.* 1824.

(The authoress is believed to be Catherine Hyde, Marchioness of Broglio Solari.)

Venosta = Giovanni Visconti Venosta. *Ricordi di Gioventù.* Milano. 1904.

Vicenza, Giornate = *Le tre giornate di Vicenza.* Vicenza. 1869. Written by Ab. Stefano Stefani. First edition 1848. Bologna.

Vicenza, Numero Unico = *Vicenza nel* 1848. *Numero Unico.* 1898.

Vollo = Giuseppe Vollo. *Daniele Manin,* no. 10 of *I contemporanei Italiani.* Torino. 1860.

Welden = Ludwig von Welden. *Episoden aus meinem Leben. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Feldzüge der österreichischen Armee in* 1848-49. 1855.

Willisen = W. von Willisen, Königl. Preuss. General Major. *Der Italianische Feldzug des jahres* 1848. Berlin. 1849.

(A valuable professional comment on the whole campaign.)

Zorsi = *Giustificazioni del tenente Colº. Jacopo Zorzi, ex-comandante la veneta cavalleria.* Bologna. 1849.

Zucchi = *Memorie del Generale Carlo Zucchi,* pubblicate per cura di Nicomede Bianchi. 1861.

Zuliani = Zuliani, ex-veterano grande armata. *La Guerra di Durando nel Veneto.* Venezia. 1848.

(A severe attack on Durando's military conduct, with the report of *Belluzzi,* (*q.v.*) printed as appendix.)

II. BROADSHEETS AND PRINTED MISCELLANIES

I. British Museum.

Misc. B.M. 1852, *e* 5 = Chiefly broadsheets on various subjects, issued in Venice by various persons during the revolution; chiefly official.

Misc. B.M. 1852, *e* 7 = Mostly proclamations in original form. Venice. 1848-49.

Misc. B.M. 1852, *e* 9 = Venice. Collection of Documents. Proclamations in original form for posting on walls.

Misc. B.M. 1852, *e* 10 = A collection of papers relating to Manin and Tommaseo.

II. Venice, Treviso, etc.

Fogli Volanti = Biblioteca Marciana, Venezia. Fogli Volanti.

I. Prose (over 1000 pieces).

II. Poesie patriottiche, e fogli volanti Padovani.

III. Decreti e altri atti.

(No. I. contains some things of value, not in British Museum collection. They express the views of individuals and sections of opinion, who issued broadsheets where an Englishman would "write to the papers.")

Racc. Corr. M P. = *Raccolta Correr, Memorie Patr.* in Museo. Civ. Venezia.

Racc. Corr. M. P. 301. Austrian official documents on Marinovich.

Racc. Corr. M. P. 293 = *Terribile esempio della giustizia divina contro un perfido bestemmiatore del sommo pontefice Pio Nono.* Venezia. 1848.

Sentenza = Broadsheet of the sentence on 34 carbonari of 1821, of the Polesine. Venezia, li 22 dic. 1821. (*M.C.K.* 1848, 372.)

Treviso Broadsheets = Museo Civico, Treviso, Biblioteca. (A fine collection of broadsheets and proclamations, official and other, of 1848-49, of Treviso and some from neighbouring towns.)

Conv. Bailo = Conversation with Ven. Prof. Luigi Bailo, head of the biblioteca Museo Civico, Treviso, who was a boy of twelve in 1848, and remembers the Piazza scenes in Treviso.

III. NEWSPAPERS

Fatti e parole = Venetian journal, June 14, 1848, to Feb., 1849. (Advanced republican, hostile to Manin. At one time adopted sub-title of *Giornale del Circolo Italiano.*)

Gazette d'Augsbourg, had a great deal of Italian news in 1848-49. Much of it has been printed in Italian histories and collections, e.g., the life-like account of the revolution of Venice, March 22, in *P. de la F.*, i. pp. 114-120.

Gazzetta = *Gazzetta di Venezia*, 1848-49. (The official newspaper contains much important matter, though most of the important documents can also be found in *Raccolta*, *q.v.*, and other collections).

Il Biricchino = Venetian Journal of 1849.
(Republican, against Ch. Albert and Pio IX.)

Il Corriere d'Italia = Venetian journal, 1848-49.

Il Difensor del Popolo;

La Voce del Popolo;

Il vero amico del Popolo;

Pio Nono e l'Italia;
= Venetian journals of summer of 1848, strongly patriotic, not strongly for or against any party except Communists to whom they are hostile as being unpatriotic.

Il Libero Italiano = Venetian journal, 1848.
(One of the most influential. Averse to "fusion." It began as early as April 8 with a violent attack on Charles Albert and Gen. Durando. It outran the public feeling of the day and was burnt by the mob in the Piazza S. Marco, and had to apologize on April 11. But its policy was not changed.)

Il Mondo Nuovo = Venetian Journal, Jan. to Aug., 1849.
(Republican. Shows that a good deal of news about the outside world got through even during the last months of the siege.)

Il Precursore = Venetian weekly paper, Nov., 1848 to March, 1849.
(Review articles on a high level. Supports Tommaseo's ideas of need of friendship between Italy and the Slavs.)

Il Vaglio. Giornale Nazionale e indipendente = Venetian journal of summer 1848.
(Critical of all parties.)

La Formica = Venetian journal, Aug. to Nov., 1848, also entitled *Rivista dei giornali veneziani.* (Moderate.)

La Fratellanza de' Popoli = Venetian paper, Apr. to July, 1849. (Supports Tommaseo's ideas of need of friendship between Italy and the Slavs.)

La Guardia Civica, later *La Guardia Nazionale* = Regimental journal of the Civic Guard.

La Staffetta del Popolo = Venetian paper, June 18-29, 1848. Edited by Augusto Giustinian. (Very bitter anti-Albertist and suppressed by Government after its 11th number, June 29, which accused Charles Albert of having made a treacherous agreement with Gen. Zucchi for surrender of Palmanova to the Austrians.)

L'Avvenire d'Italia = Milanese journal, 1848.

L'Imparziale = Venetian Journal, July 1 to Dec. 2, 1848. Published twice a week. (No. 44 (Nov. 22) declares Venice, abandoned by the world, should seek a compromise by giving crown of Venice to Austrian Prince Maximilian of Leuchtenberg, married to a daughter of the Czar of Russia. The number was burnt by a great crowd in the Piazza and after two more numbers the paper ceased to appear.)

L'Indipendente = Venetian journal, 1848-49.
(One of the most influential. Albertist and fusionist.)

L'Operajo = Venetian journal April to Aug., 1849.
(Popular, as its title implies, but moderate, though ardently patriotic. Devoted to Manin. Its articles give a good idea of the spirit of the Venetian populace in the siege.)

Sior Antonio Roba = Venetian Journal, 1848-49. Satirical. Republican and anti-clerical. Edited by Augusto Giustinian. (A complete edition of the journal, together with a collection of controversial tracts arising out of it, can be found in the British Museum 8033 d. 28.)

IV. MANUSCRIPTS

1. Museo Civico, Venezia (= M.C.V.).

1. *M.C.V., Pol. Aust. MSS.* = *Polizia Austriaca*, 1799-1848.
(The original papers of the police.)

2. *M.C.V., Manin MSS.* = *The Manin papers.* Over 4,000 pieces, bound in 14 vols. Already much used by Planat de la Faye, Errera, Fulin and Marchesi, and others, and a good deal printed. References in my footnotes to *M.C.V., Manin MSS.* refer only to documents not printed. Where possible reference is made to the most available printed form of any of the Manin papers.

3. *M.C.V., Calucci MS.* = MS. by Giuseppe Calucci, entitled *Ricordi di Storia contemporanea letti nell' Ateneo di Venezia li 25 genn.* 1849.
(Bound up in the vol. in the Museo Civico which contains the Diaries of Cicogna.)

4. *M.C.V., Cicogna MSS.* = *Diario di Emanuele Cicogna.* (An old Venetian gentleman, secretary to the Court of Appeal, contented to live under any Government, but rather preferring the Austrian because he had served it so long. His diary of daily life in Venice during the revolution does not differ from the picture that forms itself from other sources.)

5. *Various other documents bound up in same vol. as Cicogna's diary.* Not of much value except *Calucci* and those printed elsewhere.

6. *M.C.V., Cavedalis MS.* = *Commentari di G. B. Cavedalis pella storia della guerra degli anni* 1848-49. Fair copy in 3 vols.; original in *Arch. Frari.*
(Very important; Cavedalis was over the Venetian forces as Minister of War. It is the most important of the unpublished documents. My reference to the pagination is guided by the 3 vols. into which the MS. is divided, not to the Books, as in Marchesi's references. See also *Mestre.*)

7. *M.C.V., Doc. Pat. IX.* = *Documenti Patriottici, Aggiunta IX.*
(A variorum collection.)
8. *M.C.V., Doc. Pat.* = *Documenti Patriottici, Aggiunta XVI.*
(Dispatches of Government of Roman Republic, March to April, 1849 to Ignazio Giuccioli, its representative at Venice.)
9. *M.C.V., Nigra MSS.* = *Documenti del governo Prov. di Venezia*, 1848-49 *dono di S. E. conto Costatino Nigra.*
(A large batch of Government papers, civil and military, contains little of importance:—

II. ARCHIVIO DI STATO, VENEZIA (FRARI) = ARCH. FRARI.

Archivio del Gov. Prov. di Venezia, 1848-49. A great mass of official documents. There is a good inventory and index. I append a list of a few items of importance:—

1. *Arch. Frari Cavedalis MSS.* = Buste 387-389.
388 = Cavedalis' correspondence, including account of surrender of Venice, August, 1849.
389 = Documents on sieges of Osoppo and lagoon bridge.
2. *Arch. Frari Circ. It. MSS.* = Busta 821. Reports of speeches in the Circolo Italiano at fifteen meetings between Aug. 18 and Sept. 22, 1848.
3. *Arch. Frari Strada ferrata MSS.* = Busta 637. *Ispettorato del primo circondario di difesa, alla strada ferrata, 28 maggio-23 agosto* 1849.
Official papers on the defence of the bridge, including reports by Sirtori, and *Cosenz* (*q.v.*).
Busta 638 contains unofficial letters and reports on defence of Malghera and of bridge, including four by Rosaroll from his battery on the bridge to Cosenz, on June 19, and more reports by Cosenz and Ulloa.
4. *Arch. Frari Fusione MSS.* = Busta 434, entitled *Atti della consulta ecc.*
(Documents on relation of Venice to mainland and "fusion" question.)
5. *Arch. Frari Stampati* = Busta 851.
(A collection of broad sheets and proclamations of Treviso, Udine, etc.)
6. *Arch. Frari Antonini MSS.* = Busta 372, fasc. Antonini. Correspondence of General Antonini in Venice, May, 1848.
7. *Arch. Frari Duodo MSS.* = Important narrative of Luigi Duodo, dated April 27, 1848, relating events leading to surrender of Udine to Austrians.

III. VICENZA MSS. RACCOLTA FANTONI MUSEO CIVICO.

A list of the MSS. part of the Fantoni (1848) collection will be found on pp. 32-124 of *Fantoni Catalogo.* There is not much of value, though the papers of the Provisional Government of Vicenza in 1848 have been largely preserved. The most valuable part of the collection, the accounts given of March 22 in Venice by Gen. Culoz and Col. Buday, have been published in translation in *Marchesi*, pp. 504-505, 509-511.

IV. RECORD OFFICE, LONDON.

F.O. Papers 7 (*Austria*, 1848-49). The MSS. contain little of value not printed in the *Blue Book* (*q.v.*) up to March, 1849. But for April to Aug. 1849, after the *Blue Book* stops, *F.O.* 7, 371 is valuable for Dawkins' and Campbell's dispatches from Venice and Milan. The former was Austro-phil, the latter anti-Austrian. See Ap. I, pp. 252-257, above.

V. MSS. IN PRIVATE POSSESSION.

Power MSS. = MS. *Notes on Italy, written immediately upon my return to Scotland in* 1829. By Miss A. W. Power. She resided several years in Italy, including Venetian territory. With considerable gifts for observation, she became intimate with the Italians.

Serena MSS. = MSS. of Leone Serena, who was sent on mission by the Provisional Government of Venice in the autumn of 1848 to purchase ships in France and England. Serena was one of 'the forty' exiled by special order of the Austrians in August, 1849. (Kindly lent me by his son, the late Arthur Serena.)

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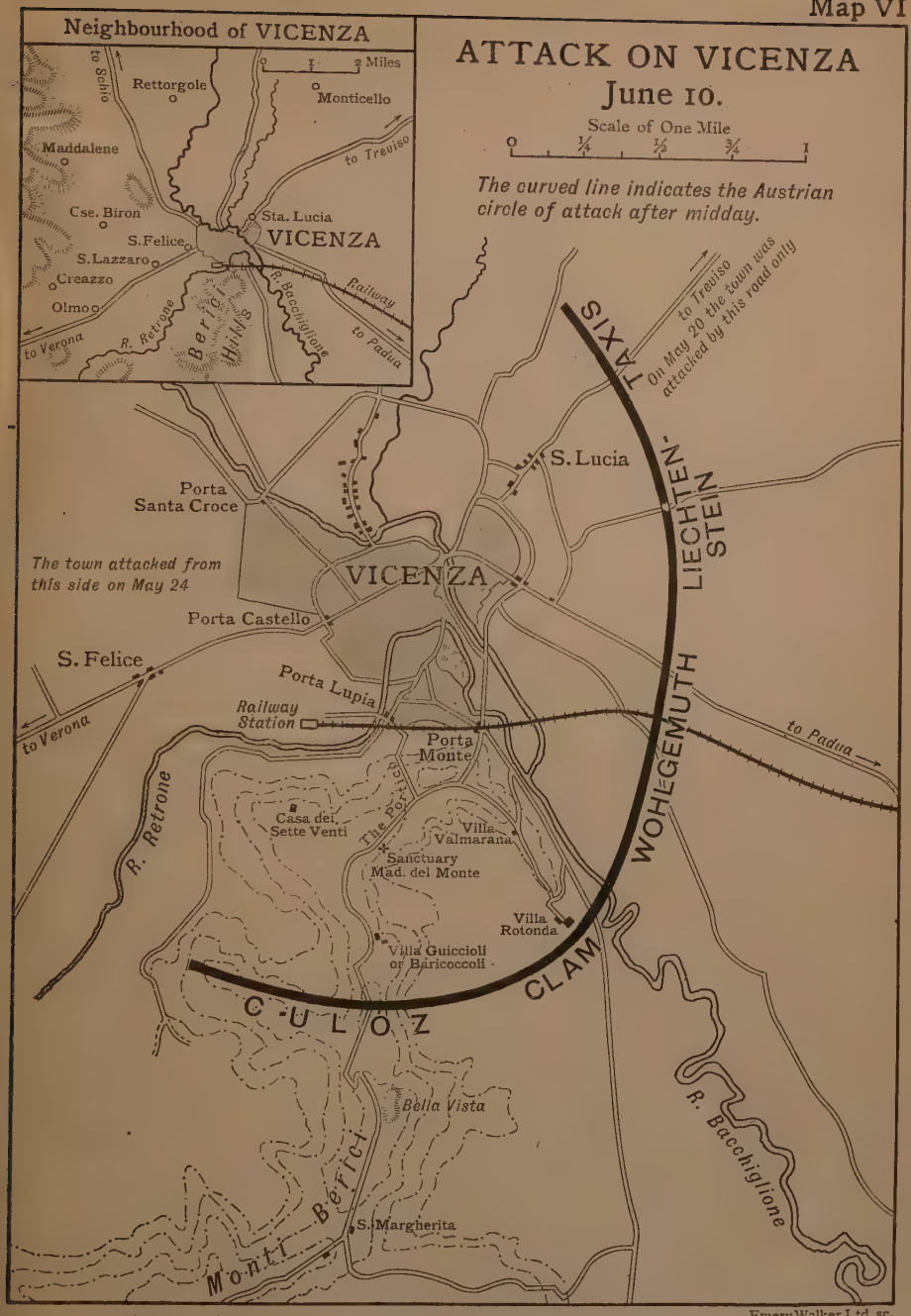

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